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Saturday Review

October 18, 1969 50¢

The Ghostly War of the Green Berets

by Horace Sutton

The Selective Window

by Katharine Kuh

"The Blue Window"
by Henri Matisse

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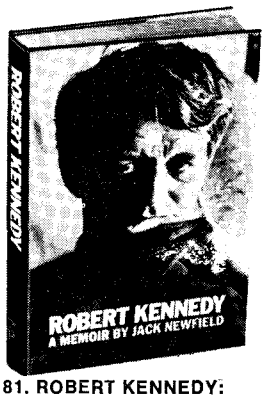

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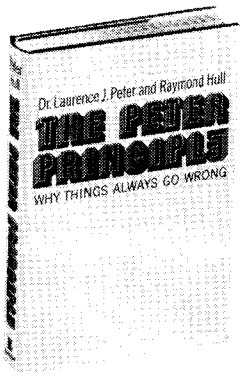

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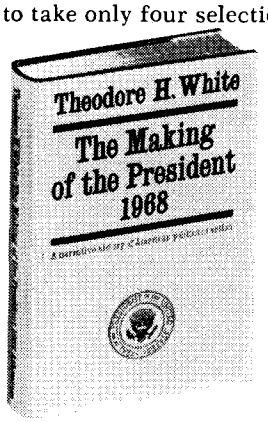

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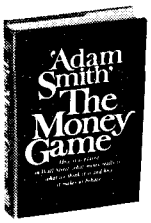

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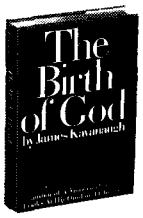

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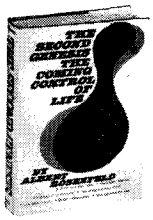

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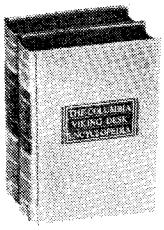

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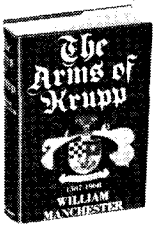

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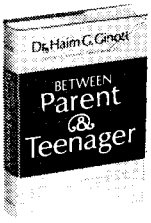

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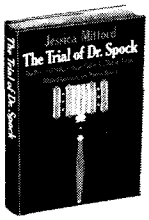

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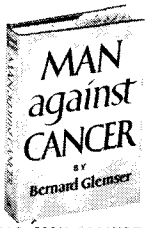

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"Generation gap" is a phrase widely used by a lot of people who can't define it.

I asked a teen-ager of my acquaintance what it meant and was told, "It's a nonexistent space devised by grownups to hide their own failings." His wording was a little confused, but I think I got the message.

I put the same question to his father who said: "Generation gap is when your son is playing his latest Blood, Sweat and Tears record and you try to adapt a few steps you used to do to Sammy Kaye and are rewarded with an anguished: 'Dad, you're *shaking* the record player!'"

For myself, all I know is that the most common mistake made in connection with the gap is to think that those on the other side are all alike. Take teen-agers, for instance. Some of them have long hair and smoke pot; some get involved in politics; others stay clean and neat and aloof and live approximately the same kind of lives, involving school and marks and cars and sex, that teen-agers have always led.

And then there are the young people who write about themselves. A collection of such writings has been brought together by Robert A. Rosenbaum in a book called GROWING UP IN AMERICA. In autobiographical statements, both fictional and true, 23 young people, black and white, male and female, tell something of what it's like to be young in America today. Interestingly enough, the overwhelming impression one gets from their writings is that they have trouble with their parents.

So maybe that's what the "generation gap" is all about and maybe it's always been with us. If you have any better definitions, let me have them, in under 100 words; and to those providing the most enlightening responses, I'll send a complimentary copy of GROWING UP IN AMERICA.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

GROWING UP IN AMERICA ($5.95), edited by Robert A. Rosenbaum, with an Introduction by Harvey Swados, is published by Doubleday & Company, 277 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 998 Franklin Avenue, Garden City, New York 11530.

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by Katharine Kuh

Cover: Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

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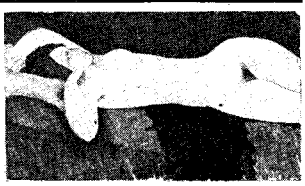

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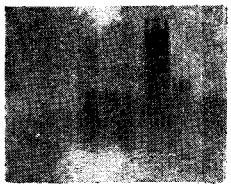

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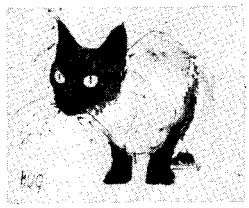

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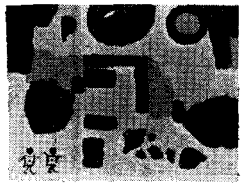

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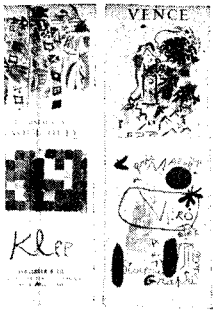

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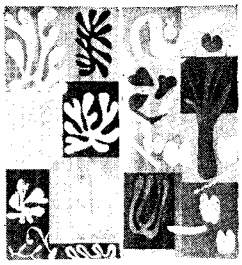

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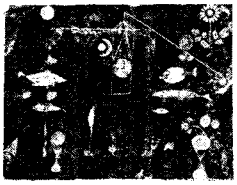

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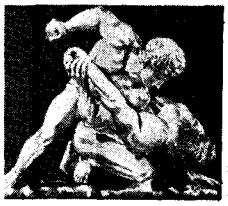

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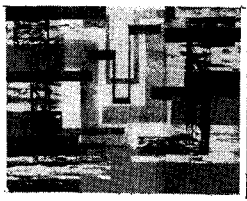

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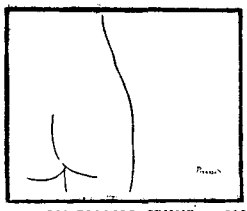

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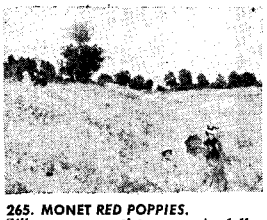

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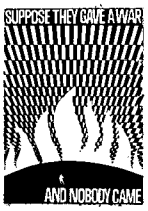

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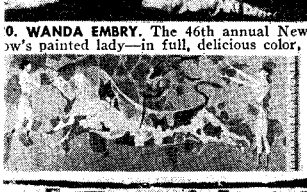

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Progress

I bought my house so I could see
Tall trees on every side of me;
But time has changed this lovely view,
To: RIGHT, FOR HIGHWAY 32.

—KITTY PARSONS.

Thin Red Line

A BRITISH physiologist suggests removing the red line on a clinical thermometer that indicates "normal" 98.6-degree body temperature. He would substitute a green-colored normal range from 96.8 to 99.5. This would bring comfort to those who consider themselves desperately ill if they do not hit 98.6 right on the nose. Almost as important, it would drastically reduce the number of persons who say, "I have a temperature" when they mean "I have a fever."

Sensible though it is, the suggestion of the British physiologist will probably not be taken, or not for another century or so. Changes in the thermometer have been few and far between since its invention by Galileo in 1593 and its improvement in 1714 by Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, who made it more accurate by substituting mercury for alcohol. Whether Anders Celsius made a further improvement when, in 1742, he developed the centigrade scale is debatable. Being one of those who can never remember the formula for converting centigrade into Fahrenheit or Fahrenheit into centigrade, I think he was only a troublemaker.

The above refers to the thermometer in general. The clinical thermometer, the one that makes such a point of 98.6, was invented by an Italian, Santorio Santorio. I know little (in fact nothing) about him except that there is something catchy about his name.

If the British physiologist really wants to improve the thermometer, I think he could do something more useful than to expand the normal area with his green band. What he could do is make a thermometer that is somewhat sturdier than those now in use. I say this after just having shaken down my thermometer and, in the process, having hit the mercury end on a chair arm and broken it off. (The end of the thermometer, not the chair arm.) All attempts to retrieve the mercury, put it into the little glass tube, and glue this back onto the thermometer have failed. Though with each mishap I swear to be more careful next time, I break an average of three thermometers a year by shaking them down a little too close to some unyielding object.

The fragility of the clinical thermometer reminds me of the first time I was permitted, as a small boy, to take the thermometer into my mouth, under my tongue. I felt very grown up. Previously my parents had taken my temperature by placing the thermometer in my rectum or, when I howled at this indignity, in my armpit, which was none too accurate. I don't know how old I was when I was at last trusted not to bite down on the thermometer. What I do remember is that I apparently wasn't old enough. I betrayed the trust.

"Spit it out!" my father yelled at me, having heard the brittle crunch. He was fearful that I would swallow the pieces of glass and the mercury too.

I didn't need to be told. I was as frightened as he—perhaps more so, being more intimately concerned. To add to my unhappiness, I knew I was going to have to go back to the rectum and armpit for a few more years. It was not only a thermometer-shattering but an ego-shattering experience.

As I say, I hope the British physiologist will turn his inventive genius to construction of an unbreakable thermometer. Or one that will drop down below normal—whether that is a thin red line or a wide green band—without such violent shaking. He might then join the illustrious company of Galileo, Fahrenheit, Celsius, and Santorio Santorio.

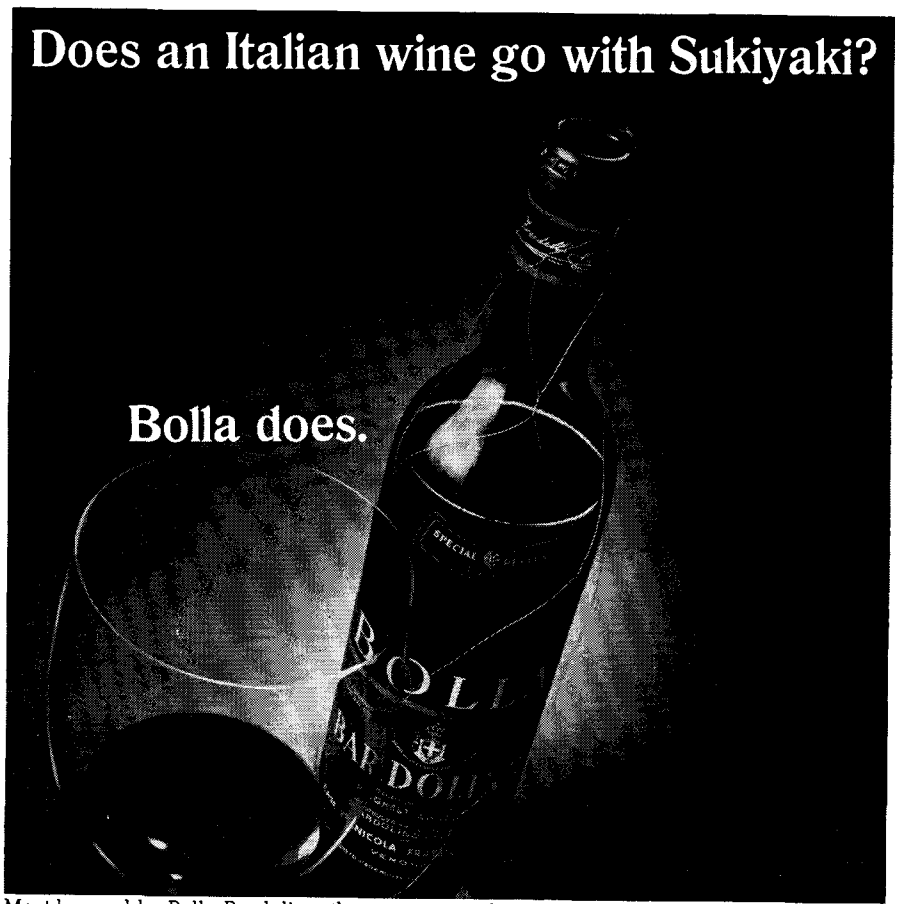
—RICHARD ARMOUR.

Verbal Voyeur

ADVERTISING MEN with long memories may recall the "Quality Group," which included the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Current History*, and the *Century*. These were magazines dedicated to low-pressure salesmanship and aimed at readers whose brows and incomes were relatively high.

Unlike their flashier competitors in mass media, they kept their text unsullied by advertising, and vice versa. No untidy slopovers for them. *Scribner's* used to sprinkle cartoons sparsely among its advertisements, but literature was no laughing matter.

The advertisements themselves seem rather self-effacing by present standards, and the back covers were often quartered into panels shared by Lowney's chocolates, Vose pianos, Boston



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To Henry Taggart, commercial jet pilot, ITT means the computer-based air traffic control system at Arlanda Airport, Stockholm.

To Graham Rohrer, Swiss advertising executive in London, ITT means Avis and a new Hillman Hunter.

To Grandfather Read, a former employee, ITT means carefree retirement years and a walk in the woods with his grandsons, Paul and Andrew.

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Originally we operated telephone systems and manufactured telecommunications equipment almost entirely in Latin America and Europe. That's the origin of our name.

Today, we serve the needs of people in 126 countries with thousands of products and services. You know some of them, like the Sheraton chain of hotels and motor inns, and Rayonier, tree farmer extraordinary and producer of cellulose.

In a different way we serve our 185,000 stockholders throughout the world. Their investment helps make possible our sustained rate of growth. Last year our sales passed the $4 billion mark and net income was up 17% to $180 million. It was the ninth consecutive year that we were able to report new sales and earnings records.

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Recently we were presented with a Citation for Significant Contributions to International Education by the Institute of International Education and the Reader's Digest Foundation, in recognition of our international educational training program—the largest of any U.S. company—which each year trains 200,000 people from sixty countries in some technical field.

In many countries, we serve people collectively—that is, as entire nations. We maintain the Hot Line between Washington and Moscow. We were the prime contractor for Mexico's nationwide microwave communications system. We are building a new satellite-communication earth station for Indonesia.

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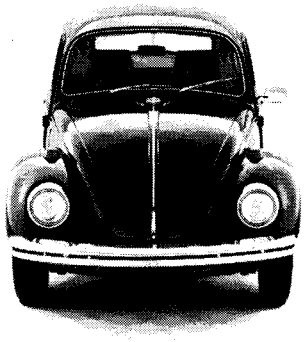

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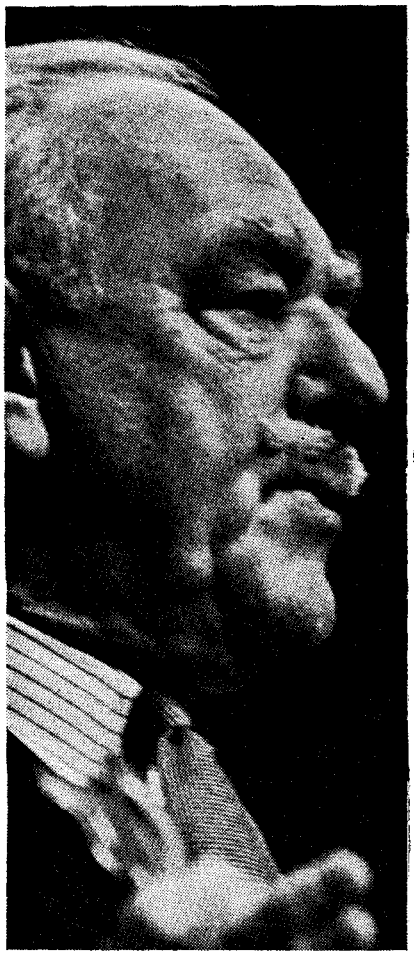

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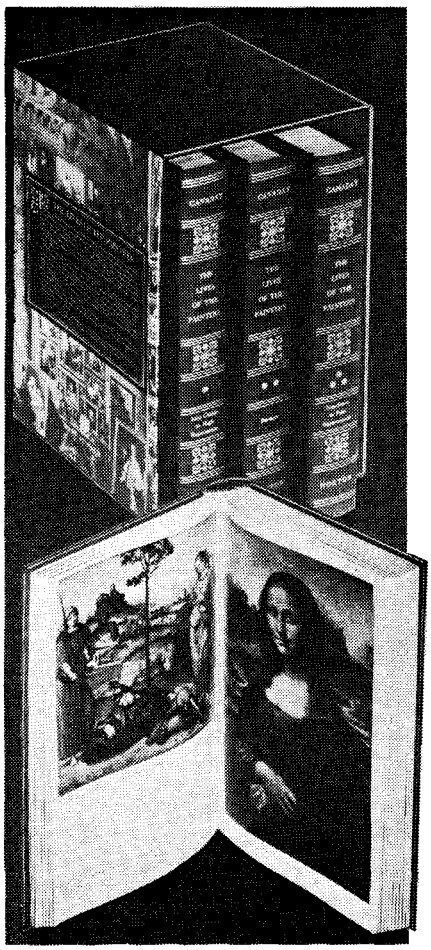

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garters, Oliver typewriters, and others. Of the "Quality Group" only two remain today—the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* (not to be confused with *Harper's Bazaar* even while waiting for the Novocain to take effect). For as long ago as I can remember, our family took both of them—the subscription was $3 a year, as distinguished from *McClure's* and *Ainslee's* which were only a dollar—and of the two *Harper's* was always my favorite.

The *Atlantic* obviously had more dignity. It was bound with thread so that it opened flat like a Bible; it had no illustrations; and its terra cotta cover never changed from month to month. *Harper's* cover didn't change from month to month either, except maybe at Christmastime. A bevy of cherubs blowing bubbles and strewing flowers encircled its title, and inside there were illustrations by Howard Pyle, Joseph Pennell, A. B. Frost, Henry Hutt, Peter Newell, and Walter Hale — some on calendered paper in color.

Since then so many of my pet periodicals have folded, and my taste has probably matured a little, for I am now quite content to substitute the *Saturday Review* for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *The New Yorker* for *Puck*, *Atlas* for the *Review of Reviews*, *Time* for *Town Topics*, and the *Reader's Digest* for *Captain Billy's Whizzbang*.

None of these substitutes, however, seem like very stringent links with the past. The other day, in a nostalgic mood, I bought a copy of *Harper's*—my first in many years. There were no bubbly cherubs on the cover. But the familiar name was there, complete with apostrophe. And the contents were as fascinating as ever—but for a slightly different reason.

Though I am trying hard to be a prude (for the sake of auld lang syne and my dedicated allegiance to the minority), four-letter words no longer jump out of the page at me as they used to. Quite involuntarily I have developed the shock resistance of a good wristwatch. Nevertheless, in this one issue of *Harper's* I counted sixteen mentions of five of the most pungent four-letter words in use.

And as I totted up the total—which sounds rather like "The Twelve Days of Christmas"—I distinctly heard a sustained rhythmic vibration. It didn't come from the helicopter overhead, or the traffic in the street, or the air conditioner next door. It came from underground.

William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, and Mrs. Humphry Ward—all spinning in their graves simultaneously—can cause quite a commotion.

—WEARE HOLBROOK.

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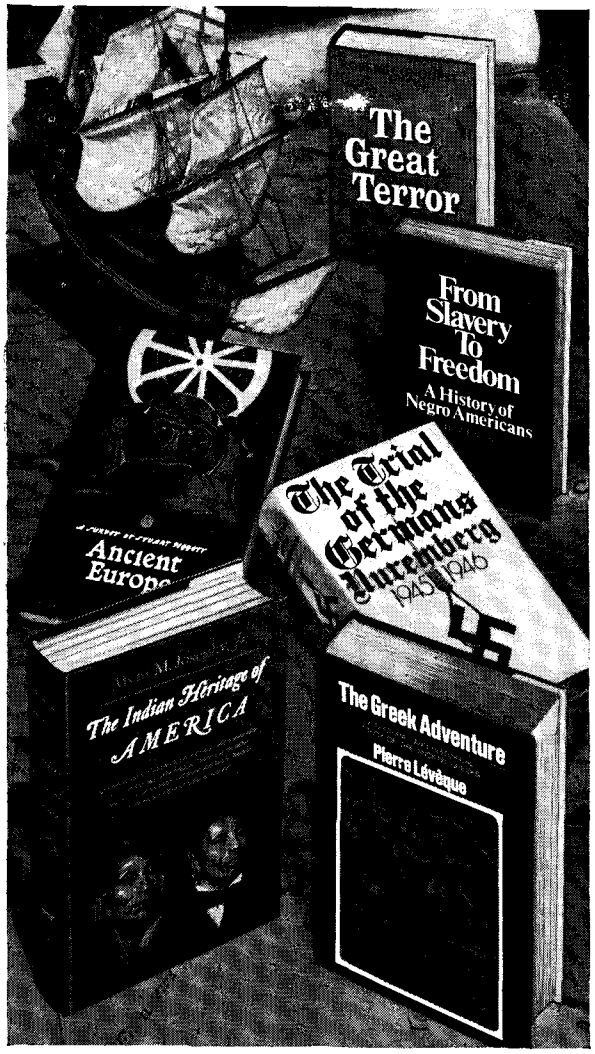

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

You Either Got It Or You Ain't

I'M SURE you were all frightfully upset to learn that Pakistan has decided to downgrade the teaching of English in schools. If you ask me, it's high time.

Emphasis will henceforth be placed on the two native languages, Urdu and Bengali. Of course, some will charge that Pakistan's Ministry of Education issued this decree to embarrass our President, who recently traveled there and who speaks very little Urdu and is not at all conversant with Bengali.

But let's face it. English is a tough language for any peoples of the world to master, including Americans. A school kid here spends most of his formative years memorizing "'i' before 'e,' except after 'c,' or when sounded as 'a,' as in neighbor and weigh." Then he comes across the word "seize." Protests against the Establishment have been started on less than that.

Picture a young Pakistani scholar whose proud parents have had him showing off before relatives by reciting that fraudulent bit of verse, and then one day he comes across "seize" (at best, a frightening word in that part of the world) and he wonders if his instructor has rocks in his head, or if English spelling rules are a lot of whey.

Of course, this is not to suggest that the "e" before "i" in "seize" is why Pakistan decided to downgrade English. The ministry's argument is far more substantive and subjective. Making English the school system's language of instruction, they claim, has created an "elite" in Pakistan who do not communicate with the masses.

Pakistan may think that's something new, but it's old stuff here. We have an elite in this country that does communicate with the masses when they appear nightly on TV before thirty million viewers. And boy, are our elite forever downgrading the English language!

There is something obscene about seeing an overpaid, overdressed man on TV who, black-tied to the gills, with cuff links as huge as silver dollars, and with his brain out to lunch, underestimates the intelligence of his audience when it comes to speaking a simple declarative sentence.

One of these gentlemen, decked out in the latest form-fitting bib and tucker, was describing a poignant scene. "It was heart-rendering," he said. One wonders if somebody should not have rendered the fat out of his head.

He also said that he had visited some people who had a dog they were trying to housebreak. "Papers were laying all over the floor," he said. But the dog didn't seem able to grasp what the papers were for. "He don't understand," our star explained.

In a sport jacket and slacks, or in shirt sleeves, his disdain for basic English as taught in our grammar schools might have been more tolerable.

Some years ago, I wrote TV scripts for one of our elite. One night I heard him say during the performance, "between you and I." After the show I went backstage to look at the cue cards. There the line was "between you and me."

Obviously it would be *lèse-majesté* to explain to this performer that "between" is a preposition and takes the objective case. He would only conclude that I was a Communist, out to destroy his American way of life.

So I said nothing, but wrote it into the following week's script: "between you and me." Again he read it, "between you and I." It seemed more elegant, like drinking tea with the pinkie at a forty-five-degree angle.

The following week we changed the line to "strictly between us." That would teach him. He read it, "strictly between you and I."

Letters trickle in here by the handful from viewers who resent this spreading profusion of unkempt syntax. So to understand more fully the attitude of the TV elite on the subject of grammar, I invited a prominent member of that rarefied group to lunch. I asked whether he was a little ashamed of having said on TV the night before: "Nobody likes it when it's done to them."

"What's to be ashamed?" he said. "Didn't the audience laugh? Remember what Will Rogers said: 'People who don't say ain't, ain't eating.'"

That was his philosophy. It was a shame to explode it by pointing out that Will's gimmick was to appear as an uneducated, untutored cowboy, who proved it by twirling a lasso.

Not only was Rogers eating, but eating high off the hog. As was my luncheon companion, who proved he was an elite by saying to the waiter, "This ain't the way I ordered my eggs."

It's to the everlasting credit of the waiter that he asked, "It isn't?"

"Would you have anything for the man who has rejected everything?"

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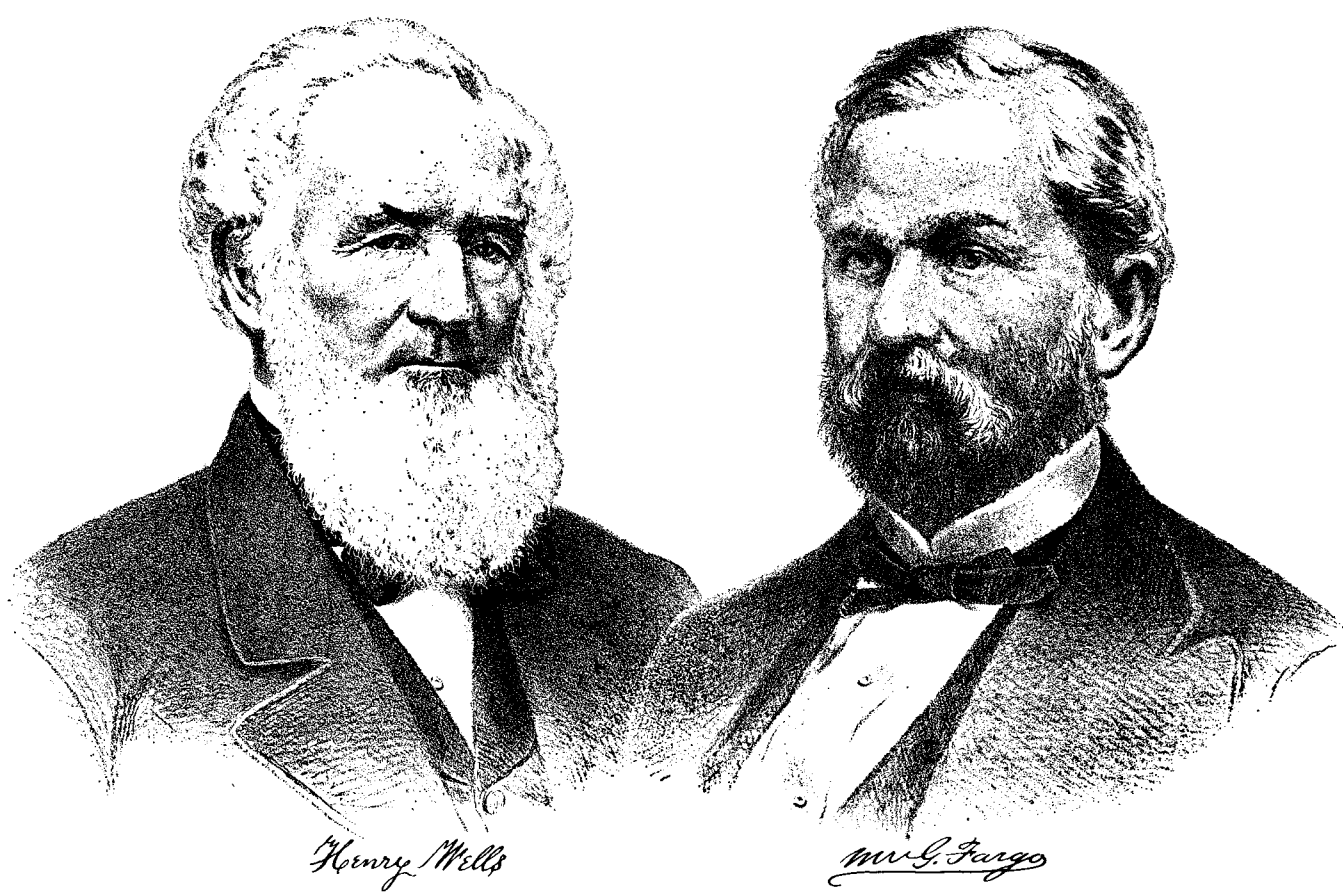

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

This week our Sign of the Times came in the form of a letter from the magazine *Avant-Garde*:

Dear Mr. Amory,

. . . Who today qualifies as "The Most Hated Man in America"?

The editors of *Avant-Garde* are asking this question of 100 notable Americans, yourself included. We would very much appreciate your reply.

We believe that the answers will reveal a great deal about the wrongs of American society (and provide entertaining reading as well).

Who is the most despicable American of all? Is it Roy Cohn? Strom Thurmond? Mayor Daley? J. Edgar Hoover? General Hershey? George Wallace? Someone we haven't named?

Your reply can be of any length; you can telephone or write. In fact, you can simply jot your answer on the back of this letter and return it in the enclosed postage-paid envelope.

Sincerely,
Leslie Pockell, Articles Editor

We don't mind the *regular* hate mail so much these days, it's that *postage-paid* hate mail that gets us.

Another, and possibly more encouraging, Sign of the Times came from Philadelphia. There the University of Pennsylvania's football team voted that Steve Steinberg, a defensive back, either had to cut his shoulder-length hair or be cut from the squad. The decision was that his hair must be short enough so that—and we quote—"it fits under his helmet." Well, as we've always said, out of sight, out of mind. But as for some of those *offensive* backs, we say take it all off.

Meanwhile, down in Nashville, housewife Rosalie Sneyd, fed up with her husband's watching football on television, put an ad in the newspaper:

FOR SALE. HUSBAND AND TV SET.
CHEAP FOR QUICK SALE.

Mrs. Sneyd's phone rang constantly. "Most people," she said, "want a quick description of him before they bid. The best offer I've had is $200. But I think he is worth more than that. The TV set is only black and white, but my husband is quite colorful."

Another Advertisement of the Week came all the way from South America—from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hechtman. The Hechtmans, who have lived for some three years overseas, found an ad for Venezuela's Hotel La Floresta. "In the heart of elegant Caracas," it read, "a stone's throw from the American Embassy." Some ad agencies, we guess, just don't know the meaning of the word quit.

With all the fuss over the U.S. rich not paying their taxes, perhaps we can take comfort these days in knowing that neither do the rich in Russia. In fact, from Time-Life Books' *Can Elephants Swim?* (yes, they can—they're good swimmers) we learned that income taxes in the Soviet Union have never been higher than 13 per cent, and that there is no inheritance tax at all. Ever since we read that, we've had a pretty terrifying picture in our mind—of all our rich taking off, by private jet, yacht, beach buggy, dune buggy, or what have you, not for Nassau, the Grand Bahamas, Monte Carlo, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Andorra, San Marino, or any of the other old familiar places—but, instead, for Moscow.

Elsewhere on the money front, we paid a visit to the Chase "Money Museum" and saw the last of the big

spendings. There will, we learned from Curator Gene Hessler, be no more $5,000 bills, $1,000 bills, or even $500 bills. There will also be no more $10,000 bills. Thus, if you're a gangster or a Mafia moneyman or even a Las Vegas gambler (and we're not joking about that, because we also learned that the employees of the Department of Internal Revenue are going to hold their convention in Las Vegas), you will now be reduced to carrying around wads of $100 bills. Madison's picture, incidentally, is on the $5,000 bill, Cleveland's on the $1,000, McKinley's on the $500, and Franklin's on the $100. But whose picture—no peeking now—is on the $10,000 bill? The first person to mail us the correct answer will receive not cash but credit.

Finally, we saw where the Boston *Record-American* reported that the Aristotle Onassises have spent, since their marriage, between $15- and $20-million. Or, as someone figured out, be-

After you've seen his chalet at Megève, ask to see his Marie Brizards.

"I never judge a man by his chalet.
After all, doesn't everyone own at least one?
But as soon as a man brings out all 18 of his Marie Brizard liqueurs, I'm certain he's worth my time.
Because then I know that he appreciates the finest things in life.
For him, money's no object.
It's only quality that counts."

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Marie Brizard
Imported liqueurs

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Renseignements

A few things to know before going to Africa:

1. Language. There are over 200 different languages and dialects spoken in Africa. But, if you have a smattering of English or French, you'll have no trouble communicating.

2. Visas. You'll need them in most countries, in addition to your passport. In order to apply for a tourist visa check your travel agent or the consulates of the countries you'll want to visit.

3. Inoculations. Get smallpox, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus. It doesn't hurt to have them all.

4. Weather. It's mild and pleasant in almost every region you'll visit, all year round.

5. Photography. Bring a bag of Silicagel for protection against moisture. And pack as much film as you have room for. Color film can be scarce.

le Wildlife

Africa. The last great animal hangout. Visit Royal Nairobi National Park, where you can see lions, giraffes, hippos and hyenas living as they do in the bush. Shooting is done only with cameras, from inside your car.

Visit Amboseli National Reserve at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro. See rhinoceros with horns a foot long, bull elephants so old even they can't remember their age, zebra, wildebeest, impala and warthogs.

In Kenya, at Treetops, a lodge built high atop a huge tree, you can sit up all night to watch the animals come to water. It is, perhaps, the only hotel in all the world that overlooks a salt lick.

See one million feathered flamingos on Lake Nakuri. Stop at lovely Lake Albert, an animals' Atlantic City, where elephants swim and play, water buffalo do their thing, and the sky is not cloudy all day.

le Good Life

The best things in Africa aren't all outdoors. You'll find some of the world's most luxurious and modern hotels. The finest restaurants, serving the finest of every possible cuisine. Comfort is the rule. And the tourist is king of the jungle in Africa. Mozambique has dancing and cafe life. Johannesburg has a lively night life, legitimate theatre (productions from London's West End) and California style drive-in restaurants. Athens, for nightclubs, cabaret and even the opera.

Vocabulaire

do you take travelers' checks?: est-ce que vous acceptez des chèques de voyage?
do you call that a bargain?: vous appelez ça bon marché?
are there any dangerous animals about?: est-ce qu'il y a des animaux dangereux près d'ici?
what a big cat: quel gros chat.
it isn't a cat: ce n'est pas un chat.

les Autres excursions africaines

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KSR-27

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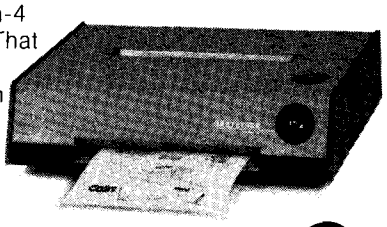

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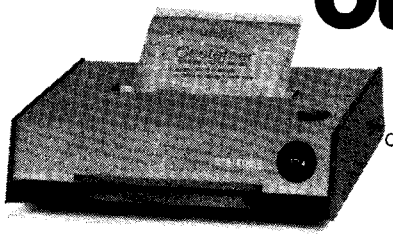
In seconds.



On

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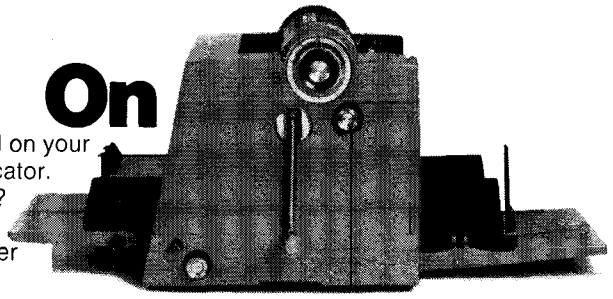

Off come copies with a clear, clean *printed* look. In any of 19 colors, or any combination of colors. On any color paper. You never smudge a finger, never have to clean up. Your Gestetner does the job, shuts itself off and is ready for the next job.

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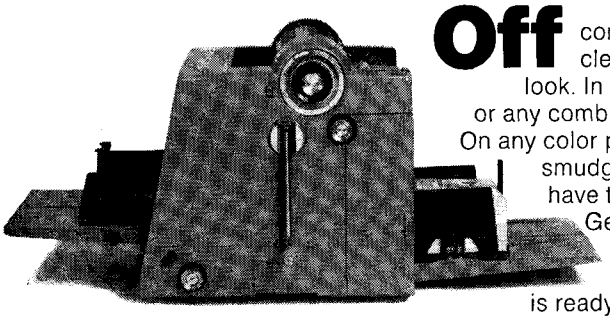

That's Gestetner duplicating

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tween $300,000 and $400,000 a week. The *Record-American* didn't say so, but it sure sounded to us pretty close to a new Olympic record.

The paper also pointed out that there were nine residences for the newlyweds, that they were each ready for occupancy at all times, and that there was an overall staff of 202 full-time servants—which, the way we figure it, is a full two more than all the full-time servants left in the world. But, in an emergency we suppose, the couple could always call up the National Guard.

The more we thought about it, though, the sorrier we felt. The trouble was, as we saw it, that Mr. Onassis had undoubtedly fallen for that old canard that two can live as cheaply as one. They can't, Ari, they just can't—there's no way. Take, for example, the yacht *Christina*. The annual upkeep, the *Record-American* reported, was $1.4-million. Now we've been on the *Christina*, and we believe it. But that $1.4-million figure, Ari, was for the *Christina* when she was a *bachelor* yacht. Now she's a *married* yacht. And there's a tremendous difference—the little changes you'll have to make to take the heaviness out of that stateroom, or doing over the airplane, or even that disappearing dance floor that will just have to go. As we see it, Ari, if the *Christina* cost $1.4-million for one, for two she's got to cost 4.1.

Above all, Ari, whatever you do, don't try to suggest economies. Because whatever you suggest, she'll say, like any good wife, that it's poor economy. Any good wife regards as a poor economy anything to do with a) clothes, b) food, c) the house, d) the children, e) health, f) recreation, g) welfare, h) life, i) liberty, and j) the pursuit of happiness. Your only hope, Ari, is to ask her what she thinks is a *good* economy. And then, in a couple of years, when, like any good wife, she's thought of one—well, Ari, you can cross that bridge when you come to it. And meanwhile lots of luck.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1853)

(MICHAEL) CRICHTON:
THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN

The Air Force thinks there is a lot of junk out there—nuts, bolts, scraps of metal—all in . . . orbit. . . . Without frequent corrections, any satellite will eventually decay out and spiral down to earth, burning up in the atmosphere. But that may be years, even decades, after the launch.

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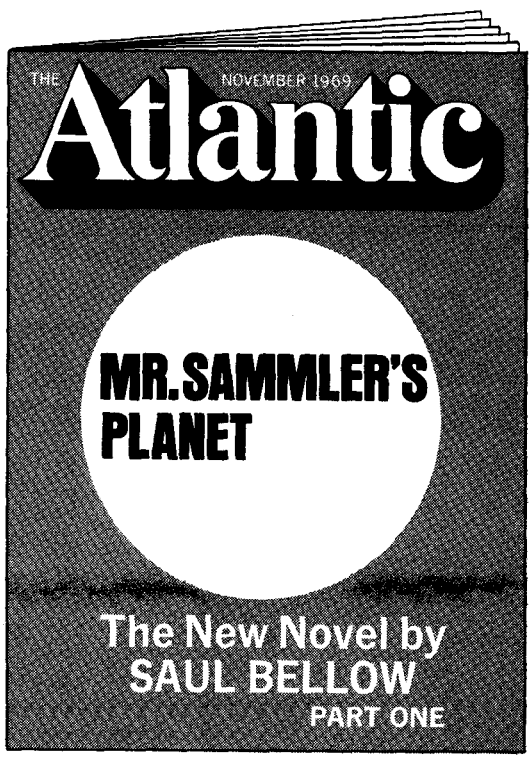
You don't have to go to Mr. Sammler's planet. We'll bring it to you.



Mr. Sammler's Planet is the brilliant new novel by Saul Bellow, and it will appear in full in the November and December issues of The ATLANTIC. When we first heard of the new novel by one of America's leading writers, we decided that some of it should appear in America's leading monthly. On reading it we realized it had to be all or nothing, and decided to publish the entire book.

This early notice is served on you who are not already Atlantic readers so that you may be certain your subscription is entered and "computerized" in time for you to receive the first installment of Saul Bellow's novel in our November issue. (Your copy will arrive in late October.)

The coupon below will bring you an unforgettable excursion to Mr. Sammler's Planet, and carry you into many months' enjoyment of the literary quality and journalistic vigor characteristic of The ATLANTIC — the magazine that printed in full *The Double Helix*, Dr. James Watson's remarkable account of his suspenseful race to win the Nobel Prize. Recent issues presented *America's Media Baronies*, a who's who of families and combines that control our newspapers, TV, and radio; excerpts from Lillian Hellman's *An Unfinished Woman;* Jessica Mitford's dissection of the Spock trial in *Guilty as Charged by the Judge;* Ronnie Dugger's *Oil and Politics*, as fresh as today's newspaper, yet as thorough as a Ph.D. thesis; Richard Gilman's *The Theater is "Living," but Barely;* C. Michael Curtis's *Travels with Mr. Charlie.*

We could mention other reasons why we like to think that The ATLANTIC is just about the best mixture of literature, reportage, and rumination to be found here on *Mr. Sammler's Planet* or, as far as we can determine from the findings of the Apollo and Mariner missions, anywhere else. The kind of magazine that, for example, just the other day got a hearty pat on the back from the New York *Times*, which said of our Mitford piece on the Spock trial: "The timeliness of the article (typifies) the change of The ATLANTIC from an essentially staid literary journal to a magazine with lively commentaries on current issues with special appeal to younger readers." We won't quarrel with that.

The coupon will bring you The ATLANTIC for the next 8 months at exactly half-price.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Theater Paprika

OFTEN WHEN WE CALL a production intensely theatrical, we are both damning it and praising it. For while theatricality can be regarded as the artificial heightening of a drama that could be more compelling if it more closely resembled real life, it is also the essence of the imaginative sport of theater.

A case in point is the American Conservatory Theatre's rendition of Edward Albee's *Tiny Alice* that the American National Theatre and Academy has brought here (along with *A Flea in Her Ear* and *The Three Sisters*) for a limited engagement. In his direction, William Ball has audaciously applied an incessant energized theatricality that is deliberately unnatural, but unflaggingly commands our attentiveness through the play's long metaphysical exchanges.

For instance, in the opening scene Cardinal is played as flamingly homosexual by Harry Frazier. And his opponent, Lawyer, played with stunning concentration by Ray Reinhardt, challenges his office with a hilariously blasphemous contempt for his robe that would never be tolerated in real life. However, the unapologetical viciousness of their encounter turns Lawyer's forcing Cardinal to slip from the imperious "We" to the personal "I" into a devastating exposure of the church's susceptibility to acquisition of money.

A similar outrageousness is used throughout the rest of the play. As the victim, Brother Julian, Paul Shenar is all out-of-breath innocence as he virtually dances his way backward into each new dilemma. DeAnn Mears makes Alice into a goodhearted and weak-willed tart. And Philip Kerr is deliberately arch as Butler.

But it is the staging by Ball and his associate director, Robert Bonaventura, that dominates. Crescendos of religious music begin and end each scene. Every confrontation is emphasized in physical terms with the actors frequently torturing each other while they continue to talk philosophy. When the fire in the model of the chapel glows red as Alice lies on top of it, she seems to become a pregnant woman in danger of having a miscarriage. And the final scene in which Julian walks up the steps to greet the real Alice, only to hurtle back down in a combination death-rebirth with the religious music slowing to a slurred halt, is magnificent and thrilling theater.

The virtue of this approach to *Tiny Alice* is not only that it recognizes the surreality of Albee's fantastic creation, but that the play moves rapidly on the characters' emotional steam. Thus, it puts us on the *qui vive*, challenging us to experience quick visions of Albee's flashes of cosmological truth when we can, but never making our interest in the proceedings dependent upon our understanding of the play's complexities. This is wise, for although clarifying complexity is fine in the classroom, on stage it can simply reduce the richness of a play's texture.

Stuart Wurtzel's settings support the play's cosmic eloquence, and his oversize Cardinal's throne adds a touch of apt humor. John McLain has used a great deal of backlighting to give the actors a larger than life aura. And the costumes by Walter Watson and Ann Roth are perfect and tell a story in themselves.

While the *Tiny Alice* seen here at the ANTA Theater as the opening round in a campaign to bring to New York the best work of our resident theater companies is a splendid staging of the play, it is not quite as successful as the freely altered version the ACT presented in San Francisco. One cannot blame the playwright for refusing to allow that version to be done here, because even if he acknowledged it to be an improvement it would not be his. Yet, if he is willing to sell a play to the movies and allow it to be changed, why should he not permit an imaginative director such as Ball the same latitude with a new version of a play that has already had a previous Broadway hearing?

Theatricality is also a principal component of the works of British playwright John Osborne, and even such an uncoalesced play as his *A Patriot for Me* is spiced here and there with exciting conceits. The play, which is based upon the true story of Austrian Army Col. Alfred Redl, a homosexual who sold military secrets to the Russians, originally was produced at London's small and intimate Royal Court Theatre (THEATER, August 14, 1965), where it realized its theatricality so superbly that audiences emerged with a memorable experience and a sense of what the volatile playwright was trying to do.

One remembers, for instance, when Redl was solicited by a homosexual and professed to be insulted because he had not as yet discovered his own inner homeland. However, his stubborn denial was accompanied by a high-pitched violin aria that indicated the suggestion was acting upon his subconscious.

One also recalls the most theatrical scene of all, the drag ball presided over by a homosexual Viennese aristocrat, originally given a magnificently wise and self-assured portrayal by the late George Devine.

Unfortunately, the New York production is considerably less effective. The mistake, I believe, is the decision, somewhat dictated by economics, to present the play in a large musical comedy theater. In it, the subtle theatricality is somehow diminished, and the play becomes a plodding account of how a dull army officer discovers and gives in to his own promiscuous and expensive homosexuality and proceeds unprotestingly and without qualms into a sordid ten-year career of perfidy and pederasty. Maximilian Schell portrays Redl as a not very attractive or sensitive man, and neither seeks nor gets much sympathy from the audience. What we do feel is a bit of Osborne's loathing for the society that furnished the conditions in which Redl's behavior was a logical response: a conformist, inhumane military organization that expected its officers to live with high ethics and low pay out of patriotism, a legal and psychiatric system that branded homosexuality as both a crime and a disease, and a Europe that used the Austrian empire as a political convenience.

Theoretically, this environment could be better manifested on a wide stage where the individual actor could be dominated by his background. But Osborne has devised his play to show the environmental pressure through the confrontations of one or two actors. Therefore, director Peter Glenville has found himself constantly fighting a loss of necessary focus. And the increased amount of scenery Oliver Smith has designed for the show seems disappointingly ordinary.

Under these trying circumstances the performances are suprisingly sharp and disciplined. Dennis King nicely avoids undue swishiness as the dowager Baron, and Salome Jens generates deep emotion in what is now the underwritten role of a spy who really falls in love with her victim. Indeed, there is almost enough to this Broadway version to interest the kind of audience that might have supported it in an Off-Broadway theater where it could have been more effectively produced in the first place.

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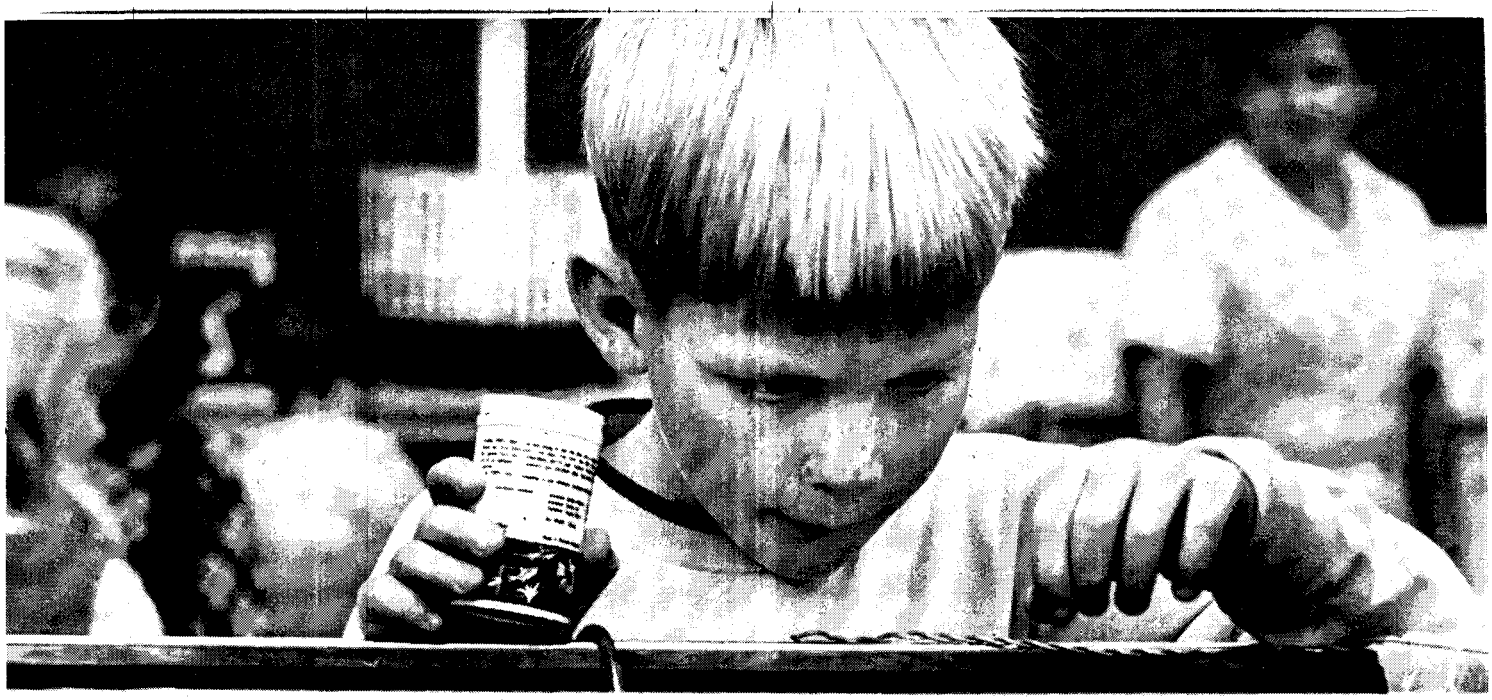

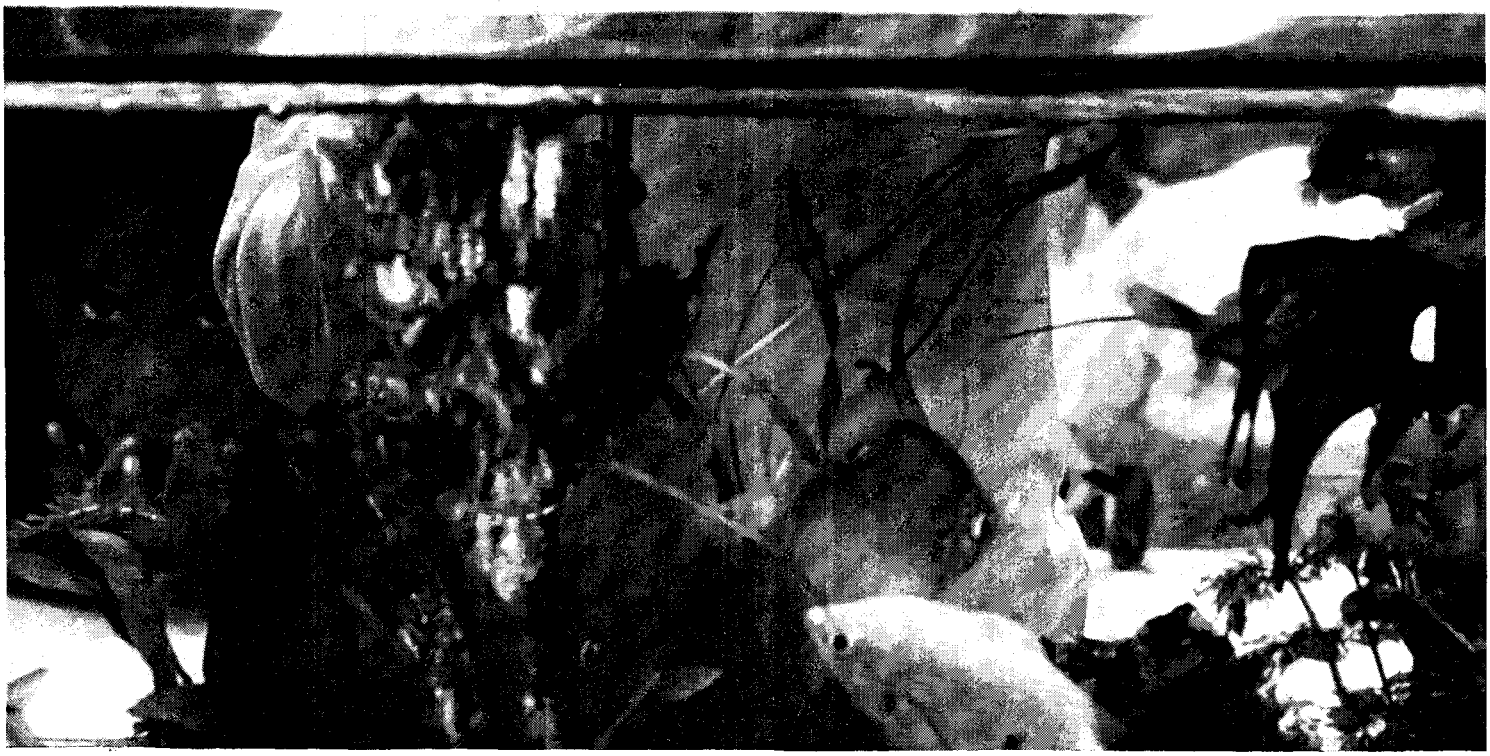

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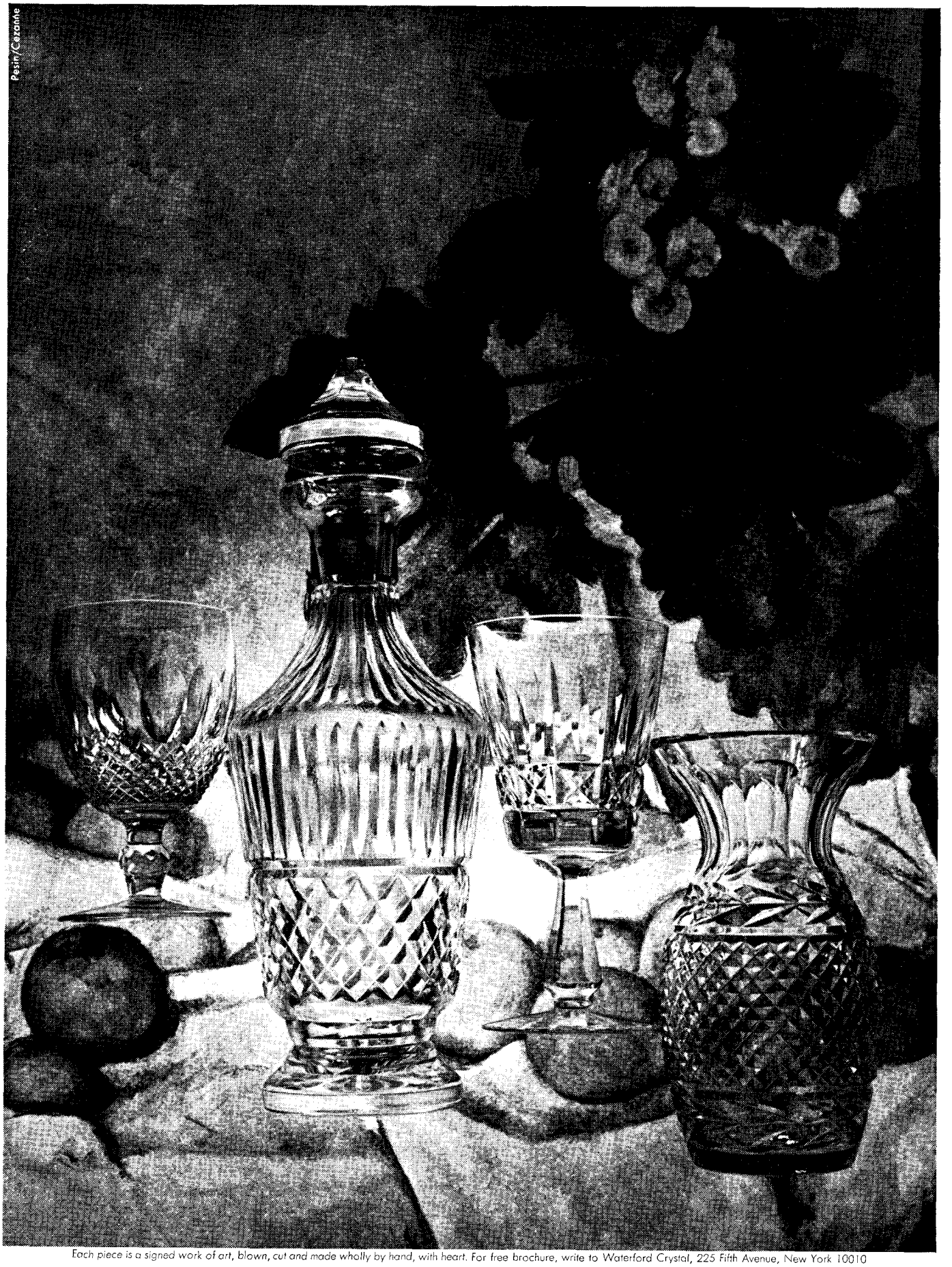

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Saturday Review
October 18, 1969

The Ghostly War of the Green Berets

by HORACE SUTTON

SAIGON.

If you stand on the sand and look straight out into the South China Sea without letting your eye fall upon any of the scaffolding of war, then there is a certain tattered splendor about the Bay of Nhatrang.

The parabolas of the islands, so close to shore and so remindful of Sugar Loaf, stand out in black silhouette in the quietude of late afternoon. The clouds hang low and the slope-masted canoe bends into the breeze on its homeward way. The picnic tables fringed with palm frond canopies are empty now, and it's too dark to play the miniature golf course that some zealous morale officer has built on the beach to give this place a hopeless whiff of Atlantic City. There is activity in the sinister blockhouse behind the barbed wire at the sea's edge, and the marine green trucks bounce in and out of the potholes along the beach road, past the peeling villas that are left over from those expansive colonial days when the French journeyed the 188 miles from the dust and clatter and heat of Saigon to make believe they had found Trouville in Southeast Asia.

It was here on this beach, under the shade of darkness last June 20th, that a captain in the Green Berets, Robert Marasco, who is twenty-seven and whose home is in Bloomfield, New Jersey, is said to have pushed off in a J-boat used by scuba divers bound for the deep waters of the bay. He was accompanied by other members of the Special Forces command, whose headquarters in Vietnam is ten minutes from the beach at Nhatrang. They carried the inert form of Thai Khac Chuyen, a Vietnamese national heavily dosed with morphine. Far out in Nhatrang Bay, Chuyen was allegedly shot, his body placed in a sack weighted with chains and smeared with blood to bring the sharks and dumped into the depths of the South China Sea.

The disposal of a lone agent or a double agent, as Chuyen was said to have been, has been repeated in one form or another in this and other wars. Yet, on this occasion it created what threatened to be, until the President finally quashed the case, the major scandal of the Vietnam war, wrecking brilliant careers, dispiriting an elite corps, venting intraservice jealousies, fanning hatreds, confusing allies, confounding friendly embassies, stretching public patience, and imparting boundless joy to the common enemy.

More than all that perhaps, it has laid bare an enormous American intelligence effort, with agencies competing against each other for the same snippets of information. So acute has the rivalry become that agencies have deliberately fouled each other's lines, obscuring the common goal of victory in the war. Proponents of a free society may view all this and ask themselves whether such black arts are essential to their safety. They may wonder, too, just what is the proper code of conduct for soldiers who have been recruited and trained specifically for what is so euphemistically called "unconventional warfare."

Although Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor, in dismissing the charges against the Green Berets, said, "the acts which were charged but not proved, represent a fundamental violation of Army regulations, orders, and principles," there are apparently many interpretations of these principles.

A letter which Captain Marasco wrote to his wife on July 24 from his cell at Longbinh jail indicated that an operation on which he had been working had been compromised and that one of his people was suspected of being a North Vietnamese agent. "Suffice to say we determined his guilt. . . . There were numerous reasons why we couldn't let him go, so the powers decided to do away with him. Being the people involved, it was up to us to come up with a plan and execute it. We followed through with it thinking that the proper coordination had been made and that this was a military operation."

The Green Berets can trace their modus operandi back to the National Security Council, which meets with the President and sets the national policy on intelligence operations. The general operational direction is passed by NSC to the Joint Chiefs, who write a Joint Strategic Capabilities Plan, known as JSCAP. Each of the services —Army, Navy, and Air Force—then adapts its own version. One section of the plan is said to deal specifically with unconventional warfare and spells out the extreme measures that

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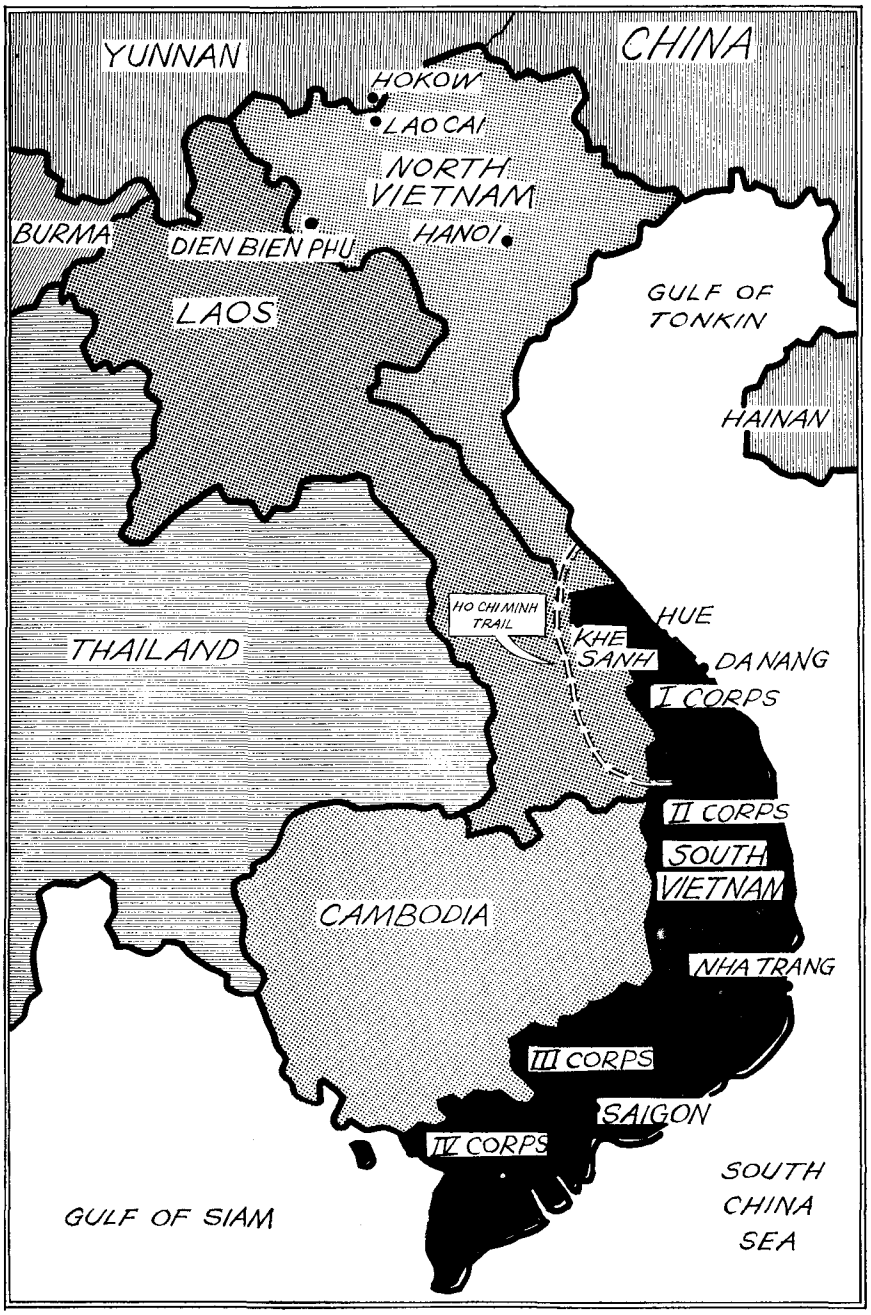
may be required in black warfare.

This overall plan is ultimately passed down to those who will implement its trusts, in the form of a secret field manual and in the courses that are taught to the Special Forces in its training school at Fort Bragg. Says one former Beret officer: "Men begin to accept these theories as a way of life. The government turns these guys into killers. Some may round the bend quicker than others. But the Army can't disown these men if they are caught. The United States must assume responsibility for these peoples' actions because they enticed them into it in the first place." A Green Beret sergeant, now in Vietnam, recalls having been taught the torture methods in use by the Chinese, Russians, North Koreans, and North Vietnamese: "We were being told what to expect, but it is entirely possible that some of our people got the wrong idea from the lessons."

While elements of America's "open society" rue the black arts of espionage and its attendant skills, secret service goes back at least as far as the Egyptians, 5,000 years ago. American and British intelligence systems are based on the British secret service that was started by, of all people, Daniel Defoe, who, in pursuit of more acceptable endeavors, wrote a book called *Robinson Crusoe*. For its part, the United States got into the business of positive intelligence, that is, finding out about the enemy, with the formation of the Office of Strategic Services in the early part of World War II. While General Eisenhower did credit the OSS with helping to tie down five German divisions during the Normandy invasion through its aid to the resistance, both the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps, which had been given special equipment and special training, and the highly covert OSS often incurred hostility, harassment, and the high suspicion of conventional warfare officers.

If the CIA can be said to have grown from World War II's OSS detachments, then the Green Berets descended from the Rangers, those rough and ready troops who scaled the impossible cliffs of Pointe du Hoc in Normandy on D-Day, and from a joint U.S.-Canadian commando group known as the First Special Service Force, which fought in the Aleutians and France.

The First Special Forces Group was organized at Fort Bragg on June 20, 1952, oddly enough, seventeen years to the day before the ill-fated incident at Nhatrang. Forces were deployed to Germany and Japan, but during the Eisenhower years the wearing of the green beret was strictly unauthorized. They were discovered again by President Kennedy, whose favorite they became.



Having read Mao and Che Guevara, President Kennedy could see very clearly the advantages of counter-insurgency warfare, which is the very essence of the Green Beret tactic. Moreover, their professionalism, their élan, and their dash appealed to his sense of romanticism. He gave them back their berets, rekindled their *esprit*, beefed up their forces, and became their patron saint. When he died, a green beret was placed beside his grave, where it still remains, and some of the patches worn by Beret groups were changed from white to black in permanent mourning. The Green Berets' home base became known as the U.S. Army John F. Kennedy Center for Special Warfare (in Army patois, USAJFKCENSPWAR). If that seemed too jingoistic, the name was changed in May to the John F. Kennedy Center for Military Assistance.

Volunteers, jumpers, linguists, soldiers highly romanticized in book and ballad, they became the strong-arm troops of the CIA. It was they who gathered intelligence in the field for the CIA when the United States sent a stabilizing force into the Dominican Republic. They were committed to Saigon in 1961 when it was thought a small contingent of Berets working with local troops would make the involvement of masses of combat ground forces unnecessary. When two Green Berets were killed early in April 1962, they were the first Ameri-

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can casualties of the Vietnam conflict. Since then they have lost 500 dead, every name inscribed on a highly polished brass plate displayed at the entranceway to their headquarters command at Nhatrang. Among the darkest days of their history, aside from the assassination of John F. Kennedy, was the night of February 7, 1968, when their camp at Longvei outside of Khesanh, held by fourteen Berets and a force of irregulars, was overrun in the night by North Vietnamese regulars using Soviet tanks.

Since 1962, however, they have won six medals of honor, fifty-three distinguished service crosses, and 517 silver stars. After the death of President Kennedy, the Berets were, for the most part, switched from CIA to the control of the Army. Their per diem allowance, highly coveted and highly envied by regular troops, was abolished, but they were allowed to keep their berets. Three groups remain at Fort Bragg, but the Berets also operate in Okinawa, Fort Devens, Massachusetts (a group that maintains a detachment in Germany), in Panama (where they worked with the Bolivian Army in dispatching the high priest of insurgency, Che Guevara), and in Thailand.

In Vietnam, a force still remains detached to CIA, participating in the highly specialized SOG operations. Acronyms are very popular in the Vietnam war, and SOG stands for Study and Observations Group, responsible directly to MAC-V, the most high-flown of all acronymic groups, the Military Assistance Command, Vietnam. Working out of a guarded house on Cong-ly Street alongside the Italian Embassy, SOG studies and observes the customs of the Vietcong along the Laos border. It flies its own planes, usually Vietnamese-piloted helicopters. Its teams are said to carry British weapons with silencers. They are equipped to drop electronic sensors along the trails that lead down from the north that will set off alarms when the traffic is heavy. Before the bombing halt they collected information on enemy installations, and called in strikes. Their studies and observations led them to carry out the sabotage of the railway bridge at Lao Cai across from Hokow on the border between North Vietnam and China. Three years ago, the Berets asked for control of the SOG operation. General Westmoreland refused and the Berets set up their own cross-border operation under the organizational cognomen of B-57. It is to this highly classified group that most of the Berets who had been charged by the Army for the murder of Chuyen belonged.

Under Army control, the Special

Colonel Rheault—push-ups in the sun, secrets in the night.

Forces operates in all corps of the Vietnam command from its centrally located base at Nhatrang. Wedged between a picture postcard rice paddy on one side and a supporting air base on the other, it is hemmed in by formidable mountains that burst out of the landscape five miles away, and the South China Sea, ten minutes away by jarring jeep ride. Headquarters has that semi-permanent air of a wartime base camp, with the grass plots, the trim fences, and the walkways tended by Vietnamese peasants in their cone-shaped straw hats.

The new visitor to this base finds it arresting to come upon dozens of signs lettered with political exhortation lifted from speeches of famous personages from Marx to Churchill that serve to define America's confrontation with Communism. They say:

> We in this country in this generation are by destiny rather than choice, the watchmen on the walls of world freedom.
>
> —JOHN F. KENNEDY

> We did not choose to be a guardian at this gate but there is no one else.
>
> —LYNDON B. JOHNSON

> The theory of Communism may be summed up in one sentence: abolish all private property.
>
> —KARL MARX AND FRIEDRICH ENGELS

Among the benefits of the Special Forces soldier, these instant political lessons aside, is a resident masseur who also runs a steam bath, a Dairy Queen stand that dispenses banana splits, a small gym, and a handball court. Both the officers' club and the noncommissioned officers' club (there are very few unranked Berets) are dim-lit dens adorned with Oriental nudes painted on velvet, and staffed by local barmaids who are given lie detector tests every month to assure their loyalty. Hard liquor served in air-conditioned comfort costs a quarter.

If it is difficult to summon thoughts of war amid these comparative luxuries, one has only to wait, as I did on a recent visit, for night to descend. Soon the soft, almost muted pop of mortars begins, a shell exploding in a flare that descends on its own parachute, lighting the paddy. One false move down there and the next shell showers steel. Up on the mountains, where the Special Forces maintains outposts, the helicopter gun ships have been called in and they work over the crags for hours. As we drive through the intricate system of locked gates, airplane motors roar in the night and a party of irregulars in tiger combat suits, with helmets and rifles, sits in the Asian squat waiting to be flown off toward the Cambodian border 100 miles to the west.

The basic mission of the Special Forces, it still insists, is advisory. "We are here to work ourselves out of a job," says its present commander, Col. Michael Healy. It advises the Vietnamese Special Forces (black berets and tiger suits), which also has its headquarters in Nhatrang, but most significantly perhaps, in pursuit of its basic tactic of counter-insurgency, the Green Berets have organized a private army of minority ethnic groups. Known as CIDG (for Civilian Irregular Defense Group), this force is made of Montagnards, Cambodians living in Vietnam, and Nungs, largely Vietnamese of Chinese ancestry). The CIDGs are paid and supplied by the United States. There are now more than sixty CIDG camps dotted all over the remote and contested regions of South Vietnam. Beefed up with a Vietnamese Special Forces detachment, a Green Beret advisory group, and camp strike force companies, the camps engage the Cong, chop away at the supply routes from the north, gather intelligence, and by their presence hopefully build hinterland support and confidence in the Saigon government.

A typical camp looks not unlike a frontier stockade. A tall watchtower rises in the center, and blockhouses are set into the walls of the fortification. The camp commander is the commander of the Vietnamese Special Forces detachment. The U.S. Special Forces supplies the stiffener—an

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AN EDITORIAL

The Black Arts in a Free Society

The case of the Green Berets raises profoundly disturbing questions for the American people. These questions will not be put to rest by the decision to drop the murder charges that brought into the open, if only partially and fleetingly, facts about the undercover world of espionage and counter-espionage.

Espionage has always been a grisly but well-known fact of international life. What was not generally known, however, was the extent to which the United States has gone beyond espionage into political assassination. Indeed, not the least disturbing aspect of the Green Berets episode was the startling attitude of certain government or military spokesmen who asserted that they couldn't understand the reason for all the public clamor over the case of Thai Khac Chuyen. It was made to appear that people had become unduly excited over the murder of a relatively low-level figure, and that this sort of thing had been going on routinely for a long time. It was further brought out that the United States was involved, directly or indirectly, in the assassination of such diverse political figures as Che Guevara in Bolivia and President Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam.

Appropriate emphasis has been given to the point that the overthrow of political leaders or the liquidation of agents was not the sole or even the primary function of our secret operations. As Horace Sutton points out in the accompanying article, the Green Berets attempted to strengthen South Vietnam against the Vietcong on the community level by making local leadership more responsive to the pressing need for social justice, health, and education.

Full credit, of course, must be given to the work of the Green Berets and other agencies in helping to upgrade the economic and social conditions of the South Vietnamese, but it is absurd to suppose that we are dealing here with a balance sheet on which there are good works on one side and murder on the other. Murder, whatever the surrounding supposed amenities or auspices, is still murder. And the most relevant comment in the present episode was made by Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, who said that even in warfare men are obligated to hold to a certain moral code.

It was this latter attitude, of course, that properly served as the basis for the Nuremberg Trials, in which the United States took the initiative in contending that the fact of war does not obliterate all moral standards and that men must be made accountable for certain crimes even though they are acting under wartime orders. The governing principle then advanced by the United States was that individuals, not nations, make war and that, therefore, individuals must be held responsible. If the United States was right at Nuremberg, where does this leave the United States now? Where does it leave the men who have acted for the United States in Vietnam—not only in the Chuyen case but in the war itself, which is being carried out completely outside the provisions of the United States Constitution that seek to protect the American people against war by executive order?

The question, we repeat, is not whether it is possible to fight a hot or cold war without spying, but whether the American people understand just how far some of their secret operatives have gone in undermining our own government in the very act of undermining others. When it is said that we have no choice in the modern world but to play the full international game, it means that we think we are capable of producing a special breed of men whom we can trust to live beyond the law, a hypothesis completely at odds with the basic principles of American government. How did the hypothesis work out in Laos a decade ago, when we helped in the coup d'état against President Souvanna Phouma? The coup was a fiasco—not just because it violated the principle of self-determination that we proclaimed to be at the heart of our foreign policy, but because it revealed the stark incompetence of our intelligence operations. The result of the intervention in Laos was a civil war in which the United States was paymaster for both armies. The result, too, was that the Pathet Lao became a powerful force and was able to develop greater support from the Laotians in a few months than had been achieved over a period of years. Eventually, the United States recognized it had made an error and restored its support to Souvanna, but Laos is still badly split and the full price of that error has yet to be paid.

The trouble with the argument that we have no choice but to imitate the enemy in some respects is that we can become too successful. "We have met the enemy and they are we," is one of history's most poignant complaints. "I thought they were saving us from the Vietcong," cried the widow of Thai Khac Chuyen, "but I see now that they are just as bad as the Vietcong."

Over many years, we have heard our leaders say that the ultimate battle in the world is for the minds of men. We do not win such battles by total disregard of men's capacity for making moral judgments.

The most devastating argument against government officials who contend that political assassination and subversion are essential to our own security is that they have so little ability to anticipate the effects of their actions. Our secret agents, we are now told, were involved in the assassination of Che Guevara. Doubtless, the agents congratulated themselves on having got rid of an up-and-coming Castro. But what they actually did was to give millions of youth in the United States a new hero, albeit a dead one, and to help create costly and perhaps volatile disillusion with the preachments of a free society about moral approaches to change. In the act of suppressing a foreign revolutionary, they are helping to feed a revolution at home. True, some people are less appalled by the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem than they are by Guevara's, and vice-versa. Either way, the action is reprehensible.

The inevitable consequence of all these activities is that the government of the United States is cutting deeply into its own history and its position in the world, and therefore into its security. The fact that this is not even understood by those who have been chosen to serve the American people is the most perilous fact of all. —N.C.

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"A" team made up of fourteen Green Berets led by a captain. The Americans specialize in heavy and light weapons, demolition, radio communications, intelligence, civic action, and psychological operations. A highly trained medical team capable of performing minor surgery accompanies the group.

Should a camp run into deep trouble, it can be immediately supported by a Mobile Strike Force or "Mike Force" deployed in minutes from each of the four corps zones in Vietnam, and also from the Green Beret headquarters at Nhatrang.

Begun in 1961, the CIDG program calls for training indigenous personnel in isolated areas and ultimately turning back the control of the camp to the irregulars. It was first mounted to help the government troops organize the minorities and to keep them from being recruited by the Vietcong. When the Vietnamese Special Forces can run the camp without American help, Special Forces pulls out, though it continues to send in supplies and lend tactical aid if necessary. When the irregulars can run their own camp and the surrounding area has been pacified, all Special Forces, both American and Vietnamese, pull out and the irregulars, at this point given the title of Regional Forces, take over their own defense and support. Since 1962, six camps have been transferred to the Vietnamese Special Forces and sixteen converted to Regional Forces.

Today the CIDG force has grown to 40,000 troops, but it is this alleged control of a so-called private army on foreign soil as well as a highly independent method of warfare that has nettled the conventional warfare generals.

"Face it," says Master Sergeant Edwin Clements of Midwest City, Oklahoma, "we have a different mission and we operate differently from an infantry battalion. Old-line officers don't understand our kind of warfare. Like in any society the old folks don't like to change; the young ones do. A lot of West Pointers want to stay away from these outfits and go with conventional units which generals who award promotions can understand."

SFC Lonnie Johnson, a thirty-five-year-old black soldier from Flint, Michigan, who has spent nine years in the Special Forces, four of them in Vietnam, admits "there is a lot we don't tell our families." Still he winces when his wife asks if it is true that the Green Berets are really a bunch of killers. "We're supposed to be elite," he says, "but I've been with MAC-V people who just didn't like us." Yet Johnson's job is far from skullduggery. He speaks Vietnamese. He trains Vietnamese, and ethnic minorities as well, in political and psychological operations. "We build schools and have the children out with the flag and tell them this support comes from the Saigon government." In working with indigenous forces he has run into trouble from the U.S. Air Force, which uses Nungs as guards and has outbid the Special Forces for their services.

The new brand of warfare attracts young intellectuals such as Jean François Romey, an ROTC graduate from Berkeley. Now twenty-six, Romey is half French and lived in France until he was fifteen. A captain in Special Forces, he has grown a stylish mustache that is twirled on the ends and wears a pair of Montagnard bracelets given him by indigenous troops with whom he served. Romey's specialties are motivation, indoctrination, civic action, and psychological operations. Like the psychological warfare efforts in World War II, the so-called "psyops," as they are known in Vietnam war lingo, call for aerial broadcasts and leaflet dissemination, both of which exploit the enemy's weaknesses. "We counter the Communist approach using similar methods, with two exceptions," Romey says. "They use deceit, and we tell the truth. They use selective terror, and we do not. The greatest implement we have is to play it straight. We tell the enemy we know he has malaria. We tell him we know that letters written home a year ago haven't been mailed yet. The defectors are very scared; they think they are going to get skinned alive. We treat them with kindness, give them medical care, and they become faithful. Some former VCs have even become Kit Carson Scouts working as the point element for conventional troops."

Romey classifies civic action as "nation-building." Says he, "It is self-help. Take Die Hard Bridge. It was built by Americans and destroyed by VCs. The Americans built it again and once more it was destroyed. Then we gave the materiel to local people. They built it and it was never again destroyed. We give basic elementary lessons in free enterprise. We give a Montagnard a piece of land to farm. He may plant half of it, because that is all he needs. Then we say to him, 'If you plant all of it, you will have a little extra and you can sell that in the market. Perhaps you can sell it for a little less than your competitor and you will have money to buy something you want.'

"These people have been operating on the mandarin system in which the superior is king. Take the waitresses

Capt. Jean François Romey—"they use deceit, we tell the truth."

in the mess hall. At first they were bowing, and we said, 'Please bring me some coffee,' or 'Do me a favor and bring me some salad.' Soon they began to talk back and some older officers said, 'Goddam it, in the French days there was no back talk.' But what we must realize is that it is better that they talk back because it shows they are beginning to be people."

Major Phan Ba Ky, the motivation and indoctrination officer for the Vietnamese Special Forces, was sent to Fort Bragg for training. While there he was taken out for dinner. At the end of the meal an elaborate chocolate cake was brought out. Major Ky knew he should not eat it, but to please his hosts he accepted a piece and was sick all night. "I think of that cake," he says now, "as the cake of democracy. We must eat it slowly. It is too rich for us."

Such lofty purposes as nation-building and elementary lessons in democracy and free enterprise are the cleaner aspects of Special Forces. It is, of course, also in the business of intelligence collection. It makes drops along the Cambodian border at night to watch, and sometimes to attack, enemy vehicular traffic. It dispatches Recondo teams—two or three Green Berets and three or four Vietnamese Special Forces troopers—who live for a week in the jungle to determine if and where the enemy is massing. It trains its irregulars to follow the movements of enemy columns and sometimes to capture couriers. Its highly classified B-57 operation at Nhatrang retains a company of Nungs—sometimes called American Gurkhas—to perform its specialized activities. One of its specialties is the HALO op-

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eration, an acronym for a high-altitude, low-level jump in which agents drop from high altitudes and open their chutes at the last moment, thus avoiding radar detection. At least one, perhaps more, of these operations met with utter disaster. "It was like Charlie jumping into Longbinh," said one bitter officer. Charlie (for Victor Charlie) is the Vietcong and Longbinh is a vast U.S. Army complex twelve miles from Saigon.

Because these operations were compromised, a leak was suspected, and when a sweep of a Cong command post turned up a photograph in which a figure identified as Chuyen was seen talking to enemy troops, the Berets called in their agent and confronted him with the evidence. He worked for Special Forces as an agent along the Cambodian border. The photograph showed up in a highly suspicious setting. There had been a serious defection and the Beret's entire net stood to be exposed. It is said that Chuyen never confessed, but given sodium pentathol and polygraph lie detector tests, he "blipped," which is to say registered deceit at every critical mention.

The rule book says a "contaminated" agent must be isolated—jailed, sent to another country, stashed away in a safe haven, or somehow put on ice. To turn him over to the Vietnamese might have proved embarrassing. It is a fundamental tenet in the murky art of intelligence that while you cooperate with your allies and exchange intelligence, you don't let him know your system. While he may suspect you are involved in exercises that might be contrary to his national policy—such as working inside Cambodia and Laos—you don't give him the details and require him to object.

At this point the Green Berets turned to the CIA for advice and, if possible, for disposition. It was not an unnatural move since the CIA is indeed the central intelligence agency, the major clearinghouse for information. It maintains vast files, has resources and contingencies for such occasions. There began a long series of exchanges between Special Forces headquarters, the CIA station chief at Nhatrang, and the CIA headquarters for Vietnam in the U.S. Embassy in Saigon.

According to one participant privy to the exchanges, the CIA adopted the attitude of a respectable business enterprise willing to indulge in, say, a little price-fixing as long as it is done on a lower level. In effect, says this observer, they were saying, "Of course, officially we don't condone this sort of thing, but it would seem as if you have no choice." By the time definitive word finally came down from the CIA not to kill Chuyen, the Special Forces, fearful of further leaks, further botched missions, more lives placed in jeopardy, and new defections, had already dispatched Chuyen to the bottom of Nhatrang Bay.

The CIA decided it must inform the U.S. commander in Vietnam, Gen. Creighton Abrams, a hard-line soldier who had graduated from West Point in 1936, became a second lieutenant of cavalry, saw his first action two years later with the Fourth Armored Division during World War II. Abrams sent for Special Forces Commander Col. Robert Rheault, a product of Exeter, a tall and lean aristocrat who had been appointed to the Military Academy by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, graduating in 1946. The holder of a masters degree in international affairs, which he took at George Washington University, a skilled skier, a dedicated physical fitness practitioner, fluent in French, Rheault had won two Legion of Merits and five air medals on a previous tour of duty with the Special Forces in Vietnam. He had served in Okinawa, and once commanded the Special Action Force-Asia, a CIA-directed group mounting covert operations in Laos, along the edges of Burma and the Yunnan Province of China, which borders Burma, Laos, and North Vietnam. When he came to Vietnam at May's end, a scant month before the ill-fated mission in Nhatrang Bay, he came as a golden boy, a picture-book officer, a friend of Westmoreland's, an officer privy to as many secret U.S. operations in Southeast Asia as any man alive.

Facing Abrams, who had the CIA report that July morning, Colonel Rheault opted to stick to the cover story woven by his staff officers. Chuyen had been sent, he said, on a dangerous mission along the Cambodian border and he had not come back.

Some days later, SFC Alvin L. Smith, Jr., of Naples, Florida, either filled with remorse or panic born of the incident, burst into the office of the CIA Station Chief at Nhatrang, spilled the whole story, and asked for protection. Once more the station chief contacted Saigon and soon Abrams had the whole story. He exploded. No one lies to the commanding officer. Murder in any form is not permissible in the U.S. Army. He ordered an immediate investigation, and the Army's Criminal Investigation Division went to work. Agents grilled the Berets. The harbor was dragged by special naval ships. Frogmen and divers searched for a body. None was found. The officers, except for Rheault, who was incarcerated in a trailer, were plunged into solitary confinement. "Clean 'em out," Abrams had ordered, and they were well cleaned, including Rheault's staff intelligence officer, the head of the super-secret B-57 detachment, and the Colonel himself. Maj. Gen. George Lafayette Mabry, Jr., commanding officer of the U.S. Support Command under Abrams, charged them with premeditated murder and conspiracy to murder and

(*Continued on page* 68)

Irregular soldier in the Delta—"a so-called private army . . . a highly independent method of warfare. . . ."

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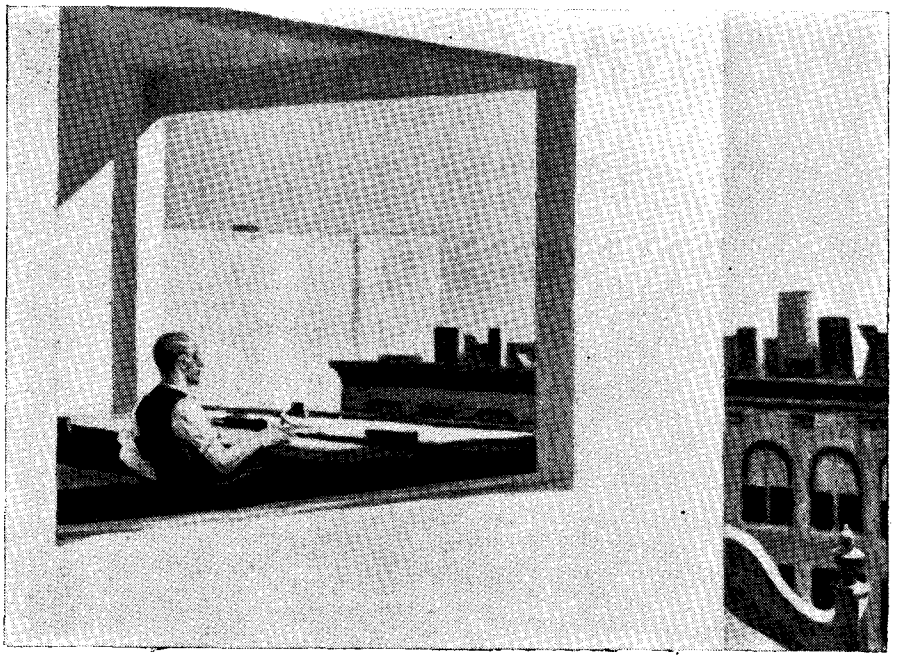

Edward Hopper, "Office in a Small City," The Metropolitan Museum of Art, George A. Hearn Fund.

THE SELECTIVE WINDOW

by KATHARINE KUH

A window is to look through, both into and out of. Though often the symbol of an eye, it is not an eye, but a vehicle for light and for that volatile mirage we call atmosphere. A window is selective; it can frame nature in sweeping panoramas or in magnified close-ups. It provides access to inner visions more vivid than real ones. It can be nothing more than a blank, a vacant opening, or it can reproduce the unedited reflection of one's own image. Because windows imply secret revelations, because they are outlets to both the inside and outside world but, unlike doors, are rarely tangible passageways, they take on a variety of guises. Frequently exploited in art as compositional devices, they have come into their own only recently since Freudian discoveries infused them with new meaning.

In the past, windows were largely decorative afterthoughts, providing additional dimensions to otherwise circumscribed scenes. Sometimes, especially in portraits, these dimensions went beyond the purely physical to mirror psychological idiosyncrasies. Take Dürer's painting of Oswolt Krel. Here one side of the picture opens up to filter light through a grove of trees almost as obsessive as the sitter himself. Landscape and portrait share a slightly contained madness. More conventional is an eighteenth-century

Ralph Earl, "Portrait of Colonel William Taylor," Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo.

Albrecht Dürer, "Portrait of Oswolt Krel," Alte Pinakothek, Munich.

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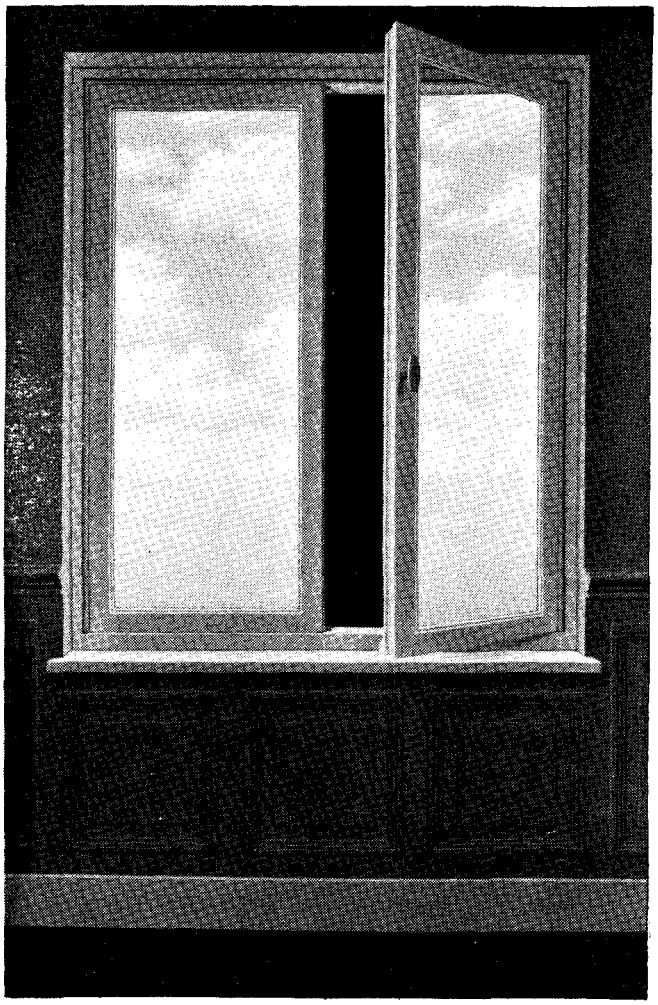
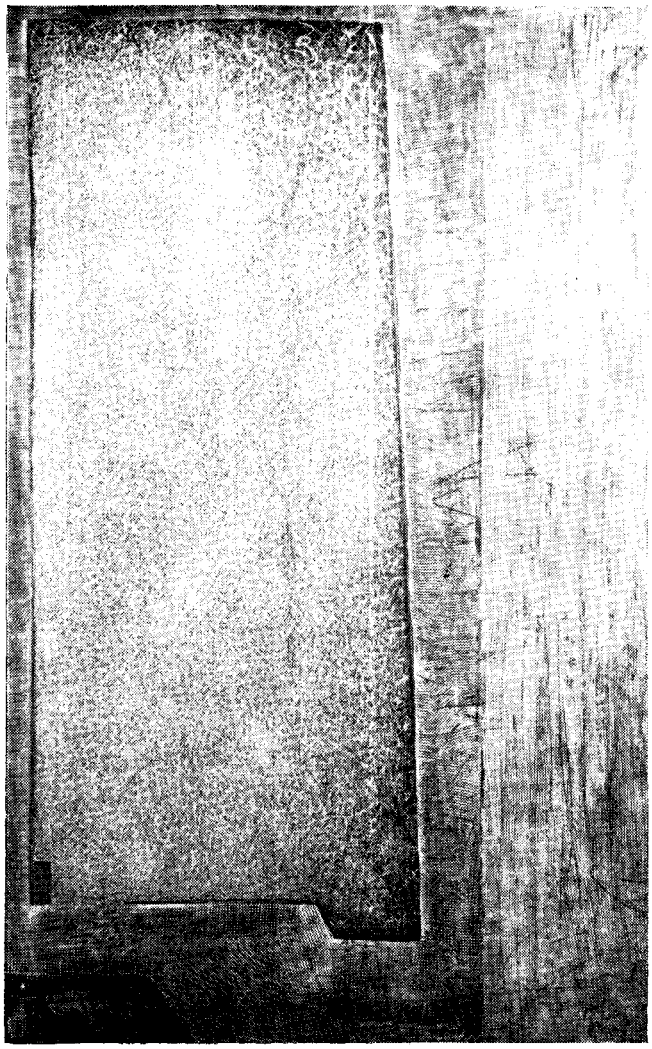


René Magritte, "La Lunette d'Approche," Institute for the Arts, Rice University, Houston.



Mark Tobey, "Window," Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Anderson, Atherton, California.

American painting of Colonel William Taylor featuring a window through which a nondescript, if romantic, view unfolds, a view that frankly borrows from traditional English scenes of the period. At first glance the aperture appears little more than an excuse to relieve a monotonous wall, but a second look adds an amusing postscript. For now the same landscape emerges as a sketch by the stiff-backed colonel, an unlikely "gentleman artist."

It is the picture within a picture that saves the day. And oddly enough, the scene through the window could well be a painting itself were it not for the realistic trappings of frame and sill. Ralph Earl's window opens up the wall no more than do Vermeer's familiar maps, which were never intended as atmospheric outlets but as rectangular divisions in consummately organized compositions. With Vermeer, one rarely looks directly into or out of a room; yet a casement's oblique presence is always there, sifting mellow gold over modest objects. This artist, Dutch though he was, focused less on substance than on the light he felt gave life to substance. In his paintings air circulates; a limpid glow transmutes and makes permanent the most banal interiors. No Impressionist was more accomplished at capturing trembling nuances of light than Vermeer, who worked two hundred years before the term was even coined.

Until the present century, windows in art were chiefly adjuncts to portraits, or to occasional architectural and genre scenes. One thinks of paintings by the Dutch Little Masters where buxom young women lolling in flower-decked windows were always more important than the windows. At other times, such apertures turned into tasseled vestibules looking out on faintly absurd Arcadian landscapes. But today the window is no longer a supplement; it exists in its own right. As a central motif, as a symbol of light, sex, frustration, escape, or indescribable loneliness, it can direct the entire course of a canvas.

In 1963, the Belgian artist, René Magritte, painted *La Lunette d'Approche*, a large surrealist composition in which a partly open window looks out on a total void. Two glass panels, seen arbitrarily from inside a room, reveal wispy clouds drifting above a doubtful sea. On closer examination the scene becomes a capricious invention. Deceptive, ambiguous, and disturbing, Magritte's window is not an outlet to the world but an excursion into the unconscious or, should we say, the artist's unconscious. Characteristically, the two glass panels open inward. Architectural details, though meticulously defined, are strictly irrational, thus making the ephemeral skyscape all the more improbable. What is, is not; what is not, is. How are we to evaluate actuality? Is it what we see, what we know to be true, or what we dream? The painting, which initially strikes one as serenely empty, culminates in an experience of unrelieved anxiety.

Different in aim but not always in end are certain contemporary American canvases that celebrate the city at night. These are less mythical probings than forthright representations of how artificial light revises visual facts. New York is a favorite target. The confusion, vulgarity, and ambivalence of the metropolis by day is obliterated, leaving only a dark vertical cityscape. What goes on behind these numberless lighted openings does not concern us. There are no psychological overtones.

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What we do find, however, is a new kind of space unrelated to its daytime equivalent, and likewise unrelated to night scenes of the past. Modern man-made light has produced apparitions almost as deceptive as Magritte's Freudian ones, but the intention is not deception. These iridescent compositions punctured by irregular areas of luminosity are often close approximations of what we actually see. Unfortunately, most of us are so occupied with immediate demands, with tangled traffic, store windows, signs, noise, words, words, and more printed words that we miss the poetry of electrically lighted cities. From necessity we look down—not up. Much of the beauty eludes us.

Involved with a highly personal kind of luminosity, Mark Tobey turned his *Window* into an abstract idea. For after all, what is more abstract than light? Perhaps, you might say, motion. With Tobey these two gossamer goals become one, yet for him light always takes priority. Quite naturally he turns to reflecting and translucent surfaces as source material. Through his openings, rays of light dance in myriad white and silver cadences. His light describes nothing; it is merely light for its own sake, an intangible fleeting element that speeds across his paintings in interlocking choreography. Like the Oriental artists he admires, Tobey comes to grips with the mobile aspects of nature, with the interaction of forces too fragile to document. He can only suggest. And what he suggests is demanding. He asks us to realize that the world of light, of flux, has meaning only as it remakes itself. He offers no easy status quo. His delicate evasive vision explores the balance that nature extracts from chaos. For Tobey, perhaps more than any other modern artist, is aware of the imperceptibly subtle conflicts that shape our surroundings.

One could, of course, go on indefinitely examining how our century has relied on the window as a specific theme, and how individual artists have adapted the subject to their own special interests. In 1911, when Henri Matisse was living near Paris at Issy-les-Moulineaux, he painted a view from his bedroom window and, because of the picture's pervasive color, called it *The Blue Window* (cover). Outside one finds trees, sky, a cloud, and the top of Matisse's studio. In front of the window are isolated objects on a table —vases, flowers, a lamp, toilet articles. There is no distance; hieratic still life, bushes, and trees merge on a single flat plane, and it is finally color that takes over. The window is virtually a backdrop, allowing voluptuous curves to play against a rectangular frame, and shimmering color spots to intensify the experience of blue.

However, when Josef Albers painted his windows, he was mainly interested in them as geometric objects, as architectural elements that permitted him to experiment with changing relationships in size and tone. By manipulating these rectangular areas, by varying their linear divisions and color, he forced himself to concentrate on a narrowly restricted problem, and in so doing turned the window into a speculative microcosm. Edward Hopper's windows are as stark as Albers's, but his are designed to be looked into. And through them in impersonal offices, hotel rooms, and diners a silent frozen loneliness takes over. Never have our harsh surroundings been more ruthlessly exposed. Hopper occasionally includes an impassive human figure flooded by hard cold light, a light that hides nothing, though the artist himself has already stripped away every unnecessary detail. His windows open into an existential world that offers no escape, no outlet from sterility.

Then there is Van Gogh's window in the hospital at Saint Rémy. It is barred, yet deals gently with the pain of incarceration. Hopper lets us look in; Van Gogh makes us look out, but out to a view that is blocked. In either case we learn something about the man who painted the window, for these transparent surfaces provide valuable autobiographical notations. Ivan Albright reveals himself, too. Long concerned with the processes of dissolution, he makes his window—a painting he worked on for some twenty years—testify to the vitality of death. Every dusty object in it reminds us that what lives must die, that material possessions no more than human beings can vanquish time. So his window, which we view *at once* from the outside *and* the inside, exposes a crowded array of eroding objects from the past, while also offering a philosophic comment on the present.

And this, of course, is the entire point. In different periods the same theme has different meanings. Today, the idea of a window assumes new proportions, not alone because of psychoanalytic investigations but quite as much because of modern architectural break-throughs. Buildings now are frequently transparent, conceived entirely of steel and glass. At times, one can look in and out too readily. All protective cocoons are vanishing, leaving us with no place to hide. The window is a symbol of exposure as well as a token of withdrawal. Loren MacIver once made a painting of nothing but a battered window shade. What went on behind it, what we could not see but only surmise, was what counted.

Twenty years ago, Ben Shahn in a picture called *May 5* juxtaposed windows in an occupied building with those in a wrecked one, the latter a potent comment on American obsolescence. More unnerving, however, was the uniform anonymity of the openings in both houses. Whether they were dreary holes in a ruined shell or the dead eyes of an inhabited dwelling, they managed to give off the same barren miasma. Lyonel Feininger also worked with multiple windows, yet for him they were less human documents than structural punctuations. The architecture itself concerned him—its clarity, power, and rhythm. If both men were social commentators to some degree, it was Shahn who attacked immediate human problems. His windows, like everything he painted, bore witness to man's endless struggle for a modicum of the "good life." Feininger was more optimistic, more confident in present-day technology. His vitrines are generalizations; Shahn's are individual indictments.

All of which is simply another way of saying that each artist reconstructs familiar images in terms of his own convictions. Still, the fact remains that certain considerations at certain times take precedence over others. The window is now a reappearing phenomenon in art as, let's say, the still life was earlier. Because windows are less final than doors, because their functions are more varied, because recent architecture has liberated them, because the openings themselves embrace conflicting images, they have become a virtual symptom of our period, a new kind of portrait—the face of today.

WIT TWISTER #135

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The dog she took in as a stray
Was her first ____ toward this day
When countless ____, for whom she labors,
Creates a noisome ____ for neighbors.

A.S.

(*Answer on page* 93)

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Tax Reform and the Foundations

If the tax reform bill (H.R. 13270) that is now before the Senate Finance Committee should become law in its present form, the golden age of the private philanthropic foundation will come to an end. The modern foundation is a uniquely American social invention, one of this country's great twentieth-century achievements. Its origins and intentions are ancient, but in its contemporary form the foundation is a successful coupling of economic power to the instruments of social improvement. It is, in fact, our sovereign means for adapting the techniques of "risk capital" to the free market place of ideas, and it has worked brilliantly for two-thirds of a century.

The "giants" among the foundations were established in the first decade of the twentieth century, when Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, and Russell Sage established agencies to use money to improve education and to nurture the spread of useful knowledge. (An exception is the largest of them all, the Ford Foundation, which dates from the 1930s.) Since World War II foundations have grown in number, and some have expanded in size and purpose.

Like most citizens, most foundations are honest, law-abiding, and plain-dealing. Like some citizens, some foundations are not. All of the great foundations and the vast majority of the smaller ones operate in the clear light of public accountability. A tiny fraction of the small ones are careless, and a few are covert in their dealings.

For several years some directors and program managers of foundations have urged that there be established some formal ways for evaluating and for certifying before the public the quality of foundation performance. They have also urged that all levels of government assist in assuring full public disclosure of foundation practices and operating conditions. Now, admittedly at a late date, the foundations are establishing their own urgently needed accrediting and policing system. A code of operations and ethics is being established, and a system of accreditation, in some ways similar to that so effectively used for schools and colleges, will bring more regularity and better order to all foundations large and small.

"An idea whose time has come" often tends to sweep other ideas along with it. The present tax reform bill, so long and so desperately needed, has become a vehicle for bringing necessary order into the world of foundations, but as has happened on past occasions, our legislators in their eager haste cast a very wide corrective net, and so we are confronted with a tax reform bill that includes control provisions which, should they become law, could destroy the private philanthropic foundation as we now know it in this country.

The sections of the tax reform bill that will directly affect the foundations include a tax of 7.5 per cent on private foundations' income, and a redefinition of the meaning of "private foundation," which would reclassify many cultural, scholarly, and civic organizations as private foundations and make them subject to the restrictions and the taxation indicated in the bill. There is a provision for levying heavy fines (they are called taxes) against officers and trustees of foundations who "even unknowingly" violate some provisions of the law.

Perhaps the most disturbing feature of the proposed legislation is this last one. For, in effect, it would preclude grants to any individual or organization who might engage in any activity that could be interpreted as in any way influencing legislation. Thus, a program of voter education designed to increase the exercise of the franchise by Negroes in the South or by poor people anywhere could be interpreted as influencing legislation. An attempt by a conservationist group to alert the public to threats to the country's natural resources might be interpreted as influencing legislation. Support of educational television, which broadcasts discussions dealing with controversial issues, might be interpreted as influencing legislation. The language of the bill is in fact so general that any educational undertaking could be similarly interpreted.

The quality of American life is better than it might otherwise be because of the crucial support foundations have provided to our commonwealth. Because of this support we have free public libraries; we have a continually expanding range of scholarship programs to help the talented get a college education. Many of the crippling diseases that cursed mankind a generation ago are now under substantial control because of foundation support. Space science and the space industry would not be what they are had not foundations supported Robert H. Goddard's pioneering experiments in rocketry. The pension system that we now have for college and university faculties is a foundation invention. The discovery of the genetic code mechanism is a consequence of foundation support. The rediscovery of the poor and our belated and anguished efforts to provide adequate educational and economic opportunity for Negroes literally have been forced to the center of the nation's attention through foundation support.

Tax reform we must have. We have needed it for more than a generation. Foundation reform is needed to make this excellent social invention even more responsive to the needs of the commonwealth. The members of the Senate Finance Committee must be helped to refine the bill they have received from the House of Representatives so that it will have a liberating and not a limiting effect upon the social development of the nation.

—FRANK G. JENNINGS.

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Letters to the Editor

Debating Man's Moon Message

I AM MOVED to comment on N.C.'s editorial "A Nigerian Debate on Man" [*SR*, Sept. 20]. The "message from the moon" is manifold, but it is *not* "that no problem need any longer be considered insoluble." History shows that mankind finds it much easier to attack and conquer problems not related to mankind itself. This is because present mankind is basically self-interested, and even sincere non-obligated attempts to help people often run into problems such as inadequate communication, stubborn independence, and hostility. Therefore, we find such contrasts as the many billions spent on the message to the moon while people die by the millions for lack of food, medicine, shelter, etc., that could be purchased with the same money. It is significant that we sailed on this sea because we had to due to intractable competition with another social order, and that the very popular leader who set us on this course, and his brother, were both assassinated. Thus, the real message from the moon is that mankind is still set on the tragic course of shortsighted self-interest. If this course continues, bigger and better wars are highly probable.

In addition to presenting a false and distorted social view of the moon message, the technical view is distorted also. Long interplanetary trips to the moon, Mars, and elsewhere have been known to be theoretically possible for some time. Only money was needed, to be converted into engineering. In contrast, there are many important technical problems, such as the cancer problem, that are not soluble at the present time by the application of money, since the basis of the disease is not understood and money can be applied only to research.

Therefore, we see just how Pollyannish the editorial is. The truth is more precious than rubies; those who promote a false sense of satisfaction do a great disservice. Let us face the unpleasant facts.

PHILLIP S. DUKE, PH.D.,
Chicago, Ill.

Whither a Third Party?

HENRY BRANDON [STATE OF AFFAIRS, Oct. 4] makes a serious, if predictable, mistake when he says that "the party that succeeds in reaching this new generation—now" will succeed in the Seventies. He, and others like him, utterly miss the whole point: the ever-growing body of young people who reject the two-party Nixphrey-Humpon system. Many of the leaders, young and not-so-young, have made it quite clear that none of their goals and ideals can be realized within this system.

Always bear in mind: there were not always Republicans and Democrats, and there will not always be. This simple fact is what is galvanizing politicians into the new activity of "winning the hearts and minds" of the American youth, who will soon be an unprecedented force for good in our politics.

I speak as an over-thirty who has long rejected Tweedle-dum-dee, and who welcomes the ascent of what promises (with luck and good leadership) to be a major upheaval. In fact, it is the only hope for avoiding a complete Warfare State.

ELIZABETH SAWYER,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dr. Livingston's Letter

CAN ANYONE who has read "Letter from a Vietnam Veteran" by Dr. Gordon S. Livingston [*SR*, Sept. 20] deceive himself into thinking that the United States will be able to avoid the judgment of history Herbert Butterfield once expressed?—"The hardest strokes of heaven fall in history upon those who imagine that they can control things in a sovereign manner, as though they were kings of the earth, playing Providence not only for themselves but for the far future."

NORMAN K. BOSLEY,
Beach Haven, N.J.

THE GOOD Doctor certainly discovered a very effective and rapid means of getting home, and of not fulfilling his promise and commitment to his country, did he not?

I wonder how many "just plain Joes" feel just like he does but lack the means of making a scene. I wonder?

MRS. W. E. STEWART,
Vancouver, Wash.

I WANT to congratulate *SR* on Dr. Livingston's letter. In the year I spent serving with medical elements of the First Marine Division, I had come to a similar conclusion regarding the attitude of American military personnel toward the Vietnamese people. While it was not official policy, at the "gut" level it was as Dr. Livingston described.

The appalling state of interpersonal relations between the American and Vietnamese people is one of the great shames of the war.

G. J. CATANZARO,
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

Calendar Confusion?

AWAY WITH Robert S. Aldrich and his ideas on the year 1909! [PHOENIX NEST, Sept. 13]. I suspect Mr. A. of having been born about 1920 or so.

"Muttonchop sleeves"—I think the poor man means "leg-o'-mutton," but let it pass, let it pass—belonged to the generation before. *We* would have scorned them. I think, in using the term "muttonchop," Mr. A. has confused the girls' sleeves with a type of whisker affected by the young bloods of the 1890s, and not unknown to some of the specimens we see around nowadays.

McGuffey's Reader, too, was thought very old hat. We had *Harper's Readers*, and very good they were, too. People did sit on front porches, and they plunked this and that, but ukuleles didn't come in until World War I, and were in their heyday in the 1920s. What was plunked was much more likely to be the mandolin (delightful, too, when well done) or, when the college boys were home, quite possibly a banjo or two. And, while country folks might still have been doing "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie," we small-towners were much more likely to be thrilled with "I Had a Dream, Dear," "Forgotten," or early Victor Herbert—although I must confess "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" did hang on terribly, though it must have been ten years old.

Yes, the streets and roads were uncrowded, but they were ankle-deep in thick, powdery dust in summer, and deeper than that in rich, gooey mud in winter. I was right there, and I know.

MRS. HAROLD H. CLUM,
Chappaqua, N.Y.

"December marks our twenty-seventh winter of discontent together!"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Plays in Translation

ONE OF THE melancholy axioms of filmgoing decrees that movies made from plays rarely measure up to the originals and even more rarely transcend them (*Major Barbara, Henry V,* and *A Long Day's Journey* being happy exceptions to prove the rule). So it comes as no great surprise that the cinematic version of Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* leaves something to be desired.

The play, much acclaimed in its London and New York productions a few years ago, presents a highly stylized account of the confrontation between the Spanish conquistador Francisco Pizarro and the Inca god-ruler Atahuallpa. By means of imaginative pantomime, dazzling costumes, and exotic sound effects, not to mention Shaffer's often eloquent prose, the play managed to evoke on an almost bare stage the fantastic ambiance of the Peruvian conquest. It was an eminently theatrical experience, meant to be heard and seen from across the footlights, and its adaptation for the screen could not have been easy. Still, with all due regard for their difficulties, producer-writer Philip Yordan and director Irving Lerner ought to have made a better job of it.

The film opts neither for artifice nor for realism, but rather settles for a little of each, and as a result often seems both discordant and confusing. Here and there an attempt is made to emulate the play's stylized splendor. A static, almost unbelievably crisp panorama of the icy blue Andes symbolizes the perils of the Spaniards' journey; a molten sun emerging imperiously over the horizon stands for the powerful radiance of the Inca kingdom; and instead of the usual violent bloodbath, Pizarro's wanton massacre of two thousand unarmed Indians is depicted in slow motion as a kind of phantasmagorial ballet (but why with vulgar flamenco as accompaniment?). These touches are effective as far as they go, but the director applies them hesitantly, as if unsure whether this is the path he really wants to tread.

Neither does he press realism to its ultimate conclusion. Pizarro's epic journey from Spain to Peru could certainly have been spelled out in fairly explicit detail, with the viewer none the worse for some eye-filling verisimilitude. Instead we are jerked through a series of poorly connected, often obscure episodes, photographed with a minimum of visual éclat. There is an inexplicable desert straight out of Marlene Dietrich's Morocco, a not very treacherous Andean pass, and a fiber suspension bridge across which Pizarro—in defiance of the most rudimentary common sense—musters his entire army. On the whole, this is a paltry representation of a civilization whose roads, cities, and social system aroused the awed wonderment of von Humboldt and other observers.

Eventually, midway through the film, we come to Cajamarca and to some magnificent acting. For the performances of Christopher Plummer as Atahuallpa and Robert Shaw as Pizarro much may be forgiven. Plummer is especially impressive as the noble savage whose serene faith, keen sensitivity, and generosity of spirit stand in such bright contrast to the scruffy band of fanatics and adventurers who hold him captive. It is a role that demands virtuoso acting, and Plummer plays it superbly. Pizarro is a less juicy, less sympathetic personage. Shaw builds the characterization consistently and with a persuasive charge of bluff vigor, but he is patently outclassed in his encounters with the Inca. Part of the disparity lies in the text. Despite Shaffer's attempt to set up a spiritual wrestling match between equal antagonists, there is no escaping Pizarro's hollow attitudinizing or the verdict of Prescott that his treatment of Atahuallpa "forms one of the darkest chapters in Spanish colonial history." But their confrontation makes for good theater, on stage and on screen.

There was a time, some twenty years ago, when Jean Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot* also made for good theater, but the movie version falls so deadeningly flat that it set me to wondering. Alas, reread in the cold light of 1969, the play seems almost as bad as the film. Well, not quite. To the sentimental fantasizing and half-baked do-goodism of the original, the movie adds some inanities of its own, mostly in the form of spurious updatings—a rabid general ready to push the nuclear button, a hedonistic Soviet commissar avid for graft, a square-jawed minister cut in the mold of Billy Graham.

As the dotty Countess Aurelia, Katharine Hepburn is sadly miscast. I yield to none in admiration for this actress, but her intrepid, no-nonsense temperament is not the stuff of which flamboyant Parisian eccentrics are made. Some of the smaller parts, however, are engagingly performed—Donald Pleasence as the zealous Prospector, Charles Boyer as the suavely crooked Broker, Yul Brynner as the arrogant Chairman. Best of all is Dame Edith Evans, deliciously demented as Mme. Josephine. For her few minutes on screen the *Madwoman* suddenly seems worth reviving.

"You're just making me late for my judo class!"

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The 170-year-old waterwheel still stands at the Tryall Golf and Beach Club. Sandy Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

Tia Maria. [illegible] ting liqueur

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. 63 PROOF.

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Passage de Danube par Napoleon avant la bataille de Wagram. Detail from the painting by Jacques-François Josef Swebach (1769-1823). On the night of July 4-5, 1809, French forces crossed the Danube to attack the Austrian army in Wagram. On July 6, 30,000 infantry crushed the fierce resistance of the Austrians, gaining Napoleon a costly victory.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

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B

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An essay review of "Peter Camenzind," by Hermann Hesse, translated from the German by Michael Roloff (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 201 pp., $5.50), and "The Glass Bead Game (Magister Ludi)," by Hermann Hesse, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 558 pp., $7.95)

How Hermann Hesse Speaks to the College Generation

by HENRY S. RESNIK

Evidence abounds that the works of Hermann Hesse have replaced Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* as a literary fad on the American campus. According to an informal survey, Hesse is far and away the best seller in college bookstores. Hesse, the Hesse fans boast, is the writer students most want to read when they aren't reading writers they *have* to read. A coffee house in Berkeley is named Steppenwolf, after the novel that seems to be everybody's favorite, and so is a popular rock group. Moreover, the fad is only in its early stages; until the last few years inexpensive paperback editions of Hesse were rare —now they are beginning to appear with the regularity of doughnuts. And, like doughnuts, the German novelist, who died in 1962, is becoming a big business.

There is nothing quite so annoying these days as generalizations about where the college generation (whatever *that* may be) is at. Nevertheless, if the college generation—or the youth market, or whatever—is anything more than a fantasy of the mass media, whole passages of Hesse's novels strike resoundingly sympathetic chords in what one must assume to be that generation's consciousness and culture.

The Steppenwolf, we learn in Hesse's introduction to the novel, was "brought up by devoted but severe and very pious parents and teachers in accordance with that doctrine that makes the breaking of the will the cornerstone of education and upbringing." Every frustrated youth in groovy America must feel the truth of that observation. Or, also in *Steppenwolf*: "For what I always hated and detested and cursed above all things was this contentment, this healthiness and comfort, this carefully preserved optimism of the middle classes, this fat and prosperous brood of mediocrity." What nice suburban kid with half a brain can read these passages and fail to recognize his own condition? No wonder *Steppenwolf* is the favorite.

Never mind mere passages. Hesse's lugubrious jibes at the establishment, at the whole complacent snivilized Western world, are merely an eccentricity of style compared with the appeal of his dominant theme. More patently than most novelists, Hesse was writing the same story over and over again: well-behaved, middle-class boy (Steppenwolf; Sinclair, in *Demian*; Siddartha; Narcissus, in *Narcissus and Goldmund*) encounters mysteriously tempting outside influences (SDS, "non-students," Demian, Buddha, Goldmund), opposes the established order, takes either an actual or imaginary spiritual journey, and Grows Up. Now a whole generation of rebels can identify with Sinclair and believe that the mark of Cain might just be a stigma imposed by an uptight society; a whole so-called generation can journey to the East and smoke pot with Buddha; a whole what-you-call-it can freak out in the Magic Theater with old buddy Steppenwolf.

Hesse's overriding anti-intellectualism must be just as attractive as his themes and plots. Whether it be the sensual Goldmund, the drug-happy Pablo in *Steppenwolf*, or the ferryman in *Siddartha*, Hesse determinedly contrasts the more cerebral, conventional culture with another culture that is essentially mystical, spiritual, inarticu-

HENRY S. RESNIK, who is still in his twenties, is a teacher and free-lance critic.

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late, or magical. The appeal of this juxtaposition to the children of McLuhan must be vast. And, as any Madison Avenue executive worth his salt can tell you, the youth market these days is leaning irrepressibly East-ward. Hesse, youth's hero, has been there and back; while still, like them, basically of the West, Hesse digs the good vibrations from the quiet people who tune in to a higher Unity—He Will Always Have a Place in His Heart for That Wonderful Far-off Land.

But here's the rub: Simply by being the object of a super-cult, Hesse has almost degenerated to the level of pop religion. The insights of *Siddartha* or *Demian*, or even of the far superior *Steppenwolf*, echo in disturbingly predictable places—in slick magazines, in euphorically dumb underground newspapers, wherever weekend hippies play. Hesse's novels have suffered the inevitable cheapening effect of any literary fad, exacerbated by the nasty symbiosis of American popular culture, which eventually drains the life out of anything it touches. Some Hesse-philes say that we should rejoice to see "youth" reading such inspiring literature, but Hesse himself would probably have hated the kind of adulation his novels have received.

The fad is a distinct reality, though, and we will have to wait a long time to see whether Hesse's writings will outlive it. At the moment the plots seem a little too obvious and stereotyped, the style a little too bland and pseudo-lyrical, the entire opus not quite great enough to survive the current popularity. If anything of Hesse's endures, however, it won't be *Peter Camenzind*, the first novel, almost certainly the worst, which Farrar, Straus, & Giroux is publishing here for the first time as part of its extensive Hesse series. And if anything of Hesse's is truly a masterpiece, it is unquestionably his 1946 Nobel Prize-winner, *Das Glasperlenspiel*, which, in the new Holt translation, has been retitled *The Glass Bead Game* and which was known, in the only previous English translation, as *Magister Ludi*.

When a fad reaches the proportions the Hesse fad has reached by now, followers will read anything at all that appears under their hero's name. *Peter Camenzind*, which Hesse published in 1904 at the age of twenty-seven, is not utterly devoid of reward. Like so many of Hesse's novels, it is the tale of one man's journey through life and his discovery of new worlds beyond the narrow confines of the one into which he was born. After leaving his native village in the Swiss Alps, Camenzind lives in Paris, Florence, and Basel, among other places, and becomes a successful newspaper writer and a drunkard. Plagued by melancholy—at these times so vividly a precursor of Harry Haller, the Steppenwolf—he is continually frustrated in love, but he finds happiness in the wonders of nature that pleased his beloved Saint Francis. Finally Camenzind even finds love, nursing to health and contentment an old hunchback named Boppi, who nevertheless dies, leaving Camenzind little choice but to return to his Alp and reunite with nature.

The book has a few good scenes. There is a tantalizing flirtation with a girl who paints and who finally rejects Camenzind in a rowboat on a lake. The chapters set in Italy have a distinct charm, and throughout there is Hesse's characteristically compelling understated intensity. In Germany before the First World War this book launched Hesse as a successful and popular writer; in America, in 1969, it probably ought to be taken with a pinch of pot.

It is difficult to envision teenyboppers or sub-verbal hippies or sorority sisters ploughing through *The Glass Bead Game*, for this is really a most challenging book, a triumph of imaginative power reminiscent in tone of late Conrad and just as hard to penetrate. Moreover, *The Glass Bead Game* is of a quality that will probably elevate it far above any fad that might touch it. Although the good old "younger generation" may buy it by the thousands when it comes out again in paperback (as it will sometime next year), *The Glass Bead Game* is likely to be the kind of book most camp followers carry around just for show.

The story of *The Glass Bead Game* has much in common with the most popular of the earlier novels. In the Utopian country of Castalia, founded entirely to perpetuate the life of the Mind, one can easily see traces of such rigidly idealized settings as the monastery in *Narcissus and Goldmund*. In the friendship of Joseph Knecht, the Master of the Glass Bead Game and protagonist of the novel, and Plinio Designori, a skeptic from the world outside Castalia who leads Knecht to question everything he believes, there are echoes of all the other polarized relationships that dominate Hesse's work. And in Knecht's resignation from office there is the inevitable identity crisis that heightens Hesse's appeal to youthful readers.

But *The Glass Bead Game* is in a league of its own. Here Hesse transcends his bitterness towards the corruption of the West and regards the whole tragedy of twentieth-century life with wisdom and humor. The novel is set in a distant future when the Century of Wars—our own—and the Age of the Feuilleton, which can be roughly described as the Age of the Mass Media and Useless Information Overkill, have long since passed. Hesse's descriptions of the Feuilletonistic Age are all the more devastatingly satirical for their tone of detachment—gentle, wistful, slightly patronizing, as if to say, "Things were horrible then—poor little people." To quote at random from Knecht's letter to the Board of Educators of the Order of Castalia, in which he explains his dissatisfaction with his office and traces the history of the Order to the Age of the Feuilleton:

> . . . the anti-intellectuality and brutality of that period are all too visible to us. . . . Everywhere lines of battle formed; everywhere bitter enmity sprang up between old and young, between fatherland and humanity, between Red and White. . . . Fighting, killing, and destroying went on everywhere, and everywhere both sides believed they were fighting for God against the devil. . . . Others put up a struggle as long as it was possible to do so in a reasonably safe fashion, and published protests. A world-famous author of the time—so we read in Ziegenhalss—in a single year signed more than two hundred such protests, warnings, appeals to reason and so on—probably more than he had actually read. . . . Those [intellectuals] who entered the service of the rulers and devised slogans for them had jobs and livelihoods, but they suffered the contempt of the best among their fellows, and most of them surely suffered pangs of conscience also. . . . Scientific research that did not directly serve the needs of power and warfare rapidly sank into decadence. The same was true for the whole educational system. . . .

Thus, we see ourselves—perhaps with greater clarity than when the novel was published in 1943—in Hesse's ironic mirror and easily realize that the conception of *The Glass Bead Game* is more powerful by far than anything Hesse had previously attempted.

In fact, Joseph Knecht, more than any of Hesse's other protagonists, is truly relevant to contemporary intellectuals—old or young—and truly a revolutionary. Devoted to the cultivation of the Glass Bead Game, the highest achievement—like some kind of holy Mass, or childish idiocy—of the Castalian Order, Knecht can still have the courage to foresee the collapse of the world as he knows it, just as Hesse's young readers anticipate several different kinds of revolutions today. Knecht is, once again, the middle-class kid who grew up a straight arrow and

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rose to the top of his field, only to renounce everything, but his revolutionary gesture has a monumental, doom-defying quality: *he* is the Magister Ludi, the Master of the Glass Bead Game. To some readers of the "college generation," he could just as well be the president of a huge advertising company quitting to live in a New Mexico commune.

"I don't want to be a prudent reveler taking a bit of a look at the world," Knecht tells the President of the Order as he resigns his office and refuses the option to return if he should change his mind. "On the contrary, I crave risk, difficulty, and danger; I am hungry for reality, for tasks and deeds, and also for deprivations and suffering." Every college student who knows that his degree qualifies him for a lifetime job with IBM must want to say these very words at some point in his life.

It is invidious to associate *The Glass Bead Game* with a specific time or generation, however. The novel's landscape is vast and suggestive; its tone all-encompassing; its themes resonant with overtones; its passages of poetry —the confrontations of will and ideology between Knecht and others, the hauntingly beautiful death scene—of a magnificence unequaled in the earlier novels. Richard and Clara Winston, widely recognized translators of German into English, have given the novel a liveliness distinctly lacking in the first English translation, by Mervyn Savill, and if theirs can be taken as an accurate rendering of the original, Hesse was just beginning, in *The Glass Bead Game,* to shake off the piousness and gloom that he had made the hallmark of his style.

Perhaps the "younger generation" will be reading *The Glass Bead Game,* when it reappears in paperback, as avidly as they have taken to *Steppenwolf, Demian,* and the rest. Perhaps the ones who man the barricades and occupy the buildings have already read it. There is little cause for optimism, however: *The Glass Bead Game* belongs to a literary culture; the other books, for the most part, are easy reading and offer what is essentially a non-literary pleasure—a pleasure of identification with an in-group mystique, with a complex of cues and signals, catch-sentences, and ideas flattened by familiarity. "There is always a large number of strong and wild natures who share the life of the fold," Hesse tells us in *Steppenwolf.* "The vital force of the bourgeoise resides by no means in the qualities of its normal members, but in those of its extremely numerous 'outsiders' who by virtue of the extensiveness and elasticity of its ideals it can embrace." Solace indeed to captive rebels—sweet medicine!

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

French Wares First

WE ENJOYED READING David Dempsey's article on Librairie Larousse U.S.A. in The Publishing Scene [*SR,* Sept. 20]. However, we must take exception with his comment about our new book shop: *"Ici on parle français,* although for the moment the store will concentrate on Larousse publications in Spanish. (Figure that out.)"

Well, we're still trying to! And although we are very fond of our Latin neighbor, our heart has always been in French publications primarily. Spanish books will be available, of course, but will not take precedence over French works.

A. PHILIPPOT,
Vice President,
Librairie Larousse U.S.A.
New York, N.Y.

White-Devil Thinking

BASIL DAVIDSON'S ALLEGED REVIEW of Credo Vusa'mazulu Mutwa's *My People, My Africa* [*SR,* Sept. 13] was a bit too much. No one else who has read the book has gotten from it anything like Mr. Davidson's fantastic notion that Credo Mutwa is portraying white institutions as the sole repository of culture and civilization in Africa. If anything, the book is overly caustic about white traits and culture, but Basil Davidson won't stand for anything less than the white-devil thinking currently fashionable. That is his privilege, but he should not club other people with it.

ALAN TUCKER,
New York, N.Y.

Suggestions, Please

MAY I INVITE READERS of *SR* to participate in the development of a coordinated multimedia, interdepartmental unit dealing with the subject of addiction—*i.e.,* drugs, alcohol or smoking. At present we would like to develop coordinated reading lists of non-fiction and/or fiction that would be appropriate for junior high students.

Can anyone suggest a book or books for such a list? We would be happy to share the resulting list with respondents who send along self-addressed envelopes.

ROBERT J. G. BARLOW,
William L. Antheil
Junior High-Elementary School,
Trenton, N.J.

Protestant Epic

IN EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE [*SR,* Sept. 6] Robert J. Clements observes: "Few Americans have ever heard of that Protestant epic of the late Renaissance, *Les Tragiques.* . . . There must be in the United States or the United Kingdom some organization dedicated to the preservation of important Protestant literature which could undertake the presentation in English of this fiery Renaissance figure." He will, I think, be pleased to learn that a study by Richard L. Regosin, entitled *The Poetry of Inspiration, Agrippa d'Aubigné's Les Tragiques,* will appear next spring in the University of North Carolina Studies in the Romance Languages and Literatures. This study examines the thematic unity of *Les Tragiques* as the resolution of disorder, interprets its form as a fusion of generic tragedy and the epic, draws a parallel between the poem and the Book of Revelation, and treats aspects of structure and style in the light of this reading of *Les Tragiques* as tragedy and Apocalypse. It also relates *Les Tragiques* to the literary context of the time.

FREDERICK W. VOGLER,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

AHD

CONSIDERABLE SPACE is allotted in the review to emphasizing the omission of certain writers' names from The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language [*SR,* Sept. 27]. The question might well be raised as to the relevancy of identifying noted individuals in a work of this kind. Omissions must inevitably occur, for one man's celebrity is often another's nonentity. Should not a dictionary be chiefly concerned with providing definitions?

With the burgeoning of technological terminology, each edition of the various dictionaries exceeds its predecessor in the number of its pages. If the whole project is to be kept within reasonable bounds, I'd suggest dispensing with peripheral material. The case for retaining place names is more readily defensible than that which involves individuals.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

YOU SAY, " . . . (we almost elected a President. . . .)" Although I agree with your criticism, don't we either elect a President or "almost elect as President a man who . . ."?

DEGROFF PLATTE,
Millbrae, Calif.

IF REVIEWER ROCHELLE GIRSON would consult her copy of The American Heritage Dictionary on page 1018, she would find a concise description of herself under the entry *pompous.*

ROBERT BARONE,
Coral Gables, Fla.

Logical Sweep

HOMAGE TO PLUMB! His Perspective column [*SR,* Sept. 27] hits today's mysticism and prejudice with a logical sweep of his broomstick!

DOUGLAS DUTTON,
Salt Lake City, Utah

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Campaign Politics

THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968

by Joe McGinniss

Trident, 253 pp., $5.95

IN THE SPRING of 1968 Joe McGinniss, a twenty-six-year-old former sports writer and columnist for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, learned through an account-executive friend that the Doyle Dane Bernbach advertising agency intended "to turn Hubert H. Humphrey into Abraham Lincoln" by election time. McGinniss thought he would like to document this ambitious feat in a book. But apparently DDB had other thoughts; it wouldn't let McGinness get close.

Undaunted, the author put a dime into a pay-station phone and called Harry Treleaven, previously a vice president at J. Walter Thompson and at the time of the call in charge of advertising for the Nixon campaign. Certainly, they would be willing to talk to him about covering the Nixon side of the campaign. Could he come over? The result is *The Selling of the President 1968.*

From it the reader gathers that the Nixon campaign managers not only accepted Mr. McGinniss's presence; they enthusiastically expressed to him their innermost thoughts and apparently showered him with confidential memos. Although they must have tacitly assumed that Mr. McGinniss's book would offer a sympathetic view and that their self-compromising remarks would be omitted, they were wrong on both counts. Mr. McGinniss quotes paragraph after paragraph of obviously embarrassing statements, and includes the confidential memos *in toto.*

What must be equally unsettling to those who were involved in Mr. Nixon's bid for the Presidency is the book's detailed reportage of the theatrical machinery that led to victory. With wit, insight and a low-key sense of irony, McGinniss takes the reader backstage at a Nixon TV "special" in Chicago on the first day of the campaign. The press had been excluded because a top strategist of the Nixon campaign, Frank Shakespeare, formerly of CBS and now director of the U.S. Information Agency, wanted them kept out.

"It's a television show," McGinniss quotes Shakespeare as saying. "Our television show. And the press has no business on the set. And goddamn it . . . the problem is that this is an electronic election. The first there's ever been. TV has the power now. Some of the guys get arrogant and rub the reporters' faces in it and then the reporters get pissed and go out of their way to rap anything they consider staged for TV. . . . You let them in with the regular audience and they see the warmup. They see Jack Rourke [a production assistant] out there telling the audience to applaud and to mob Nixon at the end, and that's all they'd write about. . . ."

McGinniss, who was, of course, accepted as part of the scene, describes in great detail and with a fresh and compelling style what the newspapermen were not allowed even to see.

The Chicago "special" was actually the first of ten one-hour panel shows that would be produced individually and go on the air live around the country. A small panel would put questions to the candidate, and a studio audience would, according to McGinniss, be invited in "to cheer Nixon's answers and make it seem to home viewers that enthusiasm for his candidacy was all but uncontrollable."

The strategy behind the series, he says, was that each show would only be seen by the people who lived in a particular area. "This meant it made no difference if Nixon's statements—for they were not really answers—were exactly the same, phrase for phrase, gesture for gesture from state to state. Only the press would be bored, and the press had been written off already. So Nixon could get through the campaign with a dozen or so carefully worded responses that would cover all the problems of America in 1968."

The person responsible for the panel series and virtually all the rest of Richard Nixon's commercial TV appearances was Roger Ailes, who had been executive producer of *The Mike Douglas Show.* McGinniss shows Ailes —at that time twenty-eight—as an irreverent highly competent technician whose primary interest was to produce shows that would not only make the candidate look good but would keep the TV audience awake. Ailes's biggest problem, McGinniss says, was with the panel. Shakespeare, Treleaven and Leonard Garment, who was a partner in Nixon's law firm and is now Special Assistant to the President, had felt it essential to have a "balanced" group. "First, this meant a Negro. One

Critic Herbert J. Teison, a member of SR's staff, has conducted a course in communications at The New School in New York since 1963. His book on advertising and politics will be published by World early next year.

"Mmm—wonderful! Or is it your after-shave?"

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Negro. Not two. Two would be offensive to whites, perhaps to Negroes as well. Two would be trying too hard. . . . Texas would be tricky, though. Do you have a Negro *and* a Mexican-American. . . ?

"Besides the Negro, the panel for the first show included a Jewish attorney, the president of a Polish-Hungarian group, a suburban housewife, a businessman, a representative of the white lower middle class, and, for authenticity, two newsmen. . . .

"But then someone had called from New York and insisted that he add a farmer. A farmer for Christ's sake. Roger Ailes had been born in Ohio, but even so he knew you did not want a farmer on a television show. All they did was ask complicated questions about things like parities, which nobody else understood or cared about. Including Richard Nixon. . . ."

The Selling of the President 1968 shows the master strategists, the cool-eyed businessmen, laying out the parameters of the candidate's image, and the creative people—TV producers and directors along with writers and set designers—shaping the image and projecting it to the electorate. And then there were the pollsters measuring the temperature of public opinion to find out how well the image had registered.

Most significantly, the book displays the candidate himself being directed through it all—half unaware that he, too, is being manipulated. An example of this occurs when Nixon, standing in front of the camera at the end of a taping session, spontaneously decides to do one more commercial on his own. He makes an extemporaneous, hard-line law-and-order statement about the New York City teachers' strike then in progress. But the message is sharply out of keeping with the soft, friendly Nixon image, and Garment in the control room is upset. Treleaven, however, reassures him. "That's all right, Len," he says, "it'll never get on the air."

More than an exposé, *The Selling of the President 1968* is an indication of where it's at in American politics at the end of the Sixties. McGinniss is quite aware of this as indicated by his many asides on the philosophy of image-making and projection. He concludes that the goal of the politician today is to become a TV celebrity, to achieve a status jump that will allow him to be "measured not against his predecessors—not against a standard of performance established by two centuries of democracy—but against Mike Douglas. . . . Style becomes substance. The medium is the massage and the masseur gets the votes."

Actually, Joe McGinniss is not quite accurate in suggesting that American

Joe McGinniss—"more than an exposé."

candidates over the past 200 years ran and were elected on the basis of how they measured up to their predecessors' "standards of performance." Race, religion, marital status or lack of same, hair style, and smile are only the more obvious among the extraneous factors that have gotten American candidiates into political office.

There is even the story that George Washington failed to make it into the House of Burgesses the first time around because his opponent awarded every "aye" voter a tot of rum for his support. At the next election the future father of our country had a whole hogshead of rum stationed at the polling place, and all comers had as much as they wished before going into the voting booth.

As the country grew older and more sophisticated, out-and-out bribery was replaced by somewhat subtler means of currying favor. Baby kissing, torch light parades, party-sponsored picnics, candidates driving locomotives and wearing Indian bonnets were among them.

With the advent of radio and television they were able for the first time to expose their personalities to citizens all over the country simultaneously and yet on a one-to-one basis. Even better, because of the flexibility of the electronic media, the personality they displayed could be more pleasing than the one they actually had. The two didn't even have to have too much in common.

FDR was among the first to realize this. His fireside chats were not just a series of speeches but, rather, because of the versatility—or as McLuhan might put it, "coolness"—of radio and Roosevelt's use of it they became visits with a warm, friendly neighbor in the intimacy of his home. Their effectiveness is probably best attested to by the fact that though in all there were only three or four actual Hyde Park "chats," anyone who was around at the time will swear they heard many more.

The BBDO advertising agency did some experimentation with image manipulation during the Eisenhower campaign. Flight after flight of spot TV commercials projected a "take charge" image for the General who was going to "clean up the mess in Washington." In another set of commercials, during a campaign against an opponent whose divorce was a major political liability, Eisenhower talked about "my wife Mamie." Almost pathetically in retrospect, Stevenson countered this "happy home" image with a film showing him with Adlai, Jr., and his daughter-in-law in their "happy home." But these were only the feeble beginnings.

The effectiveness of electronic image projection was never more dramatically demonstrated than by the Nixon-Kennedy debates of 1960. Virtually no one will deny that JFK "won" though few, then or now, could tell you the questions debated. What people are really saying is that Kennedy's image—young, vibrant, self-assured—triumphed over that of Nixon, which seemed gray, tense and tired. There was no debate in the classic sense, only an electronic contest of images.

The lessons of these encounters were not lost on Nixon. In a post-graduate course of eight years Richard Nixon and his team learned that it is not what the candidate is but what he can be made to appear to be that will pay off at the polls. Obviously, it was a course worth taking, and McGinniss

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1367

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1367 will be found in the next issue.

KISVKTASKA DSZ KIPDGZTKA DGA GADBBM UEA VDXA UETSRV. KISVKTASKA TV UEA UGDZA-SDXA IO UEA OTGX.

—IVKDG PTBZA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1366

Great geniuses have the shortest biographies: their cousins can tell you nothing about them.

—EMERSON.

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daringly documents the final exam.

But what of the future? Will candidates be sold more and more like packaged goods? Will campaigns end up entirely in the hands of the professional image manipulators? And will the public be casting ballots in proportion to the talent of one or the other group of image makers or the financial ability of the partisans to buy air time? Probably.

At a two-day conference of the American Association of Campaign Consultants late in September, at which, incidentally, Joe McGinniss was keynote speaker, much talk was devoted to the morality of image manipulation. Some felt that TV commercials were okay only if the candidate appeared in them, others that image development was all right provided the image resembled the "real" candidate. But in the end the participants—campaign managers, candidates and advertising men—were all there for one purpose:

(*Continued on page* 55)

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PETER TAYLOR

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 535 pp., $10

CORKY'S BROTHER

by Jay Neugeboren

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 261 pp., $5.95

COME BACK IF IT DOESN'T GET BETTER

by Penelope Gilliatt

Random House, 212 pp., $5.95

CURRENT OFFERINGS in the short-story field include a formidable and welcome collection by Peter Taylor and slimmer volumes by two lesser known but significantly endowed writers, Jay Neugeboren and Penelope Gilliatt. All three are aware of the abundance of misunderstanding and isolation in the worlds they examine. All diagnose the sickness in society, and all refuse, admirably, to submit even the sketchiest prescription for a cure.

Mr. Taylor's *Collected Stories* is by no means complete, but it is well representative of the principal situations, characters, themes, and narrative techniques that identify him as one of the finest short-story writers of our time. Characteristically, his settings are Southern, in and around Nashville; the events are commonplace, apparently undramatic, but throbbing with the private anxieties of change. His basic thematic formula seems to be that change of any sort results in alienation. This leads to the kind of aching loneliness that forces more than a few of his people to look hard inside for "some reason why it is better to be alive than dead this April morning," or any other morning.

In a particularly revealing passage from "A Wife of Nashville" Helen Ruth, the wife, wonders without hope just what it would be like to make her family understand how "everything that happened in life only demonstrated in some way the lonesomeness that people felt." She knows the next thing, too, that "everybody" is lonely and they suffer "knowingly or unknowingly."

But there is more here than pity. In his effort to show the South as he sees it—the breakdown of the family, the loss of the land, the collapse of political integrity—Mr. Taylor remarks on the old ideas of loyalty, the dignity, however empty, however futile, of the old guard. Like Faulkner he laments the passing of whatever seemed worth saving, but he never sentimentalizes its going. Even his quiet, conversational, unprepossessing style makes it clear that he knows all about the wages of change, knows that payment is always made on time and that it almost always inflates the pocketbook and robs the spirit. The distressing thing about this kind of shameful compromise is that it seems to be generally accepted. It just does not make much difference.

Jay Neugeboren's field of vision is quite different geographically, but he also knows the nature of prejudice, separation, and betrayal. His setting is Brooklyn, and the best stories in *Corky's Brother*, his third book, are the six "Howie" stories, first-person reminiscences of boyhood in a predominantly Jewish community. The other seven sketches and stories demonstrate the writer's range and perceptivity.

Peter Taylor—"knows all about the wages of change."

There is a good study of little Luther, the hunchback Black Muslim who gives his sympathetic high school teacher a card reading, "Don't touch this white man. He's okay." "The Pass" tells about Mr. and Mrs. Fisher and their unbalanced son, Billy, of whom they are desperately ashamed. Billy, on the other hand, knows this and feels "his stomach convulse" and tastes "bile in his mouth" when his parents are near. "Finkel" reveals the abject desolation of an old Jewish custodian who seeks and is denied the companionship he needs. Other stories deal with the impoverishment of the bigoted mind, the general psychological superiority of women, the comic corruption of high school politics, and the horror of ignorance in action.

The real heart of the book, however, is in the "Howie" stories, and so is the best writing. The pieces are spaced for thematic continuity and lead at last to the excellent "Corky's Brother." All of them focus on the business of growing up in Brooklyn and are tied closely to the public school scene. Mr. Neugeboren is fairly conversant with sports, and the stories mirror his interest in baseball, basketball, and track. Naturally, some are also concerned with sex and amusing interludes, but all the settings and all the activities are essentially a kind of fast-moving kaleidoscopic light show that serves as backdrop to the slow process of maturity and the sad awareness not only that childhood cannot last forever and that it never really was all it seemed to be, but that even in desperation there is no returning to it, no way to go home. The very best anyone can do is try to understand the wholly predictable but nonetheless unbelievable changes that take place between puberty and manhood.

Technically, Mr. Neugeboren demonstrates a relaxed restraint; his tone is cool, clear, without rancor or melancholy, and the pace is generally smooth. For the most part, particularly in the "Howie" sequence, his dialogue and his characters ring true. There is a little forcing, an occasional lapse, some need for further polish; but as a whole *Corky's Brother* is a solid book, and the reader who responds to the initiation theme will remember Corky, Izzie, Elijah, Howie, and the others for a long time.

Penelope Gilliatt's third book, *Come Back If It Doesn't Get Better*, is a superb accomplishment, and serves as a showcase for her fine intelligence, her rich, fresh, metaphorical prose style,

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and her uninhibited capacity for empathy and compassion.

The nine stories are set in England, urban and rural, and they investigate variously the disruptive influence of women, the obligation or refusal to get used to the idea of aging, the terror of being unable to cope with the notion that life has some purpose, the maddening reality that it is not the inability but the need to communicate which is one of the most destructive forces in society. In Miss Gilliatt's world there are no perfect unions, only imperfect imbalances. No one understands anyone, and everyone, talented and talentless, suffers the same universal malaise. In one story, "Was I Asleep?," an egregiously overintellectualized professor finally concedes that there is "something lost." "I can't put it right," he says. "My real life is the one I don't lead." "Of course," his wife says.

Aside from her inclination to pinpoint and exploit the losses inherent in living, Miss Gilliatt succeeds spectacularly in the creation of her characters. In a broad sense her people are what might be called borderline grotesques, not the demented and deprived of Flannery O'Connor's world, but nevertheless startling, pitiful creatures who present a face to the world while they die inside. Fat Arthur Moe in "Fred and Arthur" is a good exam-

ple, as is Albert Cruikshank in "Albert"; both are destroyed by the women they love, both pretend that it doesn't matter. Such deceptions twist a man, make him wary, suspicious, a little strange.

Lord and Lady Grubb "live together" in "The Tactics of Hunger," but they do not speak, and here it is not simply a matter of the breakdown of human understanding; it is the fantastic assumption that understanding ever existed. And there is Helen, the "Redhead," whose emptiness drives her to look for fulfillment in causes. Like most who do, she makes a fool of herself, fails in her efforts, and becomes lonelier than before. "How can people make such a mess of themselves?" asks an acquaintance. Miss Gilliatt knows that it takes no effort at all.

William C. Hamlin

William C. Hamlin, a professor of English at the University of Missouri-St. Louis, frequently criticizes fiction.

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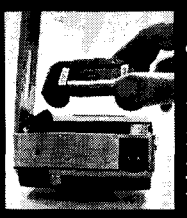

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Letters and Leisure on the Riviera

by DAVID DEMPSEY

MENTON, FRANCE

Almost 500 delegates from fifty P.E.N. Centers around the world met here recently for the thirty-sixth annual International P.E.N. Congress. The theme: "Literature in an Age of Leisure." The setting: a slightly frayed, peeling version of the leisure age that existed a half century ago for the wealthy and now caters to the man on a paid holiday. Menton lacks the chic of its next-door Cote d'Azur neighbor, Monaco, but it has charm, a culture-minded mayor (it was he who suggested the theme of the Congress), a casino, an elegant Palais de l'Europe for just such meetings as this, a lovely beach and at least 100 hotels with moulting furniture. Not a bad place to spend a week chewing over the literary future of the world, and fitting, too, for a delegate assembly whose mean age must have been well over fifty.

Arthur Miller, the outgoing president of the International P.E.N., complained of this in his welcoming speech. Turning over the baton to his successor, the French poet Pierre Emmanuel, he pointedly remarked that there were too many old people present. "Youth is setting the style of life, as it should, but the youth is not in P.E.N." The situation was hardly improved when the executive committee elected ninety-five-year-old Jules Romains a vice president.

Too feeble to attend, Romains typified the absence at the Congress of any significant number of literature's *grands caractères*; men with the standing of Jorge Amado, the delegate from Brazil, or Miller himself, were scarce. Ignazio Silone, another vice president (there are sixteen) refused to attend at the last minute, it was rumored, when he learned that his name would not be put in nomination for the top office.

Those who came to the conclave of playwrights, poets, editors, essayists, and novelists (ergo, P.E.N.) were more likely to be academics, exiled writers with honed political axes, or the "middle executive" professionals whose reputations are local. The Eastern Europeans—intelligent, friendly, most of them English-speaking—avoided an ideological confrontation, although it was apparent that they spoke from a common platform. The West had no such cohesion, and with the exception of France was largely unprepared for the formal speech-making that ruled the agenda. The sizable English delegation, led by Rosamond Lehmann and Simon Raven, was conspicuously silent. The eighteen Koreans present spent much of their time lobbying, Chamber of Commerce style, for Seoul as the site of next year's Congress. (Korea was finally selected over Bulgaria in the voting.) Black African nations spoke up, but in the voice of the *status quo*, the Ivory Coast, for example, being represented by its Governor, Guy Nairay. A valiant band of American delegates, headed by novelist Charles Bracelen Flood, confined itself to a passive struggle with translation headphones which, at times, inadvertently picked up dance music as a background to the drone of the talks.

In many ways the Congress was a movable feast. Entertainment was frequent, shifting from Menton to Monte Carlo to Rocquebrune and finally to Corsica, where the farewell festivities were held on Friday, September 19. Yet for many the over-all impression was that of futility. Was the Congress really dealing with the implications of leisure for literature, or simply enjoying its own leisure on the run? More important, can an international collection of writers, without official position in their own countries, do what John Galsworthy hoped for when he founded P.E.N. in 1921—break through national boundaries to create a world community of literary "men of good will"?

The question has plagued P.E.N. since its inception. An organization of writers from countries with various political systems, its loosely federated structure—the eighty-two Centers around the world are largely autonomous—precludes action on all but the most non-controversial issues. "We stand for toleration, a love even for difference," Arthur Miller declared. "That is not without value at a time when every ideology presumes that it can exist only if the other is entirely destroyed." The price of this attitude, however commendable in intent, as one delegate put it, was a "sweep-it-under-the-rug" approach to many issues troubling the writer today.

Amicable on the surface, the Congress was mildly rocked by political undercurrents not on the official agenda. The lone Lebanese representative distributed a statement widely regarded as anti-Israel propaganda. A vocal, London-based Czech exile took the floor to denounce his country of birth. In the end, a resolution offered by the Czech writers in exile condemning conditions in Czechoslovakia was watered down to a statement of "concern" over censorship before being passed by the executive committee. But a letter from

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

A LA FRANCAISE

The surnames of many Frenchmen are also common nouns and adjectives. Charles B. Paul of San Francisco wants you to test your knowledge of French language and culture by giving the French equivalents of the words in Column 1 and then matching the resulting names with the paintings, musical compositions, plays, and other writings listed in Column 2. R.s.v.p. or turn to page 55.

1. bough: _____ ( )
2. of the maps: _____ ( )
3. carpenter: _____ ( )
4. chick: _____ ( )
5. crow: _____ ( )
6. the fountain: _____ ( )
7. mountain: _____ ( )
8. redhead: _____ ( )
9. root: _____ ( )
10. slipper: _____ ( )
11. snub-nosed; "put out": _____ ( )
12. the wise one: _____ ( )

a. *Castor et Pollux; Pièces de Clavecin*
b. *Le Cid*
c. *Discourse on Method*
d. *Essays*
e. *Fables*
f. *Gil Blas*
g. *Louise*
h. *Phèdre*
i. *Poème* (for violin and orchestra)
j. *Shepherds in Arcady; The Finding of Moses*
k. *The Social Contract*
l. *The Stranger*

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Anatoli Kuznetsov in London, denouncing suppression in Russia, went unrecognized by the chair on the ground that Kuznetsov is not a member of P.E.N. (The Soviet Union has no Center, although Miller worked assiduously during his four years in office to get one started.)

The best that could be pried out of the Congress on the sensitive issue of free speech was a "Memorandum" from the president calling on all P.E.N. Centers to observe a forthcoming International Writers Day to protest the jailing of writers everywhere. No names mentioned, but the twelve countries in which at least fifty writers are now imprisoned include many represented at the Congress.

The attainment of P.E.N.'s stated objectives has been made even more difficult by a shift from conflict across geographical frontiers toward conflict between generations; between men of different color and belief; between the disparate cultures that exist side by side within a given country. Nationalism today is no longer the sole dividing line, and bridging the frontier is easier than reconciling the claims made upon the national conscience by a country's own citizens. Here is where the absence of the young, the militant, the new generation of creative blacks was most keenly felt. Indeed, one longed for a disruption or two to enliven the proceedings. In most countries, P.E.N. speaks for the writing Establishment. It was interesting to me that none of the "third world" countries represented—South Vietnam, the black African nations—dwelt on this particular revolution as it has affected their literature.

What emerged was a polite dialogue between East and West on the influence the new electronic media are having—and should have—on the writer's work. It was quite apparent that the ubiquitous Marshall McLuhan had rushed in where scholars fear to tread; his ideas were widely known and quoted by speakers from the communist bloc who, in general, welcomed the medium precisely because he expedited their message—at least for the ordinary man. The optimism about this from the Hungarians, Poles and Bulgarians contrasted sharply with the skeptical attitude that prevailed among the Western delegations. Armand Lanoux of France went so far as to propose a resolution condemning "mass media," and television in particular, for "pushing the writer aside."

Ruled out of order, the resolution nevertheless reflected the thinking of many of the older Western participants. In formally prepared papers (rhetoric flowed by day, champagne by night at the Congress) the French in particular developed the thesis that

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leisure and the new media had made almost everyone a consumer of culture, and that literature must now compete for attention with more urgent demands on the reader's time. (The long novel is threatened, one man complained.) Ironically, "leisure" has made literature less leisurely. "Differences are vanishing," Yves Gandon, president of the French P.E.N. declared, "The consumer society is designed to make us level down to the same scale." He added that literature had lost its directing force. "One does not escape into literature in this new age, but into reality."

Inadvertently, he was expressing a point of view welcomed by his adversaries. "Machine helps man," Carlo Rusinek of Poland said bluntly. The Hungarian, Iván Boldizsár, saw in television "a new measure of identification—a second reality. Man has become the visual witness of his epoch." The very "saturation of information," he said, would compel discrimination; far from dying, our literature is on the threshold of a "new renaissance."

The Eastern delegates spoke with one voice on this issue. The suggestion made by a writer in exile that since mass media abetted the cultural control of the citizen by the state, why shouldn't the communist countries welcome this new Marshall with a transistor radio in his knapsack, defined the issue but provoked little debate. This was simply one of the differences that we had agreed to respect. The Rumanian who noted that if the world is turning its back on literature it is the writer, not the people, who are at fault might have been speaking for any liberal-minded American. "A responsible, humanistic literature for the whole of humanity—this is what I am asking for," he declared. M. Lanoux of the resolution could only shake his head. "We are really a Congress of the hanged."

Two sub-topics illustrate the problem of finding a common ground when language itself is imprecise. "Literature for purposes of evasion or information" suggested, perhaps, a false dichotomy; and in any event "évasion" (as the French call it) does not carry the same connotation as our "escape" when applied to books. The wording of the second topic, "Literature dashing into popular culture," was even more unfortunate. One got the impression at times that the two working languages at the conference produced different answers to the same questions. Here, too, there was a tendency for the Eastern Europeans to accept "entertainment culture" as a justified means to an end. Only literature that offers an "escape clause" for the moral responsibility of the writer is true evasion, Peter Nagy of Hungary pointed out.

The communists are committed to a politically grounded literature. The skill with which they presented their case won back on the podium much of what they lost in the cloakrooms and committee meetings. Their differences with the West may not be bridgeable—the French argued fluently for a deeper conception of the writer's role—but they are civilized differences, and the real value of the Congress was in providing a forum of equals for their airing. More it could hardly hope to do.

Literary Panel

THE WRITER'S WORLD

edited by Elizabeth Janeway
McGraw-Hill, 416 pp., $8.95

REVIEWING THIS BOOK is like reviewing a big mixed salad. How does one analyze an *oeuvre* with so many interesting elements? Comparing Daniel P. Moynihan's comments on "Private Views on Public Affairs" with Louis Auchincloss's on the form of the novel is like comparing an avocado with a piece of blue cheese. Both excellent, but totally different. Also like a salad, this anthology has many delicious parts, but there is no dominant impression. And, saladwise, it is curiously unfilling. After consumption one longs for the main course.

The volume is a collection of transcribed panel discussions by writers on writing, sponsored by The Authors Guild, and given at The New School in New York City during the academic year 1965-66. A total of sixty-one writers participated in the fifteen panels (not thirteen as the book jacket states). All kinds of writing were considered, not just so-called "creative writing." Several of the panelists managed within their brief time allotment to be genuinely illuminating or provocative. These include Alfred Kazin on autobiography, Barbara Tuchman on history, Wallace Markfield and Isaac Bashevis Singer on the novel, John Cheever on the short story, Bel Kaufman on the socially committed writer, and Irving Kristol on truth in journalism.

Yet despite the proliferation of writing departments in such places as The New School, Stanford, Iowa and Syracuse, reading the responses of most of these panelists confirms the popular belief that writing cannot be taught, and arouses the new suspicion that it is damned difficult even to talk about. Some of the participants emerge as especially fuzzy thinkers on the creative process, notably Joseph Heller (whose admission that he had never read Jane Austen was, by the way, inexplicably applauded).

Apparently one of the most stimulating discussions was "History Recreated: A Guide to the Future?," chaired by Dr. John R. Everett, with Barbara Tuchman, Walter Lord, and William L. Shirer. The group considered the element of chance in history, the lessons of history, the place of conjecture in historical writing, and history's practical uses. The last provoked Miss Tuchman to rail:

> People always ask, Is history useful —history ought to be useful. But they don't ask that about poetry, or drama,

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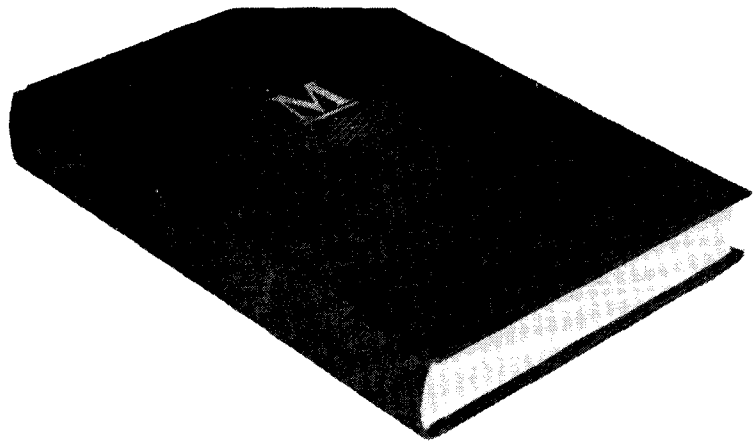
or fiction or music. Painting isn't asked to serve a purpose. A little while ago, the Metropolitan Museum spent two-and-a-half-odd million dollars on a single Rembrandt, and nobody asked if it served a demonstrable purpose. . . . [History] is an immensely fascinating subject because it deals with us—with human beings—and whether it's utilitarian or not seems to me immaterial.

Another penetrating session was that devoted to "Attitudes Toward Criticism," in which Richard Poirier, Susan Sontag, Uwe Johnson, and William Phillips worried the bones of the function of literature, the relation of criticism to education, the audience for criticism, moral pornography, and art in the Era of Johnson (Lyndon, that is). Poirier and Miss Sontag were especially acerbic, with the former holding that moralizing is "the last refuge of an aging critic who feels out of it," and Miss Sontag questioning the intellectual respectability of anyone majoring in English in the university: "Why should people *study* books? Isn't it rather silly to study *Pride and Prejudice*? Either you get it or you don't." Elsewhere Isaac Bashevis Singer is equally original and outspoken on new fashions in the novel: ". . . if the man who wrote *Finnegans Wake* had really something to say, he could have said it in plain words just like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. . . ."

A number of the sessions were more interesting for the light they shed on the panelists' personalities than for any illumination of announced topics. The rambling evening devoted to "Poetry—for Whom?" reveals Stanley Kunitz as modest and astute, Robert Graves cantankerous, Howard Nemerov pedantic, and Marianne Moore—alas—scarcely in evidence. Other panels uncover distinguished practitioners of crafts apparently blind to or unwilling to recognize the difficulties of the novitiate attempting to enter their fields, as when Joseph Barnes announces that any manuscript worth publishing will get published, and Walter Kerr cites three dramas produced that season as ample proof that "Broadway is reaching out for serious material at every single turn."

Some of the discussions—at least within the given framework of *The Writer's World*—are clearly disasters. We find John Brooks vainly attempting to bring Eric Larrabee and Jane Jacobs back to the subject of writing, from which they have strayed in favor of discourses on company unions and social science. This panel and the one on "What Can We Expect from the Repertory Theater?" clearly fail to address themselves to the concerns of the series. In the repertory piece thir-



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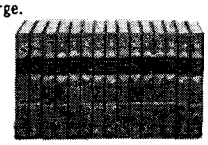

MASTERPLOTS: DIGESTS OF WORLD LITERATURE

MAS 001

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ty-six pages are devoted to the problems of the producer, the director, the actor, even the audience. But nowhere is the writer considered.

Which brings us to the editing of the volume. It was not necessary to print all these discussions if all were not useful, just because they took place. *The Paris Review* does not anthologize every interview they conduct with writers. (Their unsatisfactory 1956 interview with Isak Dinesen, for instance, was not included in any of the three *Writers at Work* anthologies published in 1958, 1963, and 1967. Such exclusion is one reason that series is so distinguished, so genuinely informative for other writers.) At 400-plus pages, *The Writer's World* could have profited from selectivity.

Further, if we may extend the salad metaphor to its conclusion, in tossing this work together Mrs. Janeway has been a somewhat indifferent chef. As an editor she inclines toward capriciousness. Why a footnote to update Howard Nemerov's publishing history, but none for the newer work of Robert Graves, who participated in the same discussion? Why delete a question from the audience for which we are nevertheless given Theodore Solotaroff's reply? Certain unnecessary elements have been retained, such as Stanley Kunitz's asides, calling for the engineers to turn up the room's amplifiers. Mrs. Janeway's introduction, further, is brief and makes no pertinent summarizations or conclusions about the world of the writer.

More sorely missed, however, is an index (as opposed to a table of contents). There is no compilation of points of reference discussed during the year, despite the fact that certain issues, authors, and books, figure in any number of sessions—the lessons of history, George P. Elliott, *Herzog*, *Ship of Fools*, *In Cold Blood*, and *Last Exit to Brooklyn* among them; if one should wish to reconsider what members of the panels thought of, say, Saul Bellow, one must thumb through some 400 pages in hopes of finding it.

The Writer's World is, as the jacket blurb suggests, "both entertaining and thought-provoking." For the serious and knowledgeable reader it is also singularly unsatisfying. Too many people have attempted topics too large in too little space. For its several considerations of the responsibility and objectivity of the press, the volume deserves a place in the libraries of journalism schools. For most collections of works on writers and writing, however, it is something less than an entrée.

Robert Phillips

Robert Phillips has edited an anthology of criticism which Vanguard will publish as "Alice Through the Ages" next year. Ivan Obolensky is issuing "Sea-Changes," Mr. Phillips's second poetry collection, in March.

"I don't ask for an immediate response, Lord. All I want is a commitment."

Personal History

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MAHATMA GANDHI

by Robert Payne

Dutton, 703 pp., $12.95

ROBERT PAYNE has come to Gandhi via Lenin, Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung — an unusual sequence of biographical subjects—and his book on the Mahatma is a significant feat. But, although Mr. Payne succeeds to a large extent in recording the unique and epic drama of the spiritual and political life of one of the greatest human beings ever to set foot on this planet, the mystery of Gandhi remains. We reach the end of this book informed, disturbed, humbled, and uplifted—yet not quite sure "whether Gandhi was a saint among politicians or a politician among saints."

"In our own age," Mr. Payne notes, "there have been two authentic political geniuses, Lenin and Gandhi. They left their stamp on history in such a way that it is likely that they will be remembered a thousand years from now when all the other captains have been forgotten. . . . Perhaps never before on so grand a scale has any man succeeded in shaping the course of history while using only the weapons of peace. . . . He is one with Buddha and the ancient sages, and drew his ideas from ancient wells."

E. M. Forster, speaking a few days after Gandhi's death in January 1948, expressed similar sentiments, but in unmatched prose. Unfortunately, Mr. Payne does not quote Forster, who said:

> A very great man I have called him. He is likely to be the greatest of our century. Lenin is sometimes bracketed with him, but Lenin's kingdom was of this world, and we do not know yet what the world will do with it. Gandhi's was not. Though he impinged upon events and influenced politics, he had his roots outside time, and drew strength thence. He is with the founders of religion whether he founds a religion or not. He is with the great artists, though art was not his medium. He is with all the men and women who have sought something in life that is neither chaos nor mechanism, who have not confused happiness with possessiveness or victory with success, and who have believed in love.

More than half of Mr. Payne's book is devoted to Gandhi's early life, the evolution of his thought and techniques. Much is known about Gandhi's years in South Africa and his apprenticeship in India before 1919; it is still not enough. However, after 1920 privacy was not possible for Gandhi, who

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lived the bulk of his later life in the open. Further, because he was a very great man, he could discuss the most intimate details of his life not only with his friends and colleagues but even with strangers. To the Mahatma this was all part of his "experiments with truth."

The extremely complex character of Gandhi is analyzed with sympathy and understanding by Mr. Payne, who asserts he has made no attempt to conceal "the dark side" of Gandhi's nature. The sources of his inspiration are examined. His baffling views on sex are questioned and come under scrutiny. The author concludes that in spite of having been a bad father and an impossible husband, Gandhi belongs with the immortals. He gave so much to mankind.

Payne has carefully studied the first twenty-five volumes of the *Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi,* the remaining thirty-five volumes of which are still being edited. Up to the year 1925 the documentation in the biography is exemplary. Thereafter the narrative, however gripping, does not always maintain the high quality of the earlier portion. The political chronology of India is inadequately handled. Romain Rolland and Margaret Sanger get more than their due. Much but not enough is said about Gandhi's relations with Jawaharlal Nehru though some of Mr. Nehru's unforgotten and unforgettable speeches on Mahatma Gandhi's death are quoted. Important events like the "Quit India" movement of 1942 are dismissed in a few pages. And, while Mr. Payne's description of the Salt March of 1930 is deeply moving, his coverage of Gandhi's political activities in the 1930s and 1940s is patchy. Minor errors creep in. Gandhi's last fast against the British was undertaken in 1943, not 1942; no statue of him has been erected in New Delhi on the site of George V's. But these are tiny pebbles on a vast and magnificent beach.

The chapter entitled "Inheritance," from which the Gandhi centenary article by Mr. Payne in *SR* Oct. 4 was excerpted, is as beautifully written as the introduction. Some phrases of both might well permanently enrich the literature of Gandhiana.

Mr. Payne has provided a useful bibliography, chapter notes and chronological table. The price of this book is high. So is its value.

K. Natwar-Singh

K. Natwar-Singh, who is director of the Prime Minister's Secretariat in New Delhi, is working on a book to be entitled "The Struggle for Indian Independence, 1857-1947."

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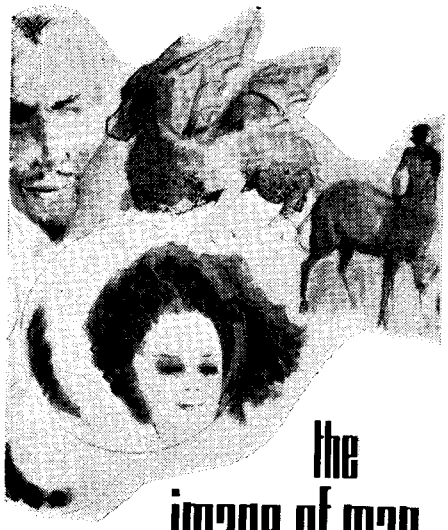

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BEHIND THE RE-ENACTMENTS, souvenir gimmickry, and Confederate flag-waving of the Civil War Centennial some constructive endeavors were afoot. For one, the state centennial commissions of Ohio, Illinois, and New York —each could claim Ulysses S. Grant as onetime citizen—agreed to launch a project now coming to fulfillment—the gathering, editing, and publication of the General's papers.

The first of these two volumes takes us to the eve of the war, the second through its first six months. The entire set will encompass the conflict over Reconstruction, the inadequately understood period of Johnson's Presidency and near-impeachment, the Grant administrations of 1869-77, those tragic years of the slowly conquering counter-Reconstruction. Closing with the triumph of the Gilded Age, the set will be supplemented by a reissue of Grant's *Memoirs* containing hitherto unpublished material. Not only will the project contribute significantly to a revision of the "image" of the man, it will prove pertinent to an understanding of the crises of our era.

Too many are unfamiliar with the Grant whose Inaugural Address of 1869 urged the ratification of the Fifteenth (Voting Rights) Amendment, the President who hailed it when ratified as a "measure of grander importance than any other one act of the kind from the foundations of our free government to the present day." Too few political scientists and Congressmen know the Grant who obeyed the classical professional soldier's rule of self-limitation:

> So long as I hold a commission in the army I have no views of my own to carry out. Whatever may be the orders of my superiors and the law I will execute. No man can be efficient as a commander who sets his own notions above law and those whom he has sworn to obey. When Congress enacts anything too odious for me to execute, I will resign.

We would not be in our crisis of runaway militarism had not the Joint Chiefs and their public relations corps persistently played politics for a quarter century in violation of this standard. In so doing they successfully imposed on the bulk of the population their own notions regarding the identity and intentions and nature of the "enemy" and the means needed to fight him.

The development of Grant as a man with profoundly correct perceptions concerning race and civil-military relations is seen in these first volumes. As a thirty-year-old lieutenant, stationed in the wilds of Oregon territory, he grasped the essence of all America's racial troubles: "You charge me to be cautious about riding out alone lest the Indians should get me . . . It is really my opinion that the whole race would be harmless and peaceable if they were not put upon by the whites."

These materials are not likely to be the subject of black studies programs as presently conceived. Yet, as Harold Hyman has shown in *The Radical Republicans and Reconstruction*, Grant's

role in the embodiment of the principle of interracial justice in the Constitution was crucial. A valuable clue as to why is his report to a fellow general indicating how he had found out about a cache of Confederate rifles hidden in captured Paducah, Kentucky:

> I have just learned that a number of Minnie Rifles belonging to the Paducah City Guards are concealed on Capt McConnels place in the edge of the City.
>
> A Negro Barber keeping shop on the corner of Court & Market Streets can point out to you a slave named Butch who concealed them or know where they are.

We have begun to accord grudging recognition to the black regiments who fought in the Civil War, but we have neglected those in the black underground who in this and numerous other instances proved their loyalty to the United States. They were not forgotten by the General of the Armies in the period of bitter betrayal by Andrew Johnson. With due regard for his failures as Chief Executive, it is necessary to remember that Grant's problems as President were made insoluble by the accidental Presidency of Johnson; in effort and intention, Grant deserved the praise he won from Frederick Douglass for his "high sense of justice, fairness, and impartiality."

Ironically, his grandson, General U.

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Mary Carnwath isn't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

The Hopi Indians' village of Shipolovi in Arizona sits on land so poor, infertile and inhospitable that so far nobody has tried to take it away from them.

Electricity has not yet reached the Hopis. Water must be hauled from three miles away. Jobs are few and far away. Only poverty and despair are close-by and in abundance.

Yet for the first time in generations, Mary Carnwath and people like her are stirring hope among the Hopis.

Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through Save the Children Federation she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father, who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

The $15.00 a month contributed by Mary Carnwath is providing a remarkable number of things for Grace and her family.

Grace will have a chance to continue schooling. The family has been able to make its home a little more livable. A small portion of Mary Carnwath's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to renovate a dilapidated building for use as a village center. The center now has two manual sewing machines that are the beginnings of a small income-producing business. It's only a small beginning. More money and more people like Mary Carnwath are needed. With your help, perhaps this village program will produce enough money to end the Hopis' need for help. That is what Save the

Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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S. Grant 3d, presided over the Eisenhower-Nixon-Rayburn-appointed U. S. Civil War Centennial Commission's efforts, which culminated in the re-enactment, as if it were a day of glory, of the firing on our flag at Fort Sumter. When the grandson refused to interfere with the jim-crow treatment of an invited New Jersey official on that occasion, President Kennedy accepted his resignation. Grant's book is not so much a biography as a collection of curiously chosen and assembled quotes from earlier biographers, historians of the Rhodes vintage, and family recollections. The author fails in his mission to remove tarnish from his grandfather's image precisely because the work does not touch the suppressed and redeeming features of Grant's career that will be evident in the multivolume *Papers*. These are not only well edited, but handsomely typeset and bound, as attractive as they promise to be useful.

Howard N. Meyer

Howard N. Meyer is the author of "Let Us Have Peace," a young adult biography of Ulysses S. Grant. His most recent book is "Colonel of the Black Regiment: The Life of Thomas Wentworth Higginson."

International Relations

HISTORY OF THE COLD WAR
Vol. I: From the October Revolution to the Korean War, 1917-1950
Vol. II: From the Korean War to the Present

by Andre Fontaine, translated from the French by D. D. Paige and Renaud Bruce
Pantheon, 432 & 523 pp., $10 each

THE SINGLE AIM of this history, the result of five years' research, is, insists its author, to present "the facts of the case." Others may occupy themselves with attempts to blame either the United States or the Soviet Union for starting and perpetuating the Cold War, but not André Fontaine. "I have not tried to prove a thesis," says the foreign editor of *Le Monde*, "but simply to tell the story of what has been, after all, the greatest war of all time." A laudable intention.

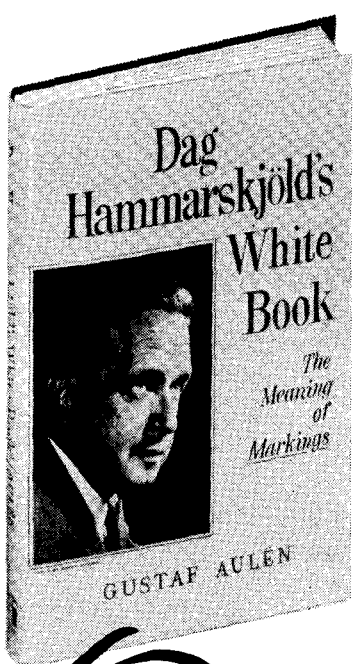
But to present the facts of the fifty-year-old East-West conflict without the disciplinary filter of a thesis to be confirmed or disproved, and to pack it all into a mere 1,000 pages, would seem to be impossible. Some principle of selection must have been applied, even if only subconsciously. The apparent lack of central hypothesis—either explicit or implicit—makes this an exasperating study to read, almost totally lacking in narrative drive though it deals with events of the highest dramatic content. As literature it is a failure; as history it is incomplete, and as social science it is riddled with contradictory explanations.

The work is redeemed by Fontaine's renowned journalistic skill. Each episode he describes is dissected with a sharp pen. But the volumes are just that—episodic—and do not comprise a meaningful whole.

On the one hand, Fontaine seems to stand in awe of the impersonal forces of economic and technological change that reduced the power of the countries of Central Europe, and brought the United States and the Soviet Union, with their competing designs for world order, face to face in an ultimate contest for global hegemony. When writing in this mood Fontaine considers the Cold War inevitable, and even regards its having remained cold, instead of turning into a competition in incineration, the result of advances in weapons technology. But against such premises André Fontaine jarringly juxtaposes narrow personalized explanations of massive historical events: the gullibility of a Chamberlain, the paranoia of a Stalin, the cynicism of a Churchill, the naïveté of a Franklin Roosevelt.

Thus, while Fontaine's blind historical determinism allows him (by implication) to endorse the *realpolitik* of Churchill and Stalin and their plans for dividing up Europe into "spheres of influence" after the defeat of Germany, his pages on the October 1944 agreement between the two leaders bristle with thinly veiled outrage at the ease with which they disposed of other peoples. I cannot fault Fontaine for his outrage, only for his failure to be aware of the tension between his psychologic and his geopolitical logic—a tension that Churchill himself felt and allowed to permeate his history of the Second World War. Without this awareness Fontaine the excellent journalist, who in spots shows a capacity for rising to the dramatic magnitude of the real Cold War, gives us only one more relatively pedestrian account of this period. We are served vignettes by one who should be capable of literature.

"Facts" *per se* (the journalist's self-defense for his theoretical innocence) are no antidote to many of the "revisionist" essays that have recently appeared on the Cold War. Polemical as it may be, the revisionist literature puts forward a number of competing



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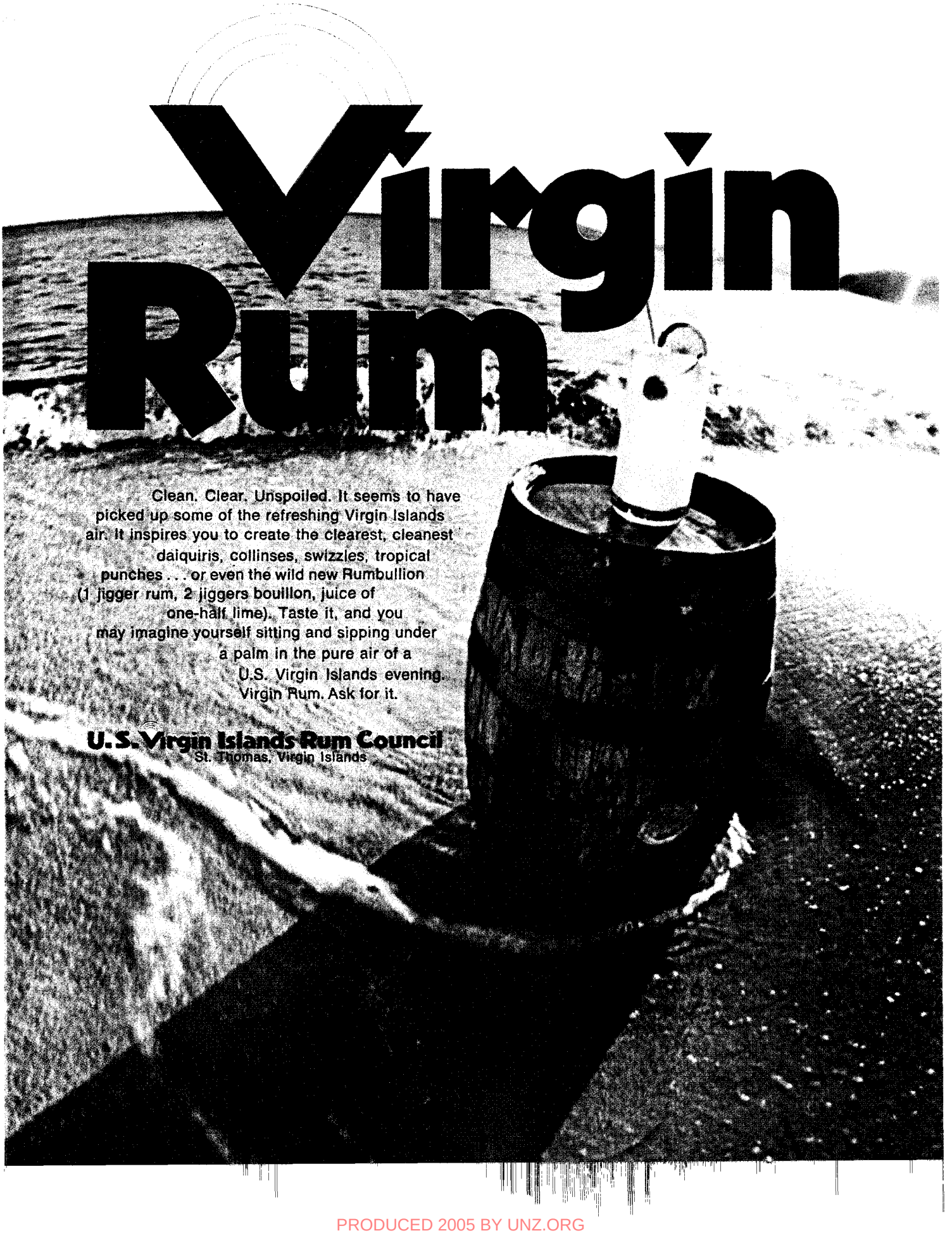
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explanations that ought to be addressed head-on.

The more extreme revisionists argue that the United States clearly has been the expansionist power since World War II, arrogantly attempting to reshape the world in the image of its ideological preconceptions, and that the Soviets and Chinese Communists have only been reacting defensively to this "encirclement." Moderate revisionists contend that both sides have been victims of tragic misconceptions of the other's real intentions, which were to assure themselves substantial but limited spheres of influence for legitimate reasons of economic and military security. Others, more skeptical with

respect to the intentions of the Communists, claim that Soviet and Chinese foreign actions, in contrast to their rhetoric, usually have been prudent if not conservative; that the Communist nations, like the Western countries, have had difficult resource allocation problems and unmet domestic needs that place heavy constraints on their inclinations for foreign adventure.

If any of these revisionist theses were accepted by Western policymakers—or at least regarded as substantially better explanations than the theory of a historically inevitable clash of wills between the two worlds, or the notion that the Cold War would wither away if only the Communists gave up their goal of world domination—then surely the future of the Cold War would be significantly affected.

It is a pity that in these volumes published in 1968 and 1969, André Fontaine avoids dealing with these ideas. Instead, he leaves the reader to chart his own course in a sea of detail garnered from other published sources and some personal interviews. The result is a book more valuable for the professional historian looking for corroboration of his own information than for the layman seeking the meaning of contemporary events.

Seyom Brown

Seyom Brown, a senior fellow in the foreign policy studies program of the Brookings Institution, is the author of "The Faces of Power."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Rameau, a. 2. Descartes, c. 3. Charpentier, g. 4. Poussin, j. 5. Corneille, b. 6. La Fontaine, e. 7. Montaigne, d. 8. Rousseau, k. 9. Racine, h. 10. Chausson, i. 11. Camus, l. 12. Lesage, f.

President

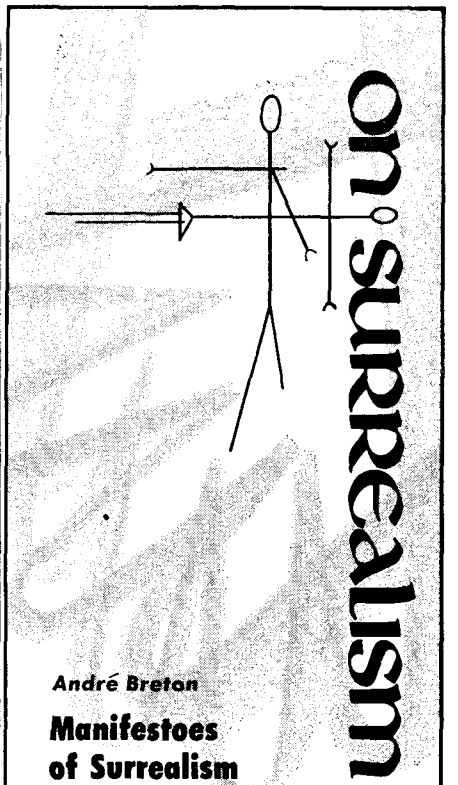
Continued from page 40

to learn the newest and most effective techniques to insure victory. And the products of these techniques are what we, as voters, can look to in the future.

If there are any counterbalances to this movement they will come through legislation and education.

Legislation guaranteeing equitable distribution of air time regardless of budgets would give each candidate similar access to the electorate. (The present "equal-time" provision of the broadcast law affords equal time only to the extent that the candidate can afford to pay for it.) A bill currently in Congress would assure Congressional candidates a basic block of air time at a 70 per cent discount. It is essentially a weak bill, but because Congress is made up of potentially incumbent candidates who are reluctant to make access to broadcast time easy for challengers, only a weak bill stands a chance of passage.

On the other side of the TV screen is voter education. Every secondary school in the United States has history courses that teach how democracy in America came about. Civics courses describe how democracy works. But few, if any, courses explain how to participate in a democracy. The single, solitary reason for political image-making is that the public can be seduced. Indeed, it often invites seduction as an alternative to hard decision-making. If children can be taught to reach voting conclusions on the basis of fact rather than emotion, a long step will have been taken in keeping the hidden persuaders from running off with politics. **Herbert J. Teison**



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Sex Education for the Young

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Once upon a time I visited a kindergarten class in a private school in Michigan. The teacher was reading the D'Aulaires' *Don't Count Your Chicks* (Doubleday, $3.50) because the children had had a hen and chicks in the classroom. The children listened to the story of the foolish woman who daydreamed about the fortune she'd make selling eggs until, nose in the air, she tripped and smashed the lot. "Now," said the teacher, "I'll tell you the name of the story," and she did, "and you tell me why it's called that." Little hands waved frantically, and the child called on announced triumphantly, "Because one of the eggs might be sterile!"

The reply was engaging even though he'd missed the point, but, more than that, it was impressive to realize that those children were getting the facts about reproduction rather than misinformation or—as in the case of many city children—no information.

One can't escape the hue and cry about sex education in the schools, and I wish to join the huers and criers. I firmly believe that it is precisely the classroom atmosphere that will engender a matter-of-fact, sensible attitude toward sex, and thereby enable the parents to do a better job of answering their children's questions. Many parents feel inadequate or uncomfortable about such discussion; we are not all adept at instruction, and some may have—and display—a self-consciousness that will surely instill in their children an echoing sense that the subject is embarrassing.

From various newspapers and magazines, here are a few comments on articles that appeared in them. "Where I go to school . . . there's a Family Life and Sex Education Course. It taught me a lot of things which neither I nor my parents knew." "We object to the current program of forcing onto our school children an overdose of sex." "Wow! When I read your article on sex education I flipped! I'm thirteen and have recently received a course on sex education. It was nothing like your article implied. [The article had examined pros and cons.] Actually it was pretty dull. I mean that by the time you get to eighth grade and you don't know what's happening, you'd better forget it. That's why I feel that sex education should be taught to the lower grades (fourth, fifth and sixth). Young kids should have the right to get the RIGHT information FIRST." "I would like to say something to parents. Go ahead and protest sex education in the schools. Go ahead and let your son or daughter find out for themselves. You may never see your grandchild. My parents never did."

There's no more reason to be uncomfortable about reproduction than about nuclear fission, and one can regard both with awe and marvel while understanding how they function. Learning facts (some prosaic, some wonderful) about sex just as one learns in school about any other subject will much more likely divest it of elbow-poking sniggering or the uneasy allure of the taboo than will sessions in camera. It isn't an either-or proposition. The parent has a role as does the school.

The past year has seen a spate of sex education books, most of them good and the majority of them for younger children. In 1949, Milton Levine and Jean Seligmann wrote *A Baby Is Born* (Simon & Schuster; now available from Golden Press, $2.95), an explicit and dignified presentation. A few more have been published in the intervening years, but only a few.

One of the best of the past year was *Before You Were a Baby*, by Paul and Kay Showers (Crowell, $3.50; *SR*, Nov. 9). For ages seven and eight, it was followed by a companion volume, also by Paul Showers, *A Baby Starts to Grow* (Crowell, $3.50), which repeats facts about reproduction but does not give some of the information about insemination that was offered in the first book. An excellent book for the very young is Andrew Andry's *How Babies Are Made* (Time, $3.95), which uses paper sculpture as illustration, explains insemination, and, as does Arthur Shay's *How a Family Grows* (Reilly & Lee, $3.95), stresses the special love that human parents feel in conceiving a child. The latter, which is for ages nine to eleven, also discusses menstruation, nocturnal emission, and illegitimate babies.

Three books designed for the very young child, by Esther Meeks and Elizabeth Bagwell, are *Families Live Together*, *How New Life Begins*, and *The World of Living Things* (Follett, $3.50 each). Although flatly written and repetitive, they are informative and geared for family use. *Living Things and Their Young*, *How We Are Born*, and *Man and Woman*, by Julian May (Follett, $3.50 each), a set for children nine to eleven, is guilty too of duplication of material but is better written. A set for older children is in preparation.

Also for ages nine to eleven are two lucid and detailed books by Kathleen Elgin, *The Female Reproductive System* and *The Male Reproductive System* (Watts, $2.95 each); a revised edition of *Growing Up*, by Karl de Schweinitz (Macmillan, $2.95), and *The Beginning of Life*, by Eva Knox Evans (Crowell-Collier, $3.95). The last is marred by a condescending tone but is factually dependable. All of these titles, however, are matter-of-fact about reproduction, birth, and growth.

The Human Body, by Sadie Hofstein in consultation with W. W. Bauer, M.D. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $3.75), provides for a slightly older child information on genetics and pubertal changes as well as on reproduction. A just-published book for adolescent girls, Wardell Pomeroy's *Girls and Sex* (Delacorte, $4.50), may well arouse controversy, since it includes some infrequently discussed topics: homosexuality, lesbianism, sex play, coitus and contraception. To that bored thirteen-year-old who flipped: actually, it isn't pretty dull.

Goggles! *Written and illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Macmillan.* 34 *pp.* $3.95. What small boy doesn't like to outsmart big boys, and what urban youngster hasn't run into the neighborhood overlords? Peter finds a pair of motorcycle goggles, glassless but impressive, and shows them off to an admiring younger boy. Some big boys come along and demand the goggles, Peter's dog races off with them, and Peter—with small Archie in tow—outwits the gang and retrieves his loot. The plot is slight but realistic, the ending is satisfying, and the dilapidated neighborhood setting will make the book especially welcome in urban programs. The illustrations—bold, simple pictures in warm colors, imbued with humor and particularly suitable for group use—are Keats at his best. Ages 5-7.

Boy, Was I Mad! *By Kathryn Hitte. Illustrated by Mercer Mayer. Parents' Magazine Press.* 33 *pp.* $3.50. "I was mad one day. I mean I was REALLY mad! So I ran away." Thus begins the odyssey of a small and grumpy cowboy, whose indignation keeps slipping as he responds to the friendly overtures of people he meets and each time has to pull himself together and remember that boy, is he mad. After a last highly enjoyable game with a friend, the child goes home. The theme is not unusual, but the story is nicely told, and the always light-hearted

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illustrations are often incongruously silly —as, for example, a store window that says, "Food" and another store window, two pages later, that says, "More Food." Ages 5-8.

Come Along! *By Rebecca Caudill. Illustrated by Ellen Raskin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. The taut limitations of haiku often impose a depth or latent content that makes the form a difficult medium for the very young to fully appreciate. Here the poetry is succinct and tender, reveling in the familiar phenomena of the seasons, yet so simply written that it can be read aloud to the small child. "The brown thrasher sings and dares me to be busy. I stop and listen." And, "I stare at the rain/ And rain, like our old gray cat/ Stares coldly at me." The illustrations, rich with color, are filled with a rioting of birds and flowers. Ages 7-9.

What Is It For? *By Henry Humphrey. Illustrated with photographs. Simon & Schuster.* 48 *pp.* $4.50. Some objects on the urban scene are familiar to most children, some are not. Here a series of photographs are captioned by the title question and followed by clear, straightforward explanations of a manhole cover, a sidewalk grating, the night depository slot of a bank, et cetera. Additional photographs show the object from the other side or what happens after it has been opened or used. Fresh material in good format make this an interesting book that can be read aloud to younger children. Ages 8-9.

Danny Dunn and the Smallifying Machine. *By Jay Williams and Raymond Abrashkin. Illustrated by Paul Sagsoorian. McGraw-Hill.* 139 *pp.* $4.50. Insatiable curiosity again leads Danny and his two pals into adventure, this time a science fantasy of satisfying proportions. Investigating on their own, the three children find that the barn in which Professor Bullfinch has been conducting mysterious experiments is filled with strange machinery. Not one to hesitate, Danny pulls a lever that precipitates him into a jungle world of monstrous plants and ferocious beasts, where he and the others finally realize they have become tiny humans dwarfed by tall grass and insects. The writing is imaginative and sprightly, the dialogue frequently informative and even more frequently amusing. Ages 10-12.

Defense Mechanisms: From Virus to Man. *By Hal Hellman. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 150 *pp.* $3.95. There are innumerable ways in which living organisms can protect themselves from their environment, their enemies, and their own extinction. In a brisk style that eschews technical terminology, the author discusses camouflage, adaptation, chemical warfare, symbiosis, mimicry, color attraction, and a host of other devices. The list of suggested readings is impressive and alluring. Ages 10-13.

River Patrol. *By Roderic Jeffries. Harper & Row.* 192 *pp.* $3.50. Young mystery buffs are usually forced to choose between adult books and those designated as teen-age mysteries, which are usually compounded of omniscient adolescents, contrived plots, and pedestrian writing. All these are abjured in *River Patrol*, a cracking good detective story. Jim Westbury, serving on the river patrol of an English force, is accused of malingering by his superior officer because the facts he has reported don't agree with some testimony. Jim finds a loophole (at the suggestion of an older colleague) and then begins the slow, patient digging and the experienced cooperation that are the essence of police work. The crime itself is dramatic, but the solution is arrived at, believably, by dogged work and only an occasional flash of inspiration. Ages 10-14.

Digging Up Adam: The Story of L. S. B. Leakey. *By Mina White Mulvey. McKay.* 216 *pp.* $4.95. Louis Leakey was born in Kenya and initiated with his Kikuyu friends into the tribe before becoming one of the most publicized anthropologists of our time. His discoveries have been startling, and his theories about primitive men controversial. Mrs. Mulvey has made the most of this dramatic material; she is objective in discussing Leakey's theories, lucid in describing his work, and admiring rather than adulatory in assessing the man. Ages 12-15.

Stock Market abc. *By Joanne K. Friedlander and Jean Neal. Illustrated by Tom Dunnington. Follett.* 96 *pp.* $2.95. Add this to your portfolio as a crisp, bright, and lucid guide to the stock market for the neophyte investor. It discusses the operations on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, common and preferred stocks, mutual funds, over-the-counter sales, the role of the stockholder, investments other than stock, market terminology, and translation of the financial pages of newspapers. The illustrations are amusing and often informative, and the writing has a cheerful vitality. Precautions are included; market tips are not. Ages 12 up.

An Empty Spoon. *By Sunny Decker. Harper & Row.* 115 *pp.* $4.95. Sunny Decker, aged twenty-two, was tired of middle-class suburbia and applied for her first teaching job at a high school in a Philadelphia black ghetto neighborhood. Although the students in her English classes varied in intelligence, few of them lacked the capacity for learning. They often couldn't read and occasionally couldn't write; some found it difficult to get to school because they had to take care of their children or work, and some of them just didn't want to come to school. The vitality and flair with which *An Empty Spoon* is written makes the book more enjoyable, but it would be interesting in any case, because Sunny Decker was passionately involved in teaching and she tells it as it is, hostilities included. Bonus: a lively sense of humor. For young adults.

From "Boy, Was I Mad!"

Miss Owen-Owen. *By Margaret Forster. Simon & Schuster.* 256 *pp.* $5.95. With massive complacency, Lettice Owen-Owen takes over as headmistress of a high school for girls in the tight little island of an English town, ruthlessly pushing her faculty into programs they dislike, offending everyone she meets, and obdurately refusing to recognize defeat. When the town's schools are consolidated, Miss Owen-Owen proposes to run the school as a private institution, blandly unaware that she has alienated any possible support. She is at once a detestable and pitiable character, etched in vinegar and wholly convincing. The pictures of entrenched provincialism and of irritated hostility engendered by the outsider are brilliant, a varied canvas against which the protagonist is monolithically memorable. For young adults.

Cleopatra, Sister of the Moon. *By Margaret Leighton. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 215 *pp.* $3.95. At last, here's a young people's biography of the Standard Siren Symbol in which Cleopatra is a human being, albeit a powerful, shrewd, and beautiful one, a woman whose motivations and ambitions are depicted—against the background of Mediterranean power struggles and the complex intrigues of the Alexandrian court—as credible and dramatic. Neither Caesar nor Mark Antony is made larger than life, and both of the great love affairs are devoid of romanticized aura. This is impressive historical writing: not a great book, but a very good one. In it the broad course of events is made vivid, but not submerged, by small incidents and minor characters. Ages 12-16.

A Touch of Earth. *By Janina David. Orion.* 208 *pp.* $4.95. In the bleak Warsaw winter of 1943 there were few Jewish families left intact. Janina was thirteen and had been hidden in the home of a family friend, a German-born Catholic who took her to a convent when the police became suspicious. Janie was given a new name and a fictitious background, but she never felt safe, even when she became a convert. This is an absorbing, harrowing story of the grim but not always unhappy life she lived there and of the years just after the war, when her relatives deplored her religion and Janina herself was torn with conflict. The Sisters and their charges are vividly characterized, and the battle against poverty, illness, and fear is lightened by moments of compassion and courage. Ages 13 up.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

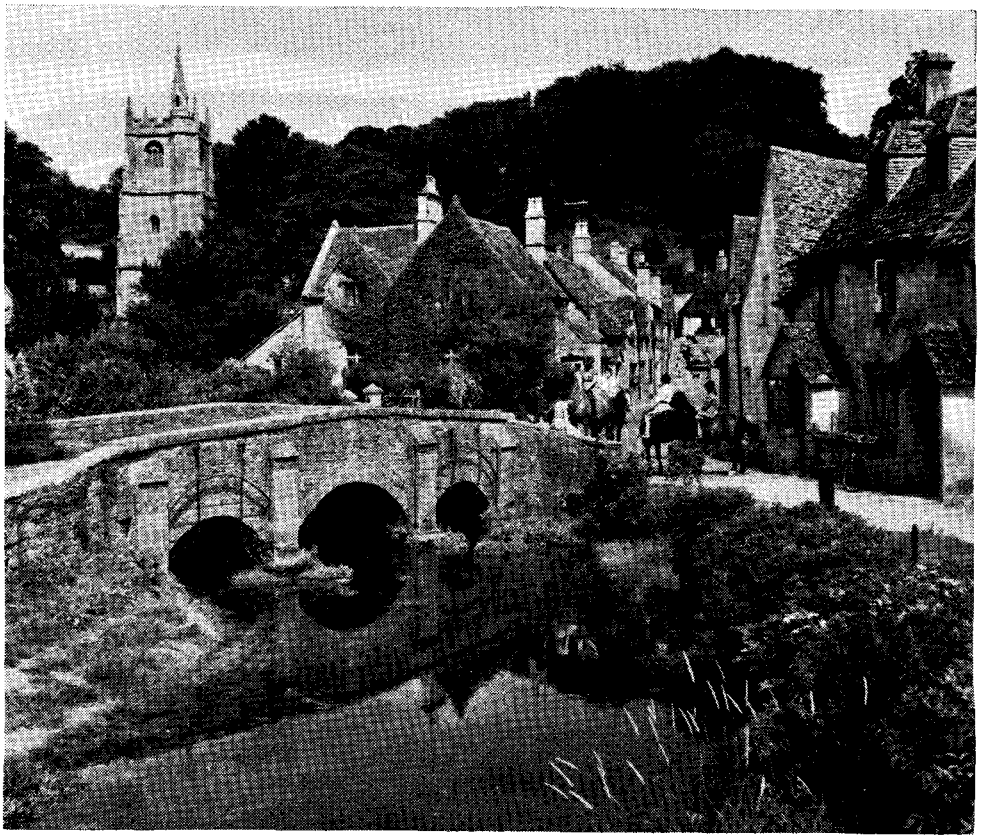
A Country Ramble—II
The Loveliest Village

ONE OF THE high commandments governing the life of a sports-car devotee is: Thou shalt not retrace thy tracks. I have clung zealously to that credo since graduating from the tricycle stage, certainly a milestone in the life of any traveler, a time when he first opens his eyes to routes more adventurous than a circle tour of the block on which he lives.

In England, or at any rate in the west country I explored by MG in early September, a man runs little risk of driving the same road twice: he could scarcely find it again. Striking out one morning from Bladon, the quiet Oxfordshire village where Churchill is buried, I found the way to Oxford easily enough, but once there, struggling for a parking spot and dodging on foot through the crowded midday streets, I determined to steer clear of city life for the rest of the circuit. I did pay a call on Merton College, whose somewhat sequestered location, indeed its very name, seemed a source of bafflement to the Oxford burghers I questioned along the way. At Kay's Tobacconist, News Agent, and Stationers, a young woman behind the counter shrugged and said: "I tell you where you can find out. There is a post office on the corner. It's actually a dress shop, but Mr. Holmes will help you. He's in the back."

There was no one of Mr. Holmes's gender on duty, but a pair of clerks in the dress department pooled their resources and started me on a course that led finally, with one stop at a Marks & Spencer emporium (purchase: a beige Shetland turtleneck for a mere $5.70), and two or three additional queries, to the hallowed gates. The most reliable directions I received were from a fellow customer at the sweater counter, a young man whose voice indicated Chicago.

By then the very finding of Merton College was an anticlimax. So, after one tour of the dewy green courtyard, I plowed back through the drizzle to my car, confirming en route a recently postulated theory that pretty English girls from the provinces, so refreshingly uncostumed and unpainted, cut far lovelier figures than their maxi-coated, mini-spirited sisters from London's West End.



Castle Combe and the Bybrook—Since Doctor Dolittle left, sanity has returned.

I picked up the trail of the Trout, a pub that had come recommended by a London friend who remembers it warmly as one of the high points of his Oxford education. This institution, though several miles out of Oxford, I had no trouble finding. The several sources I consulted batted out directions as though by rote.

If an American were to dream up the ideal country pub, down to the broad weathered beams, highbacked corner booths, and cheery, muffled din, he could hardly improve on the Trout. Through mullioned windows there is a view I thought only Disney could have created: a tributary of the Thames tumbling through a lock and flowing beneath a rickety wooden bridge. On the sagging balustrades was gathered a committee of peacocks, letting loose now and then their haunting cries, as though disputing the latest order of business. I was shown to the only available roost indoors, a small round table in a corner near the bar, behind which a white-aproned chef was slapping great hunks of beef on a crowded grill. Above him on the wall was perhaps the Trout's only gaucherie, a larger-than-life color rendition of the morsels my mouth watered for.

My waiter, indeed most of the staff, seemed slightly misplaced too, as though he should have been bearing platters of spaghetti or curry. I asked the swarthy, silver-haired waiter his name. "I am François," he said.

"You aren't French, are you?"

"No, I am Italian, thirteen years in England. My real name is Francesco, but here they say it is easier to call me François. We are not English, most of us at the Trout. The cook is Italian, the other waiter is Indian."

François heaped before me a bowl of bubbling minestrone, a basket of bread, and a pint of bitter, then the medium *entrecôte* and a mixed salad, and last a bowl of strawberry ice cream with coffee. It all produced a feeling of such pleasant sluggishness that I dared to order a fat cigar for the road. The bill was about $3.50, a sum I would have paid to hear the peacocks cry.

Shunning all roads wider than country lanes, I headed west toward the Cotswolds, a range of lovely wooded hills that gave their name to a long-wooled breed of sheep centuries ago but that have generally avoided glorification by the muses, save the following verse by John Drinkwater: "And not a girl goes walking/Along the Cotswold lanes/But knows men's eyes in April/Are quicker than their brains." My eyes were only for the curving lanes, made more navigable by a recent shearing of overhanging greenery. There was no sun to fix my bearings,

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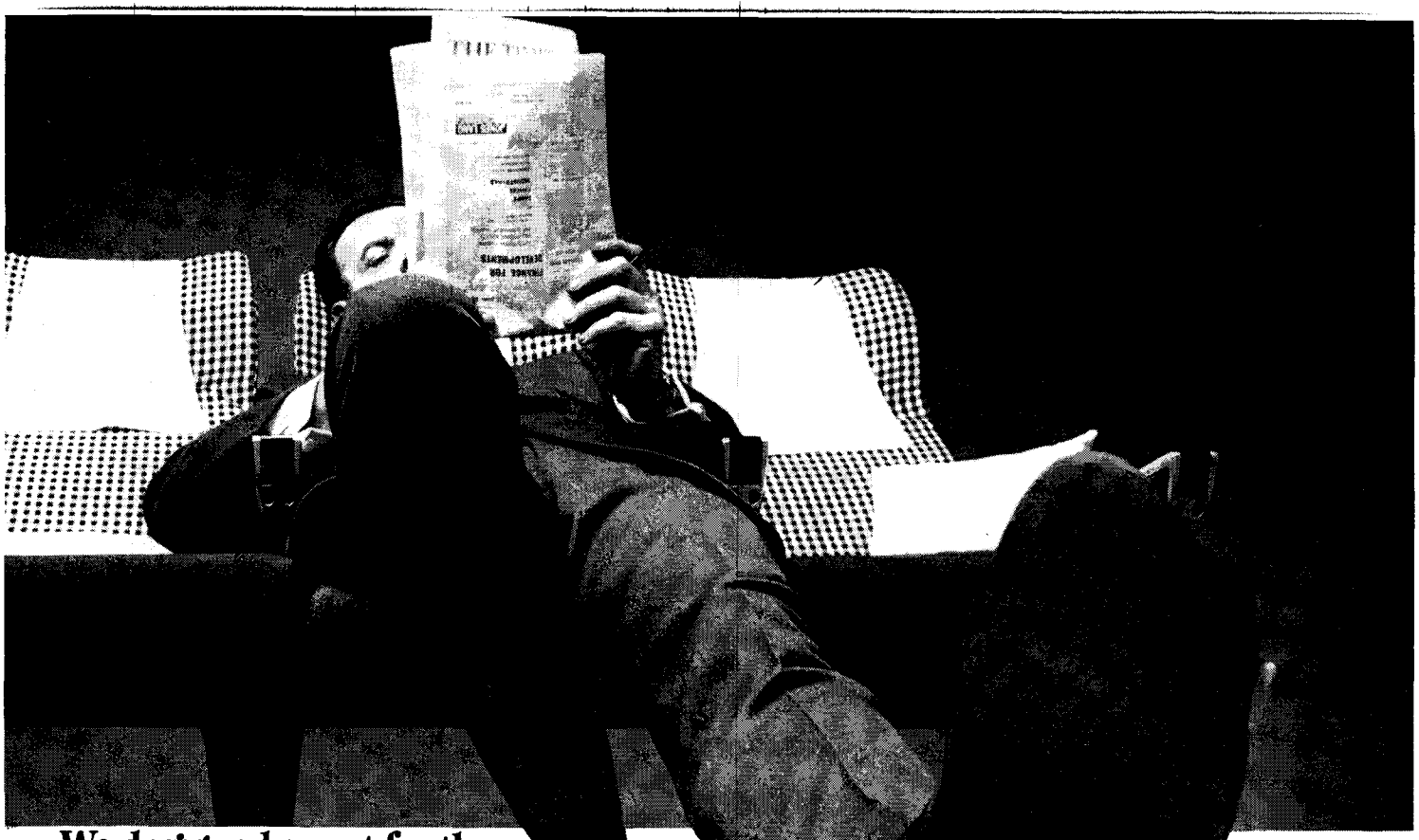

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the map showed only trunk roads, and the occasional white signposts, planted at sudden crossroads, gave only token indication of what lay ahead. I was beginning to wonder why Livingstone went all the way to Africa to get lost.

If my commuting friends from Westchester and Fairfield Counties treasure the names of their quaint, hyphenated villages, they should only live in the Cotswolds, in Shipton-under-Wynchwood, Stow-on-the-Wold, Bourton-on-the-Water, Birdlip, Studley, Pucklechurch, Evercreech. Unencumbered by a precise travel plan, I followed my fancy, tooling in and out of the storybook villages, beneath venerable trees breathing the last deep green of summer. For once, the joy of travel was the obscurity of places, the absence of fabled sights that compel one to stop and pay homage.

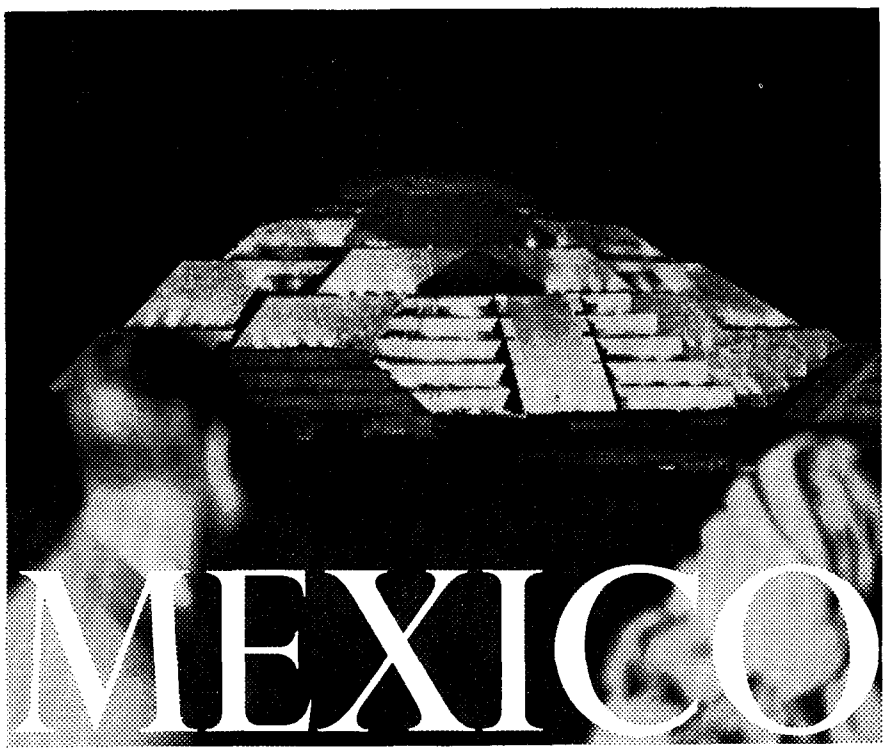
Intrigued by a trail of small, arrow-shaped signs pointing the way to some kind of sale, I rambled over a maze of back roads, pulled off the tarmac onto a dirt lane, and came to a halt in the middle of a farmyard. A man in a checkered jacket, standing in the drizzle gabbing with someone in a car, said he had just finished auctioning off a farmer's estate, down to the last pig and plowshare. I rued my late appearance, but as we talked, of auctions and weather, I was consoled by the good

fortune of having stumbled onto a scene of such genuine, far-from-the-madding-crowd rusticity. I should have remembered: the man in checks was a salesman. Before I backed out of the farmyard, he crossed my palm with a business card and asked me to call him the next morning so he might buy me a drink.

I stopped for the day at Bibury, a village saved from anonymity by a row of ancient stone cottages. According to a line or two in most guidebooks, the row represents a feat of some architectural significance, reason enough for motorists to stop at roadside, rain or shine, and crank up their cameras. I lodged at the Swan, an inn not quite so fetching as my previous night's digs, the Bear in Woodstock, but in command of a better view. From my washstand I could look across the road to a stream banked with a fine garden still aflame with marigolds.

Dinner was not the delight of noontime, less because of the food than the drafty, elongated hall, where we ate in Separate-Tables aloofness. My waiter, Stanislaw, of Polish origin, recommended only the broiled trout, which he had netted that morning from a trout farm down the road, one that is open to visitors on weekends. Coffee, I was informed, would be served in the lounge. There, cast together with four middle-aged English couples and a woman the image of Margaret Rutherford, we pranced through the niceties of travel and weather before plunging into that caldron of contention: youth. I have debated many an American elder on the subject, but after five minutes with this particular cross section of English adulthood, I was ready to pronounce our generation gap nil compared to theirs. All my companions seemed kind and articulate, but what they said about Responsibility, Cleanliness, and Godliness I wouldn't have expected to hear on a back porch in Gopher Prairie. An old gentleman sharing my couch broke his long silence with a series of harumphs and a check of his hearing aid, declaiming grandly: "If you ask me . . . the trouble with our young people . . . is that they have lost all sense of respect." As the others chimed in their approval, I waited out a respectful period and then stood up. With that everybody rose, bid one and all a pleasant good night, and filed out the door with me, snapping whatever tension had been mounting above our demitasse.

Next door the Swan's pub was rocking to the songs and chants of an English football team, a band of London medical students who had stopped off to celebrate a victory over the Bibury lads. I watched them sing and swill until the barmaid threw us all out at 10:30, then crossed to the hotel's side of the pub (which is obliged to stay open as long as its guests demand) and was invited to share a drink with a pair of my fellow coffee-lounge philos-



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ophers. While the man was up fetching me a pint, his wife disclosed, in hushed and hurried tones, her sympathy with youth's cause. English womanhood, I deduced, still knows its place.

Next morning, lancing south through the Cotswolds, I caught a glint of sunshine, and before long the clouds were breaking up beyond the hills. My destination was Castle Combe, the very mention of which had elicited from every Briton the identical eulogy: "The most beautiful village in England." Looking back, I think the approach from either end of town matches the beauty of the village itself. A narrow, curving road descends through a deep-green archway of trees, penetrated here and there by shafts of sunlight, and near the bottom of the hill the cavern opens onto a stone bridge spanning the picturesque Bybrook. Castle Combe's fourteenth-century buildings line up in unbroken symmetry on either side of the main street leading to the Market Cross at the center of town. Once this shelter harbored a weekly market and—until the court intervened—bands of local tipplers, but today it is a focal point for highwaymen with Instamatics.

At an antique shop whose back room held bits of psychedelia, the proprietress informed me, with noticeable weariness, that Castle Combe had indeed earned the most-beautiful-village title in a countrywide poll conducted by the British Travel Association in 1962, taking 50 per cent of the vote. If that didn't lure the tour buses, Twentieth Century-Fox did. In 1966, Castle Combe was transformed into Puddle-by-on-the-Marsh as a setting for *The Story of Doctor Dolittle*. The quiet Bybrook was converted to a fishing harbor with seven boats riding at anchor, plastic cobblestones were affixed to the tarmac, and sections of the village's age-old stonework were moved about like a child's building blocks. Sanity has since returned, as a man could plainly see on a peaceful weekday morning, or learn from talking with villagers in the several pubs around the Market Cross.

At the White Hart I met Bristow ("I've only got one name"), a ruddy-faced gardener in high rubber boots. He shrugged off Castle Combe's flirtation with immortality, confiding to me: "What you want to see is Lacock. Now there's a lovely village."

Joe Parker, clipping his front hedge several doors up the road, offered the same stunning pronouncement. "And you stop at Sandy Lane, too," he advised. "It's beautiful, all thatch."

My informants were right. Both Lacock and Sandy Lane deserve a share of Castle Combe's lofty renown, if not a visit by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Chess Corner No. 142

It is a curious chess fact that both American paladins, Bobby Fischer of Manhattan, an eight-time U.S. champion, and Sammy Reshevsky of Spring Valley, New York, a six-time U.S. champion—each a child prodigy in his day—share another conventional, common denominator. Bobby is a member of a Christian sect known as Church of the Air, and Sammy is of the orthodox Jewish faith.

Neither will play chess on a Friday night or Saturday—their Sabbath. In the beginning, Sammy did play on his Sabbath, not however in violation of his religious rules. But in the past few years, for a peculiar line of reasoning, he has abjured play. Sammy determined that winning prizes categorized his play as work, and work is forbidden on the Sabbath.

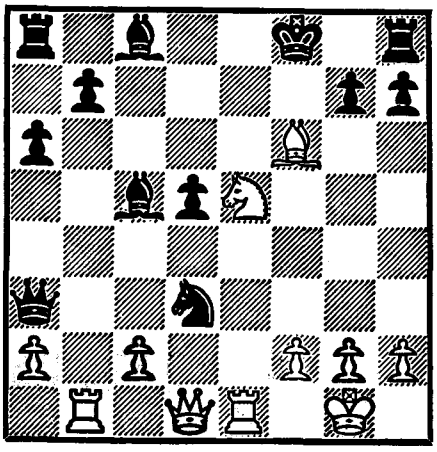
But this reasoning boomeranged some years ago, when Sammy played in the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. radio match on a Saturday. To stay within bounds, Reshevsky had to avoid the stigma of "working," to play for not even a spurious pittance.

Below follows a most sparkling brilliancy of this giant of chessdom.

FRENCH DEFENSE

Reshevsky — Vasconcelles

White	Black	White	Black
1 P-K4	P-K3	10 R-K1	Q-N3
2 P-Q4	P-Q4	11 B-N3	QxP
3 P-K5	P-QB4	12 NxP	PxN
4 PxP	N-Q2	13 R-N1	Q-R6
5 N-KB3	BxP	14 P-K6	N-B3
6 B-Q3	N-K2	15 PxPch	KxP
7 O-O	N-QB3	16 B-R4	N-QN5
8 B-KB4	Q-B2	17 N-K5ch	K-B1
9 N-B3	P-QR3	18 BxN	NxB



19 BxPch	KxB	23 N-N6ch	PxN
20 RxPch	B-K2	24 Q-R6ch	K-N1
21 Q-R5	R-B1	25 QxPch	K-R1
22 Q-N5ch	K-R1	26 R/7xB	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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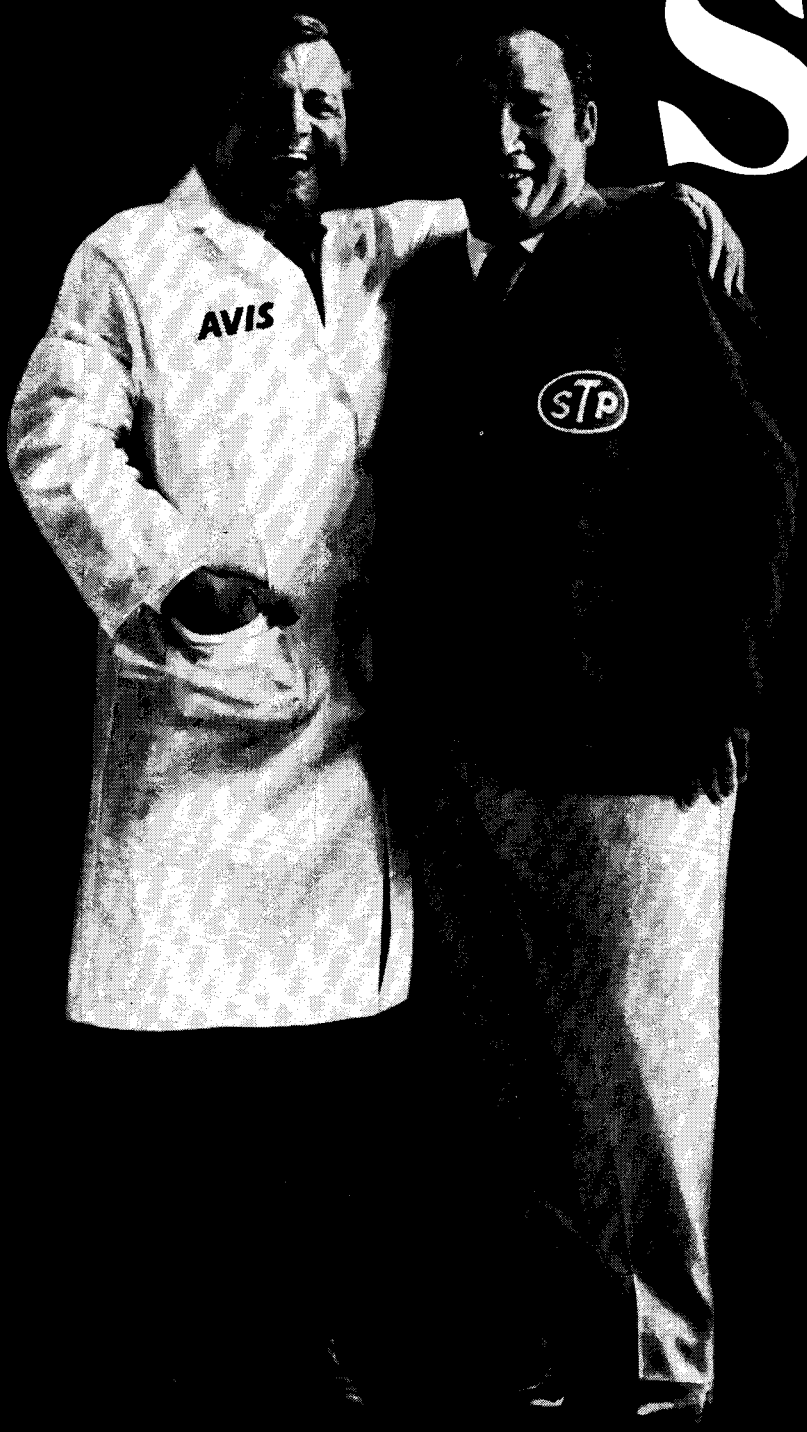
The Avis 'n Andy Show.



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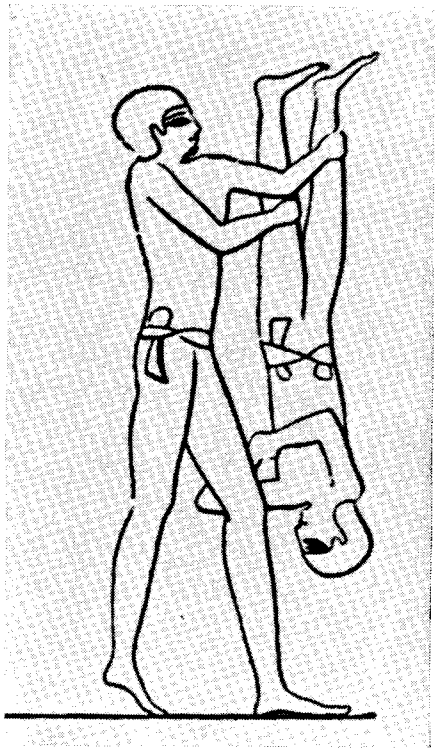
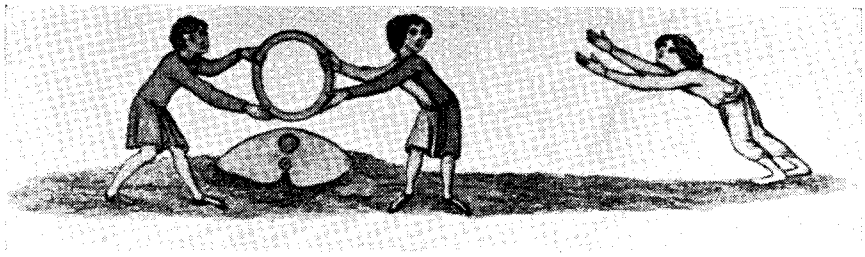
World of Dance

Walter Terry





Choreographed Combat

HER MAJESTY'S mighty warriors, in New York for the British Tournament and Tattoo, dispense with battle in order to bring us a vast and virile military ballet in which gorgeous pomp is matched only by daring, even hair-raising, displays of derring-do. But this is by no means a twentieth-century gimmick to make off-the-field soldiering look like show biz. The gymnastic dance antecedents, the choreographed (or drilled) mass spectacles are ancient indeed.

Pharaoh had youths trained in gymnastics for hand-to-hand combat; the Greeks of the classical age had dances specifically designed to prepare young men for warfare; tribal war dances were planned not only to arouse the enthusiasm of those about to go into battle, but also, in many instances to predict (choreographically) the triumphant outcome of that battle. Roman conquerors and their legions celebrated with "triumphs" through the streets, and these included the marching of troops, the parading of prisoners, and dancing. With the passing of Rome came the Italian *trionfi,* which might possibly celebrate a lordly betrothal or even a "battle" of love (in allegory); in medieval England, jousting and tumbling were accomplished side-by-side, if not by the same cast.

As for Renaissance France and Italy, the king's or duke's cavalry, when not dashing into military forays, might well be seen in a spectacular equestrian ballet. In today's British Tournament and Tattoo, now on a coast-to-coast tour, motorcycles have replaced the horses—even their scary maneuvers are carefully choreographed—but exercises for hand-to-hand combat, body-building gymnastics, drills and

Combat soldiers, gymnasts, Scottish regimental dancers, and motorcyclists of the modern British Tournament and Tattoo find their ancestors in the wrestlers of ancient Egypt, the tumblers at medieval tournaments, and elsewhere in the history of military training and ceremonial pomp.

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formations, and dancing (in this spectacle, it is, of course, Scottish) are still present as they have been for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years. Look at a small sampling in the accompanying illustrations and see for yourself. War is grim, but warriors, in tattoos and tournaments, are resplendent performers.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet, in its longest season (six weeks) at its home theater, the New York City Center on West 55th Street, had for its first novelty a fifty-year-old ballet, *Three-Cornered Hat* (*Tricorne*), a work originated by Serge Diaghilev—in the days of his historic Ballets Russes—with the collaboration of the then young Leonide Massine (choreographer), Manuel de Falla (composer), Martinez Sierra (book), and Pablo Picasso (scenery and costumes). The Joffrey production was under the supervision of Massine himself. The result? *Three-Cornered Hat* was clearly old hat.

The Joffrey company mounted it with care and reverence. The fabulous Picasso scenery and costumes were superbly reproduced, the company—and a brilliant one it is—was beautifully rehearsed, and Luis Fuente, a Spaniard, was there to dance the role of the Miller, in this ballet of comic flirtations in eighteenth-century Spain. Still it didn't work. For *Three-Cornered Hat,* although it partakes of genuine Spanish dance, is pseudo-Spanish, and the ballet element is gone. It is, then, best regarded as a period piece, a transitional work that came along at the time ballet had just broken with its Petipa traditions and, under Fokine, Massine, and later Balanchine, embarked upon fascinating choreographic adventures. It was a hit at its premiere in 1919, and it was still highly effective when brought to America by Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in 1934.

But tastes, as well as styles in ballet, have changed. The plot, today, seems silly rather than comic. The Corregidor (governor) passes the mill and casts his lascivious old eye upon the Miller's Wife. She, in turn, flirts with the old dodderer. The Miller, too, has his moments with the girls. In short order, the Corregidor has the Miller arrested, the Corregidor gets pushed into the water by the Miller's Wife, dries out in the Miller's house, is suspected of the worst by the returning Miller—but why go on? As the Joffrey company performs it, there is no way of knowing that the two principal figures (the Miller, the Miller's Wife) are married, for no clear relationship is discernible. And the Corregidor is not a character but a

(*Continued on page* 97)

declares
Ralph Taylor Ph.G. **President, Caswell-Massey Co.**

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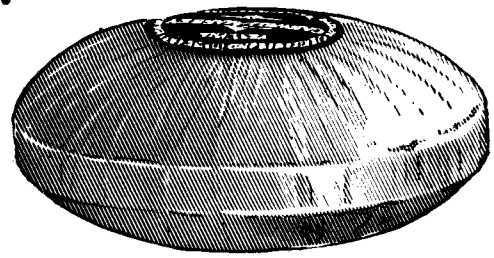

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

O Plus O Equals Ormandy and Ozawa

WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED to the fine art of program making? To judge from some examples offered recently in Philharmonic Hall by the resident New York Philharmonic and the visiting Philadelphia Orchestras, everything. Nor can it be related to anything so canonically forthright as experience vs. inexperience, or youth and age.

In the first bracket, Eugene Ormandy as conductor of the visiting ensemble from Philadelphia (about to celebrate its 70th anniversary, of which he has been music director for nearly half the total period) brought along the Temple University Choirs to share a program with Shirley Verrett as mezzo soloist. What he worked out —if "worked out" is the proper phrase —was a kind of choral sandwich on brown bread, with the *Egmont* Overture of Beethoven and the Second Symphony of Brahms as the outer matter, and works of Vaughan Williams (Magnificat), Brahms (Alto Rhapsody), and Reger (Requiem) as the filler.

The performance did not belie the promise that this would result in too many unconnected impressions within an all-too-short time period. Any hostess who offered a comparable menu could scarcely escape the accusation of being deficient in taste. As much must be said of the host at a symphonic feast who overlooks ordinary considerations of balance, progression, juxtaposition.

Perhaps if the ear had been assailed by one incandescent performance after another, the divisive factors would have been incinerated, the noncompatible elements fused into one molten mass of nourishment. But The Philadelphia Orchestra in its current condition under Ormandy may be relied upon, always, to glow comfortably, but rarely burst into flame. The relation of one with the other makes for an embracing surge of sonorities, if rarely the kind of abrasive interaction that gives rise to sparks.

In a way, then, Miss Verrett was the ideal soloist for this kind of music-making. She has the qualifications for producing a Philadelphia-beautiful sound in the music she sang, but neither the largeness of style nor the urgency of emotion to be, in fact, a solo voice rather than an element of the ensemble. In the Vaughan Williams Magnificat and the Reger Requiem—beautiful works, both, in their separate ways—the outcome did not suffer seriously because the role assigned to the solo voice is not all that important. But in the setting by Brahms of verses from Goethe's *Harzreise im Winter,* Miss Verrett offered beauty of sound in place of largeness of understanding, and an ingratiating kind of personality rather than the depth of feeling with which Brahms enriched the eloquent words. Actually the voice itself seems to be undergoing a transition in which the brilliant forceful top range is leaving behind the true mezzo character in the lower range, but a clever use of such resource could make much more of the opportunities in Brahms than Miss Verrett realized.

Should one look for a more applicable kind of consideration in the young, more "contemporary" Ozawa vis-à-vis the older Ormandy, the conclusion would have to be—look elsewhere. The appropriate generalization would be that, whatever separates an experienced conductor from a less experienced one, they are much more responsive to the larger unity that affiliates all conductors with all other conductors, as all actors are like all other actors. Put into simplest terms, that would be a concern for conductorial convenience rather than audience satisfaction. (East or West, here certainly the twain do meet.)

The Ozawa program was much involved with Orff's *Carmina Burana,* of which he is an ardent, accomplished exponent. It occupied about 60 per cent of the evening's playing time, suggesting that it could have been well-balanced by a shorter work of comparable substance. Ozawa chose to begin with Riegger's "Study in Sonority" for strings, followed by Ibert's equally lightweight "Divertissement." In thus addressing himself to the superficial rather than the substantial, Ozawa wasted a wonderful opportunity to perform a service as well as to fill time. For that matter, neither the Riegger nor the Ibert was particularly well disciplined. In the Orff, which was, the collaborators included soprano Patricia Brooks, tenor Anastasios Vrenios, and baritone John Reardon, along with the Schola Cantorum and the Boys' Choirs from the Little Church Around the Corner and the Browning School.

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MONN:
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Jacqueline du Pré
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RIMSKY-KORSAKOV:
SCHEHERAZADE
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Orchestre de la RTF: Prêtre

HANDEL:
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Bath Festival Orch.
Menuhin, conducting

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Philharmonia Chorus and Orch: Klemperer

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CONCIERTO DE ARANJUEZ
GIULIANI:
GUITAR CONCERTO IN A
Alirio Diaz
Spanish National Orch: Frühbeck de Burgos

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London Symphony: Szell

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Green Berets

Continued from page 28

unleashed an investigation—the Army stated it was not unakin to a grand jury investigation—into the charges.

On the very same day, August 6th, either by coincidence or purpose, President Thieu, in the course of a general shift in staff officers, replaced Gen. Doan Van Quang, head of the Vietnamese Special Forces, and an old friend of Rheault's, with Brig. Gen. Lam Son. It was recalled that in Diem's day Lam Son once slapped the face of an American adviser and had to be shipped to the Philippines.

Now the rumors flew in Saigon. Although some theorists still insist that Thai Khac Chuyen was a triple agent, and some even that he was a peace emissary from Hanoi, there is at hand little evidence for such assumptions. Chuyen worked at three camps, all jump-off points for cross-border forays. If Hanoi were contacting the United States, there would seem to be other avenues much more available—across the table in Paris for example. If he had been Thieu's personal agent sniffing out the Green Beret operation, why would Thieu have admitted it by inquiring indignantly of Chuyen's whereabouts as one story insisted he did?

The South Vietnamese government officially disclaimed interest in the case, and in Saigon an interesting commentary on Vietnamese thinking appeared in an editorial in an English-language Vietnamese newspaper. Drawing a parallel between the victims of a civilian plane crash and the victims of war it said:

> When a man dies in battle or is executed for an ideal by his enemies, we feel this is the proper order of things ordained by a superior being. The very fact that the victim finds himself in the fatal circumstances results from his implicit dedication of his life to an ideal. This to us is the natural course of events.

On the American side, however, the old accusations were dusted off, to be hurled again. Was not Special Forces similar to the Waffen SS, the elite Hitlerian troops that fought with the Wehrmacht? Were they not, with their special uniforms and training and privileges, an incarnation of the Praetorian Guard of old Rome? Even a sophisticated American correspondent in Saigon, perhaps not given to such excesses himself, wondered if it were not strange that Rheault was so dedicated to his physical condition. What manner of man might he really be? Supposedly, during his time in Okinawa he ran two miles on the beach during his lunch hour and ordered everyone over forty to take a physical training test once a month instead of every six months as the rules prescribe. In Vietnam he did push-ups on his patio at high noon, all indications of a special breed.

It was recalled that the second in command at CIA headquarters in Washington was Lt. Gen. Robert E. Cushman, Jr. a marine who commanded the First Corps at Danang during the siege of Khesanh. Cushman and Abrams were in less than perfect harmony over the employment of troops at Khesanh. And there were still scores to settle between Cushman and Special Forces, whose camp at Longvei, outside Khesanh, had been overrun.

A CIA man connected with the case wondered aloud about the curious interest of his own headquarters in

A camp transfer in Vietnam—"when the irregulars can run their own camp, Americans and Vietnamese pull out."

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the demise of one double agent in view of the numbers alleged to have been killed under the auspices of his agency in Laos. Some of the people who were involved in Laos were in positions of CIA command in Saigon. On the other hand, a ranking spokesman for the agency told me in Saigon that "terminate with extreme prejudice"—the phrase the CIA was supposed to have sent back to Special Forces to indicate its recommendation in the Chuyen case—"is not a term we use." The CIA may terminate an agent every week, but that means terminate his employment, not his life. Hired by a man who uses an alias, a CIA-employed agent never knows his employer's true identity, and is given only the EEI—essential elements of information.

The CIA, as the agency is pleased to point out, occupies itself with high-level matters, such as the recent Trong case in which Thieu's trusted political adviser, an aide with a position roughly corresponding to Henry Kissinger's role with Nixon, was found to be part of a net stretching clear to Hanoi. The Green Berets, by CIA definition, work only on low-level matters. In the Chuyen case they came looking for advice. In the pre-trial investigation that followed the arrest of the Green Berets, the CIA station chief at Nhatrang was on the stand for two-and-a-half hours. Much of that time he demurred, pleading executive immunity.

Ten days before charges against the Berets were dismissed by the Army, the CIA in Saigon made it clear that CIA witnesses would plead executive immunity if a court-martial were to be held. It was also made clear by Henry Rothblatt, the celebrated criminal lawyer who had been engaged to represent three of the Berets, that it was not possible to show just "a little bit" of evidence. "The Supreme Court insists on all the evidence," he said. Moreover, without a corpse it would then be necessary to have proof that the body was destroyed. A confession is the weakest form of evidence, and a confession without a corpse is not enough. A witness without a corpse might be enough, but in this case the witnesses were also defendants. Moreover, there was the matter of command influence in which Abrams orders the arrest, the investigation, and the trial and appoints the officers to hear the case that he eventually reviews.

Some Washington sources have said that it was not a threatened miscarriage of justice that caused President Nixon to intercede, but rather the influence upon the President of Representative L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Commit-

PLAYBOY, COMING UP

NOVEMBER ISSUES

"Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself."

Neither the late Drew Pearson nor U.S. Representative Richard C. Bolling is quite as withering as Mark Twain was about the intelligence of our national lawmakers, but both demonstrate, in their tandem articles in November's PLAYBOY, that the art of criticizing Congress remains a lively one. Pearson's *The Senate*—an appropriate parting shot after more than 40 years of spinning riders on his Washington Merry-Go-Round – excoriates what he calls "the stench of putrefying ethics that hangs over the Capitol today." *The House,* by the respected Missouri Democrat – a veteran of 21 years in the lower chamber – authoritatively indicts an archaic and often corrupt committee system that caters to special-interest groups at the expense of the electorate. Both men propose radical (yet practical) reforms designed to give all the people a fairer shake in the halls of power.

* * *

"There is now no Anglo-Saxon writer alive," Sybille Bedford wrote in her review of *The Comedians,* "who can tell a story better than Mr. Graham Greene"—a proposition we think you'll agree is confirmed by a delightfully contrasting companion to Greene's currently best-selling *Collected Essays.* It's a novel called *Crook's Tour,* and you'll find the first installment in PLAYBOY's November issue. A meek British bank clerk in early retirement, his thoroughly surprising aunt and her African manservant are the principal characters in a rollicking *Our-Man-in-Havana*-like tale permeated with – and every bit as heady as – *cannabis.* The emphasis this time is on humor, but the familiar Greene sense of urbane malignity is delightfully in evidence, too: It's as if Dostoevski had edited a P. G. Wodehouse story.

* * *

"He is a big man with an imperial manner. The head is leonine and the facial expression at once fierce and sullen. He was dressed, like a Mod black emperor, in a brilliantly colored dashiki, *bell-bottom jeans and high-top country shoes . . . For over an hour, he delivered a passionate sermon that described the black man's plight in white society. It was filled with street talk, down-home slang and quotations from* The Bible—*but its effect was Greek tragedy with soul."*

Thus runs part of the introduction to November's *Playboy Interview* with the Reverend Jesse Jackson, the 27-year-old economic director of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and head of Chicago's Operation Breadbasket. Like our January 1965 conversation with Dr. King, whose pre-eminent place in the civil rights movement Jackson seems likely to inherit, the interview itself probes behind his "country preacher" oratory to the tough-minded political savvy—and the passionate humanity – of a powerful new black leader.

* * *

Alternatives to Analysis, by Ernest Havemann, a survey of the offbeat new regimens employed by post-Freudian therapists, and *Head Stone,* a cliché-free look at rock-'n'-Rolling Stone Mick Jagger by *Punch's* Deputy Editor Alan Coren, are two other disparate elements in the November PLAYBOY mix—but that's enough for one short column. Enough, that is, to assure old friends that the new issue lives up to PLAYBOY's catholic and literate standards—and enough, we hope, to make a few new friends as well. Like yourself?

Cordially,
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tee. Rivers, who was against a trial, has championed the White House stand on the ABM. When the released Berets returned to the U.S., they seemed, on the face of it, to deny the killing. In fact, they were denying a *murder* had been committed, saying in effect that in a war you can't "murder" the enemy. Rheault said, on returning to the United States, "There is no conclusive evidence that the individual was ever killed." The body, of course, was never recovered, thus no evidence exists.

Abrams's views about the Green Berets were made plain when he replaced Colonel Rheault with Col. Alexander Lemberes, who had won a record as a troubleshooter, but who was, in derisive Green Beret terminology, a "leg," which is to say, a soldier who has not qualified for airborne duty. Colonel Lemberes tried to rectify that by making five qualified jumps in one hour, but unfortunately broke his ankle on the fourth try.

For the second time in six weeks the Special Forces got a new commander when Lemberes was replaced with Col. Michael Healy, who had entered the Army as an enlisted man in 1945 and won his commission as a ninety-day wonder at Fort Benning. Called "Blind Mike" for the thick glasses he wears, Colonel Healy seems more like the friendly parish priest than a fighting soldier. Yet, he joined the Airborne Rangers in Korea in search of action, joined Special Forces in 1953 soon after it was formed, later commanded an airborne battalion in Vietnam. "Charge it all up to Irish inquisitiveness," he says.

Before his troops, Colonel Healy's rhetoric flows in old Knute Rockne, let's-win-this-one-for-the-Gipper style. In remembering the Special Forces dead, he says in ringing, quivering tones: "They set the standard. They made it what it is. Don't let 'em down." He addresses his command as "the most outstanding officers in the U.S. Army." The mood in the privacy of his office, however, is strictly downplay. "We're not a separate little army at all," he says, "we're part of the Army team. The Special Forces are special because they are volunteers, because they went to Ranger School, because they are airborne, trained in weapons and demolitions. We have bright, alert officers and we give them missions and they are special. But they are no better than any other good American soldier. My mission is a military mission. It has nothing to do with a lot of high-blown cloak-and-dagger stuff." Asked about B-57 operations, the Colonel clams up. "That's classified," he snaps.

The essence of deep-dyed Green Beret fundamental strategy, according to one field grade officer who has since left Special Forces and the Army, is to borrow from the successful Communist method of guerrilla warfare. Green Berets echelons cross-fertilized with the insurgents would, he thinks, form an effective force in fomenting people's wars of our own. Since we cannot use thermonuclear war, the United States has to resort to some form of guerrilla warfare to combat the encroachments of Communism. It is this confrontation between such forms of revolutionary warfare and the old system of strategy and tactics as employed by the Army, Navy and the State Department that is causing conflict in the forces, according to this theorist.

Guerrilla tactics are not new to America. They began in the French and Indian wars when Rogers' Rangers was formed from the New Hampshire militia to conduct unconventional warfare against the Indians. The Confederacy spawned Mosby's Guerrillas, who harried federal troops and once made off with a Union general without losing a man of their own. Merrill's Marauders performed effectively in Burma during World War II, not to mention Darby's Rangers, a free-wheeling force that trained in Northern Ireland, fought in Tunis, Sicily, and Italy. There is even a precedent for assassination that goes back to the American Revolution. Tories, according to North Callahan's book *The Royal Raiders*, who were captured by rebellious Americans were not given the status of prisoners of war, but were "tried as rebels, then executed in cold blood."

Despite its partisan adherents and despite its successes, guerrilla warfare by Americans has not always been successful, particularly in Vietnam. The Green Berets were caught by two Montagnard uprisings, one in September 1964 in which twenty-nine Vietnamese troops were reported killed, and another in December 1965. During *their* war in Vietnam the French organized an elite guerrilla force known as GOMA for Groupement de Commandos Mixtes Aeroportes. They mixed bands of 400 tribesmen with French noncommissioned officers, who sometimes married native girls to try to assure the loyalty of their tribe. Working along the China border, they had a telling effect on General Giap's forces, but the loyalty of these insurgents was ever in doubt, and in the end they were unable to cut Giap's long supply line to Dienbienphu.

Fighting counter-insurgency warfare with the attendant murky skills of black warfare, the Special Forces

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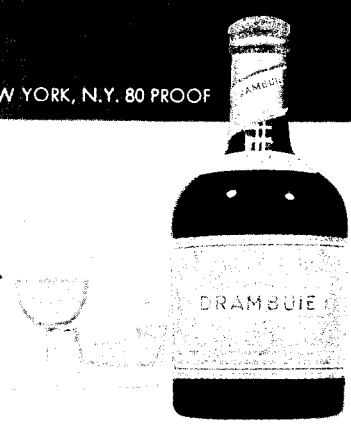

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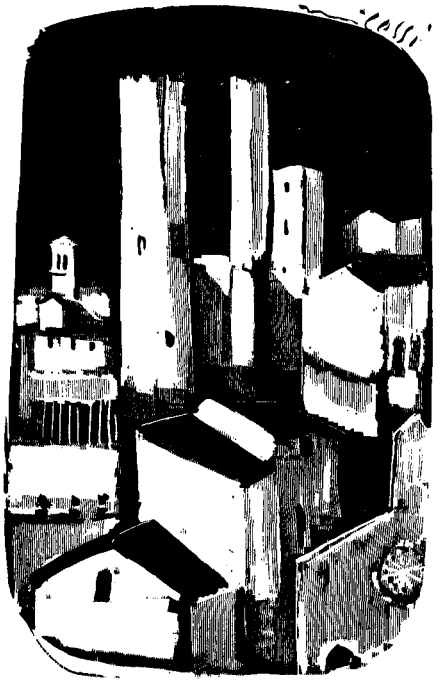
often seems more of a political instrument than an arm of the military. Asked to perform arch deeds but subject to the Uniform Code of Military Justice, it remains in a position that is unprotected except for public opinion and, as in this case, executive intervention. It may now be the time, some Berets think, for the Forces to become a separate branch, perhaps under the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Whether this would make it an elite guard too similar to strongarm troops once in favor in Fascist countries is a question for a democracy to ponder.

Only a few days before it dropped its case, the Army convened the correspondents on the base at Longbinh for a long and wordy explanation of military justice. It droned on interminably while a judge advocate savored every golden word, and I elected, after an hour, to leave. Turning up a roadway called MacArthur Loop, I came by chance on a low green building where the Beret officers were interned. There was Colonel Rheault, stripped down to shorts, nose smeared with suntan cream, doing push-ups in the sun. "How is it going?" I shouted to him over the dry moat that separated us. He gave me a thumbs-up. "We shall overcome," he shouted back. I hitched a ride back to Saigon and walked through the dingy arcade on the way to my hotel. The fruit peddlers in their conical hats had already drawn up their baskets and bicycles in front of the Eden Theater, and awaited the customers for the afternoon show. I looked up at the garish posters. The Eden was playing *One Spy Too Many*.



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The Public Schools' Public

The public schools are more directly dependent than most democratic institutions upon the continuing support of the American people. Yet, the way the public views its schools has rarely been the subject of more than limited and sporadic inquiry. Now, however, a continuing study has been launched. A recent public opinion survey charts in some detail "the attitudes of the American public toward the public schools in the year 1969." Conducted by Gallup International, and sponsored by CFK, Ltd., a Denver-based foundation devoted to education, the survey is the first in a projected series of annual assessments that should provide a cumulative basis for a more sophisticated analysis of the relationship of the schools and their public.

As awareness of the important role education plays in modern society has increased in recent years, public knowledge of school affairs has also grown. To be sure, when those participating in the Gallup/CFK poll were asked specific questions, 30 per cent admitted that they didn't know how many students dropped out of their high schools, a third didn't know the percentage of graduates going on to college, and 57 per cent had no idea how much it costs to educate a child each year in their local schools. But these are discrete facts that can easily be checked whenever necessity demands. Far more significant is the public's lack of knowledge about the nature of the educational process—in contrast to information about schools.

When those who were polled were asked what factors make for a "good" school, the answer given most often was one to which few would take exception: qualified teachers. But most were vague about just how that phrase should be defined. And the two factors cited next most often reflect a concern with the current wave of student dissent (discipline), and the most visible measure of excellence (physical facilities).

On the other hand, two-thirds of those polled said that they would welcome more information about the schools. And when they were asked specifically what kind of information they would like to have, their answers dealt largely with the courses taught, innovations being introduced into the school system, requirements for college admission, and similar matters that come close to the heart of the educational process.

This gap between knowledge of the schools and the desire for information raises serious questions concerning the public's sources of knowledge about education—and the facts are not encouraging. When asked what they considered "the best source of information about the schools," those polled listed: the local newspaper (which necessarily is primarily concerned with news of school activities rather than educational issues); word of mouth from their own children, other students, and neighbors (notably poor sources for accurate information); school personnel (rarely seen by most citizens); radio and TV; meetings at school; and school publications. The message seems clear—the schools are still not telling their story effectively to their public.

This conclusion is borne out by the response to a question probing public willingness to vote additional funds for the local school. Of those polled, 45 per cent indicated their willingness to vote for additional funds, and 49 per cent said they would not. More significant, however, of all those who did vote in the last school bond election, the division for and against additional funds was exactly even.

Clearly the public schools have not persuaded their public. If education is as central a national concern as we believe it to be, its story must be told more effectively. —J.C.

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An Environment To Grow In

by GEORGE DENNISON

There is no need to add to the criticism of our public schools. The critique is already extensive and can hardly be improved on. The process of learning, too, and that of teaching have been exhaustively studied. The question now is what to do, and I would like to describe one unfamiliar approach to the problems that by now have become familiar.

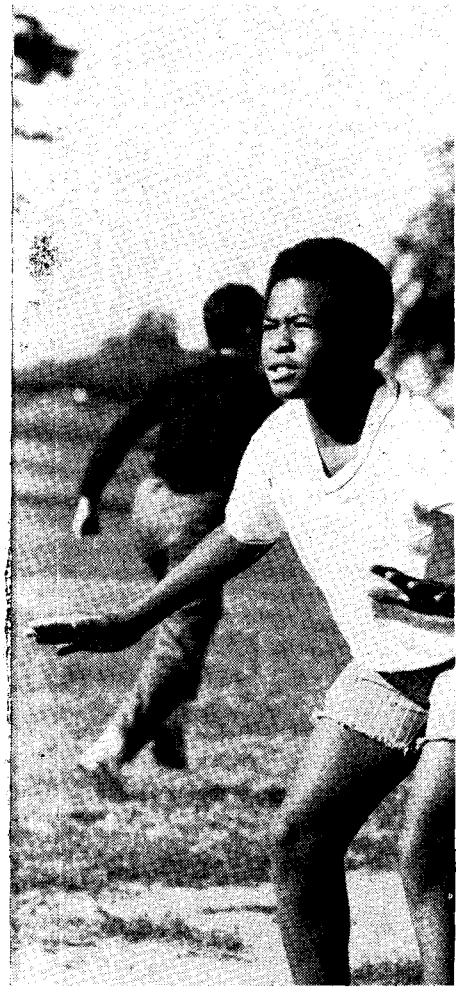
In the First Street School there were twenty-three children; black, white, and Puerto Rican in equal proportions, all from low-income families in New York's Lower East Side and ranging in age from five to thirteen. About half were from families on welfare. An equal number with severe learning and behavior problems had come to us from the public schools.

Four things about the First Street School were unusual: first, its small size and low teacher/pupil ratio; second, the fact that this luxurious intimacy, which is ordinarily very expensive, cost about the same per child as the $850 annual operating costs of the New York City public schools; third, our reversal of conventional structure, for where the public school conceives of itself merely as a place of instruction, and puts severe restraints on the relationships between persons, we conceived of ourselves as an environment for growth, and accepted the relationships between the children and ourselves as being the very heart of the school; and fourth, the kind of freedom experienced by teachers and pupils alike.

If we were to imagine a neurotic or unhappy child, and were to begin to name the qualities of the environment we might wish for him, we would say let it be an environment that is accepting and forgiving; let it be one that takes him out of himself and involves him in group activities; let the inducements to sociability be attractive and vivid, yet let them be measured accurately to his own capacities; let there be real pressure in the environment, let it make definite and clearcut demands, yet let the demands be flexible; let there be no formal punishment or long-lasting ostracism; let there be a hope of friendship and hope of praise; let there be abundant physical contact and physical exertion; let the environment offer him a sense of the skills and the varieties of behavior that lead to greater pleasure, greater security . . . and let the rewards for this kind of growth be immediate and intrinsic in the activities themselves. These attributes of a healing environment are almost self-evident. Surely it is evident, too, that this environment is precisely the ordinary one of children at play among themselves.

Children are capable of positively curative effects on one another when their relationships are allowed to evolve naturally. By natural I mean such situations as we ordinarily observe when children are at play—without adults—in parks and vacant lots, on picnic outings (their parents nearby, but not involved in their games), on hikes, and sometimes—though it is difficult—on the city streets. We may be surprised at such times by the children's energy and spirit, but when we pay attention to the small details of their relationships, we see something that is quite familiar: the sense of decency and fair play that is taught in the home during the earliest years.

We adults, of course, are the original source of this ethical sense, but by the time a child is three years old, another source has been firmly established and is far more fertile, demanding, and attractive than anything we can offer. This larger source is the experience of the child himself, his world of playmates and excitement, of games and projects and discoveries.



" . . . the brightness of children's faces when hard at their games."

A moment's reflection tells us why this is so: the first rules of behavior that we teach our children, far from being mere maxims, are immediately and profoundly functional. The child sees quite clearly that he must share his toys and candies, or the activity he enjoys will cease; that he must honor his agreements, or the game will end; that he must show consideration of others, or he cannot have friends. The social necessity proves itself at all times and in thousands of ways, and as our children grow older, our original teachings are consolidated and made specific not by any effort of ours, but by the sheer weight of necessity.

We are usually wise enough not to interfere with all this when it's taking place in the backyard or the living room, but as soon as the children are placed in schools, or in other situations deliberately organized for their benefit, we suddenly act as if they had no capacity at all for the practical sociability we have already seen them to be masters of. We place all decisions in the hands of adults, and proceed to prescribe everything for the children: what they shall play, and for how long, and how they shall relate to one another. The rich and complex process we may have been observing in the

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George Dennison is the author of *The Lives of Children*, a book about the First Street School to be published this month by Random House. This article is adapted from Chapter 10 of that book.

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yard comes to an end. The ethical necessity ceases to arise from the child's own experience, and now lands on his head from above, often in such grossly simplified forms that it can no longer be called ethical.

Children at play are intent upon pleasure and excitement, and in order to enjoy themselves they must relate to one another in terms of existing capabilities. They arrive at a sense of these capacities in the most pragmatic way, making adjustments of all kinds, until finally they achieve what they desire, which is the greatest possible élan of play. They are acutely aware of temperament and traits of character.

Vicente was very babyish during his early weeks at First Street. He had to have his way, and threw tantrum fits when he could not get it. These traits were quite apparent during the dodgeball games, and the other boys were annoyed. But they did not call off their game, or forbid Vicente to take part. Nor did they only criticize him. Nor did they play as if he were a "regular boy." They complained to him directly —"Quit stalling!" (when he spited them by freezing the ball)—and at the same time they slightly lowered the demands of the game, granting him many concessions. They did not, however, lower the game to his level, but only so close to it as to make him reach and exert himself.

This combination of concession, pressure, criticism, and acceptance worked a powerful effect, as one might well imagine. Yet it was the ordinary dynamic of children at play—at play without adults. For if I had intervened, if it had been I who had yelled at Vicente instead of the other boys, there would have been no good effect, for I had not granted him concessions. Nor was I his rival. Nor would my criticism represent to him the same loss of pleasure, or the same hope of praise, as did that of the boys. Nor could Vicente's particular abilities mean much to me, as they came to mean much to his teammates.

He was as agile as a squirrel, and though his teammates groaned when he threw badly (and he would turn and yell at them), they laughed with glee and approval when he put his hands in his pockets and dodged the hardest throws of their opponents. His face would light up when he heard their voices, and he would turn to them with a wide grin and an exultant shout.

I watched this so often that I came to realize that what the boys were doing quite instinctively, and out of necessity and self-interest, resembled in its dynamics the things I had done myself as a teacher and therapist (I was then in training) with the severely disturbed children at another school. For I had tried to relate to their strengths so as to add to them, and had dealt with symptoms only as actions, and had created precisely the demands that they could meet, given my own support and assistance. I had noticed, too, that even the disturbed children could help one another, though less frequently and in a far more limited way than normal children can.

On one occasion the boys were playing dodge ball in the gym; Vicente, José, and Julio against Stanley and Willard. Stanley kept stepping over the center line when he threw the ball. The boys complained bitterly that he was cheating, but he threatened them and told them to shut up. All were afraid of him, but his cheating was really intolerable, and finally Julio yelled across the gym to where I was sitting on the floor, watching their game, as usual, from a distance.

"He keeps steppin' over the line!"

I reply only with a nod.

"Well, it's against the rules, man!"

Again I nod, indicating clearly that I know he is right.

Now José shouts, too, for they all are upset. "Well, tell him to quit it, man!"

I shake my head "no" and shrug. They understand that I'm saying, "It's your affair, not mine." They don't like this a bit. It increases their annoyance. Julio, who is the best player on the floor, and who is by far the angriest, makes a violent gesture with his arm and yells, "Shit, man, I quit!" and walks off the court. But now Stanley runs up to him with a cocked fist.

"You gonna quit, huh? Well, I'm gonna break your ass."

Julio cringes, but stands his ground and mutters, "I don't care, man."

Stanley is glaring at him, and Julio, somewhat mopingly, returns his stare. One can almost see the desires and apprehensions cross their faces. Both boys want to keep playing. The game was exciting; otherwise the argument would not have arisen. The rivalry was intense; otherwise the cheating would not have been so blatant, so much a deliberate insult.

Stanley knows that he cannot force Julio to play. Even if his threats succeed, Julio will play halfheartedly, and Stanley, who is a good thrower, is especially dependent on Julio, who is a good dodger. Stanley sees his own pleasure in the game evaporating. He knows, too, that if he attacks Julio in earnest, the whole game will be destroyed, for the excitement of competition really does depend on prior agreements, and a fight would wipe these out. Too, Julio's teammates, though they are not fond of him, will certainly express their solidarity with a fellow Puerto Rican.

All of these deliberations are more or less visible on Stanley's quite intelligent face. He had been sticking out his chin and looking at Julio through narrowed eyes. Now he grunts and punches Julio lightly on the arm. Julio mutters and walks off the court. He hesitates a moment, and then leaves the gym. Vicente and José call to him, "Julio! Come on! *Maricón!* Come back!" But he has disappeared, and so they curse him and then yell, "Throw the ball, man! We can beat you anyway!"—though they have been losing from the beginning.

Stanley throws, and the game goes on, but it's woefully lacking in excite-

"As soon as the children are placed in schools, we suddenly act as if they had no capacity at all for practical sociability."

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ment. Willard has said nothing all this while. His silence, however, and his sullen face make clear that his pleasure has been spoiled. Stanley notices this at once and tries to talk the game into life, raising a great hoopla and throwing as hard as he can. His own face, however, is wooden. Vicente and José are put out too quickly.

The next round commences. Julio appears in the doorway and watches. Vicente yells to him, "Come on man," but Julio shakes his head and mumbles, "No, man." Now Willard suddenly lifts his voice. "Come on, Julio, he won't cheat no more." And Stanley, who is holding the ball, yells, "That's right, chicken! Come on, chicken!" and hurls the ball at Julio, who catches it and hurls it back. Stanley catches it, and screaming, "Come on, chicken! Come on, chicken!" charges up to the line—not an inch over—and throws the ball at Julio again. This time Julio dodges the ball, but he dodges onto the field of play, and José immediately cups his hands at his mouth and yells at Stanley, "Come on, chicken, quawk, quawk, quawk!" and in a moment the game is in full swing.

The three Puerto Ricans, who are masters of derision, flaunt themselves as targets, sticking out their behinds and waving their arms. They cup their hands at their mouths and yell in unison, "Quawk, quawk, quawk, quawk!" Stanley is grinning. He charges up to the line—not stepping over—and shouts, "Buncha chicken over there!" and hurls the ball. Julio dodges the ball, puts his hand at his groin and shouts, "Yeah, man, you want a worm?" Once again the game is merry, obscene, and intense, though I should not say "once again," for the boys are in much better spirits than before. Most important, when the game is over, they leave the gym as one gang talking animatedly back and forth.

My refusal to intervene meant that not only the game was theirs, but the rules of the game as well. And so I was not withholding myself, but was in fact putting myself in relation with something much larger than the game, something the boys had again experienced in other contexts. This larger thing was their independent life in the world. My proper role vis-à-vis their independence was that of an observer and protector, and this was precisely the role I had taken.

The effect of this was to locate all questions of ethics and conduct in the experience itself, that is, in the boys themselves, and not in some figure of authority. The further effect of this important shift in responsibility was that each boy was able to experience the necessary relationship between his own excitement and the code of conduct that joined him to others in a social group. Which is to say that their play—because it was unsupervised—acquired the moral pressures inherent in games, for at bottom this is precisely what morality is: the sense of the necessary relation between self and others, group conduct and individual fulfillment.

The teachers in the First Street School were free to be as good as they might, as flexible, forbearing, and patient as they might; the consideration they showed the children was nothing compared to what the children showed one another. We had a lot of roughnecks. There were many aggressions and insults. The children's patience and forgiveness out-ran them all. Even the older boys, with their well-founded dislike of Willard and Stanley, managed ways of forgiving and forgetting. They were able to maintain the contact essential to the growth of relationships that in themselves are the media of all change. It is obvious that children are obliged to do this.

The decisive contexts of children's lives are always determined by adults. No child chooses his city, his neighborhood, or his block. No child chooses the moment when his family will pack up and go somewhere else. No matter where they are, children need one another. The violent rejections of adult life are luxuries they cannot afford. The important thing is that they do have the ability to take one another into account. They do find ways of resolving their differences. In any other context, these ways would be proverbial. Writing on education, one must point them out: patience, forgiveness, acceptance.

It would be wise to refer to the play of children, too, for a statement of the minimal obligations of any schoo Here again the most ordinary attri butes will serve us: the brightness o the children's faces when they are har at their games, the vivacity of thei voices, the swiftness of their invention the accuracy of their observations.

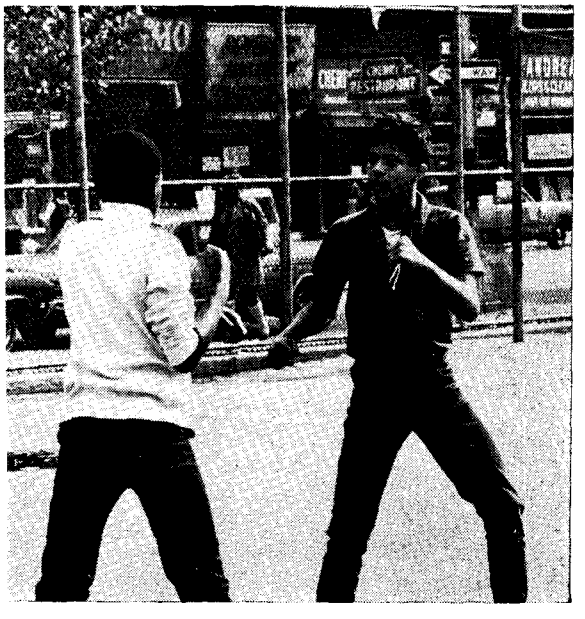
One might speak—without any sen timentality at all—of the *gay intelli gence* of childhood. This is not to dis count the passions and gravity o childhood, or its incidental violence or the fitful opacity which sometime makes children, like animals, seen mysterious; it is only to observe tha once children are in motion amon themselves, the quality of gay intelli gence becomes apparent immediatel and characterizes their games. No on needs to be reminded that this is on of the loveliest of human traits. It ha been a theme of praise in literatur and philosophy, to say nothing of life

We do need to remind ourselves however, that the gay intelligence o childhood is not the product o schools, but of family life and natur and certain of the accumulated experi ences of our culture. It is what we giv to the schools, when we give them ou children. If we were completely at a loss to state the positive goals of edu cation, we might still insist upon a minimal responsibility: do not destro what already exists. If you cannot ad to the intelligence of childhood, a least do not destroy it.

This would be our charge to th schools if we were to put words to ou instinctive hope of life. In my own ex perience, all of the parents I know o school-age children reveal this hope i a negative form, that is, they expres the fear that the schools will brutaliz their children. Nor am I speaking onl of middle-class whites. Negro an Puerto Rican parents experience thi fear in an especially poignant way, fo it is confirmed in short order. Thei children, who like all children attend their first classes eagerly, soon come home with puzzled and anxious faces faces that harden in two or three years into sullen resentment.

No school at all is better than a bad school. Nothing else in the child's environment is capable of such systematic destruction. Yet, no school at all amounts to neglect, for no other provisions have been made.

The more one pursues this thought, the more it becomes apparent that the deeper problems of primary education cannot be solved in the schools. They are the problems of communities. Yet, the idea of planning schools around the lives of parents as well as children—and I do not mean involving parents in their children's activities, or in adult education—is so rarely mentioned that one would suppose it were anathema.



"[Unsupervised play] acquired the moral pressure inherent in games."

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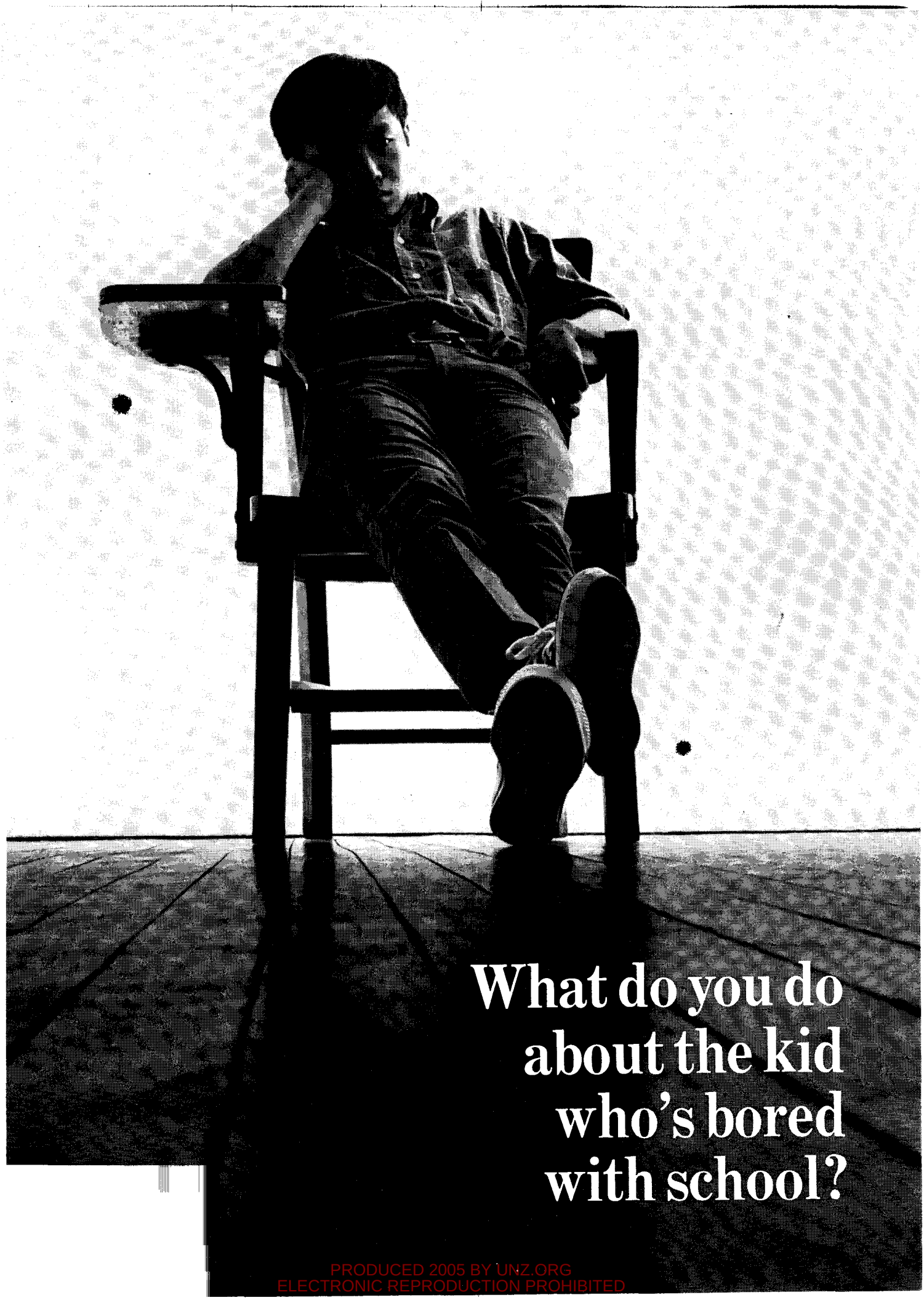

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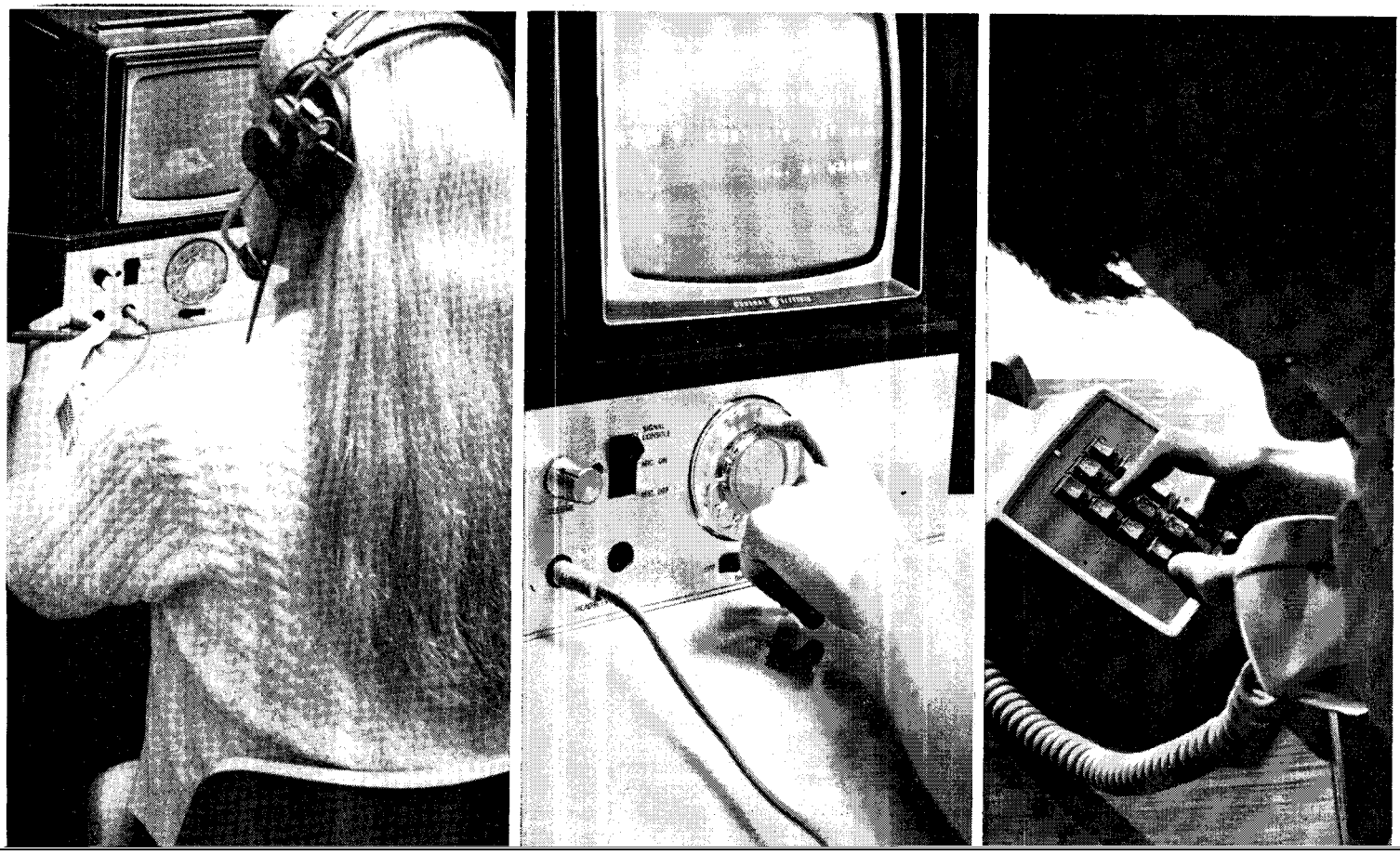

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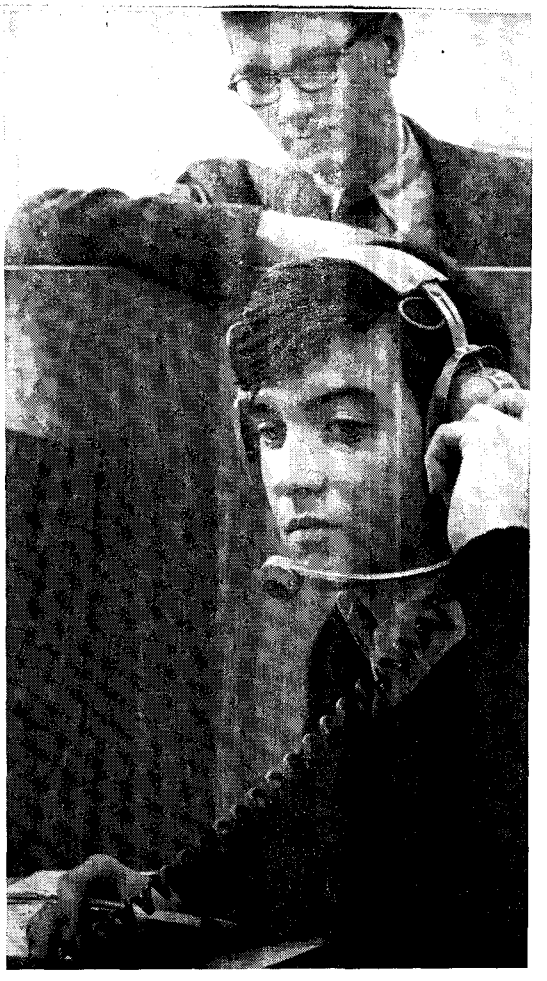

dial the library and request the program desired.

"This material," says William Higgins, Audio Visual Consultant for the Beverly Hills school district, "must be made available to individual students as well as teachers. With our new dial-access systems, students are in a better position than ever before to direct their own learning."

Students at Oak Park and River Forest High School near Chicago have a system that can even be accessed from home by using a Touch-Tone® phone. And, of course, sitting in a learning center, by dialing into the random access system they can select any program that interests them.

How do students react to such innovative, educational technology?

"Every seat in the retrieval center was warm for the five weeks from the time the system was in full operation until summer vacation," reports Ted Johnson, director of the Oak Park project. "That speaks for itself. Students of many ability levels found the system helpful."

Educators are encouraged by the motivational rewards gained through the effective use of educational technology. Now, perhaps, some of those bored students will rejoin the learning process. Your local Bell System educational communications specialist can help you implement your innovative programs that use communications technology.

As Dr. Charles Richter, after several years' experience with individualized teaching in West Hartford, has said: "Most children are never taught how to 'get' an education; they merely receive it. We need to develop generations of young people with a continuous self-motivated passion for learning."

AT&T

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1. *Patterns of Reform*

by WALLACE ROBERTS

The student protest movement of the past five years has forced the nation's colleges and universities to look closely at themselves and to begin to re-evaluate their three major functions: education, research, and service. Ties with military, government, and industrial agencies are undergoing review on many campuses, and the professional academic associations are being forced by young, radical scholars to rethink their purposes and responsibilities. The effect of the disorder on the primary university function, education, has been singular. Higher education as an area of inquiry, which had frequently been considered insubstantial, has been made respectable by its apparent failures. The university has discovered a new liberal art, the study of higher education.

It's a bit like the FBI "discovering" the existence of organized crime only after Joe Valachi testified about the Mafia. For the universities, the significant moment occurred five years ago when Mario Savio stood on the steps of Sproul Hall at Berkeley and defended the Free Speech Movement in terms that characterized the university regents as a corporate board of directors, the faculty as workers, the students as raw material, and the entire process of higher education as dehumanizing, illiberal, irrelevant, and immoral. Worst of all, he was implying that it was boring.

Now, from Harvard to Salem State, from Stanford to Azuza Pacific, the role of the student both as a participant in the process of education and as the object of its intent is receiving widespread attention. Students are sitting on college-wide committees with faculty and administrators, and are wielding varying amounts of power over such matters as curriculum and discipline. Colleges are giving credit for off-campus community work, chipping away at their grading systems, and students are even teaching some courses. Additional faculty-taught courses are being redesigned to cross disciplines or to integrate them; there is more opportunity for independent work; and, in general, there are more valid ways to earn a B.A. than there used to be. The question is whether there are any new or better ways to get an education.

The debate over the formal components of a college education has been going on since the trivium of the medieval university gave us the word trivial, so it's unlikely that a consensus is imminent. Indeed, there are elements to the discussion that give it a cyclical character. For instance, the transition made by the Western university at the end of the nineteenth century, when the classical curriculum was declared irrelevant after a 200-year dispute and was supplemented and modified largely by science and social studies, makes the current argument over relevance seem to be an involuted echo. In the age of industrialization, science *was* relevant, especially in the utility-conscious New World, and so it earned a place for itself in the undergraduate curriculum. Many critics are now saying that science has had its day of unrestrained growth, that it has done much but has failed (as should have been expected) to free men from their human limitations, and that the humanities and social studies have withdrawn from the subjectivity of man to the sterile objectivity of pedantry and have become debating societies for Neo-Scholasticism. Therefore, fundamental change is imperative.

But change, fundamental or otherwise, is a difficult phenomenon to perceive when one is in the midst of it. A study just published by Columbia University's Institute of Higher Education at Teachers College, and entitled *Innovation in Liberal Arts Colleges,* concludes, "Great changes in higher education are in progress. . . . With the great influx of students, with the entry of both the government and large industrial concerns into the field, and with the many new media available, changes are taking place at a very rapid rate."

The Teachers College study asked colleges to check off from a list sent to them which "innovative practices" existed at their schools. Using the more objective technique of comparing college catalogues and a stricter definition of innovation, the American Council on Education reported earlier this year in *Undergraduate Curriculum Trends* the findings of an extensive inquiry into curriculum changes between 1957 and 1967. It concluded that:

> Despite all the talk about innovation, undergraduate curricular requirements, as a whole, have changed remarkably little in ten years. . . . In many cases, the minor changes in requirements, amounting to no more than a reshuffling of credits, can only be characterized as tinkering. . . . It is also clear that innovation is relative. One institution claims as innovation what others are discarding. . . . Most of what passes as innovation is not really new. . . . The significant area for innovation lies in rethinking the total undergraduate program in an attempt to restore unity and relevance. The evidence on such activity is discouraging; there is too little of it.

(*Continued on page* 95)

The Berkeley Free Speech Movement set off waves not only of protest but also of university self-evaluation of the process of education.

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2. The Case for Radical Change

by HOWARD ZINN

It is time that we scholars began to earn our keep in this world. Thanks to a gullible public, we have been honored, flattered, even paid, for producing the largest number of inconsequential studies in the history of civilization: tens of thousands of articles, books, monographs; millions of term papers; enough lectures to deafen the gods. Like politicians we have thrived on public innocence, with this difference: the politicians are paid for caring, when they really don't; we are paid for not caring, when we really do.

Occasionally, we emerge from the library stacks to sign a petition or deliver a speech, then return to produce even more of inconsequence. We are accustomed to keeping our social commitment extracurricular and our scholarly work safely neutral. We were the first to learn that awe and honor greet those who have flown off into space while people suffer on earth.

If this accusation seems harsh, read the titles of doctoral dissertations published in the past twenty years, and the pages of the leading scholarly journals for the same period, alongside the lists of war dead, the figures on per capita income in Latin America, the autobiography of Malcolm X. We publish while others perish.

The gap between the products of scholarly activity and the needs of a troubled world could be borne with some equanimity as long as the nation seemed to be solving its problems. And for most of our history, this seemed to be the case. We had a race question, but we "solved" it: by a war to end slavery, and by papering over the continued degradation of the black population with laws and rhetoric. Wealth was not distributed equitably, but the New Deal, and then war orders, kept that problem under control—or at least, out of sight. There was turmoil in the world, but we were always at the periphery; the European imperial powers did the nasty work, while we nibbled at the edges of their empires (except in Latin America where our firm control was disguised by a fatherly sounding Monroe Doctrine, and the pose of a Good Neighbor).

None of those solutions is working anymore. The Black Power revolt, the festering of cities beyond our control, the rebellion of students against the Vietnam war and the draft—all indicate that the United States has run out of time, space, and rhetoric. The liberal artifacts that represented our farthest reaches toward reform—the Fourteenth Amendment, New Deal welfare legislation, the U.N. Charter—are not enough. Revolutionary changes are required in social policy.

The trouble is, we don't know how to make such a revolution. There is no precedent for it in an advanced industrial society where power and wealth are highly concentrated in government, corporations, and the military, while the rest of us have pieces of that fragmented power political scientists are pleased to call "pluralism." We have voices, and even votes, but not the means—more crassly, the power—to turn either domestic or foreign policy in completely new directions.

That is why the knowledge industry (the universities, colleges, schools, representing directly $65-billion of the national spending each year) is so important. Knowledge is a form of power. True, force is the most direct form of power, and government has a monopoly on that (as Max Weber once pointed out). But in modern times, when social control rests on "the consent of the governed," force is kept in abeyance for emergencies, and everyday control is exercised by a set of rules, a fabric of values passed on from one generation to another by the priests and the teachers of the society. What we call the rise of democracy in the world means that force is replaced by deception (a blunt way of saying "education") as the chief method for keeping society as it is.

This makes knowledge important, because although it cannot confront force directly, it can counteract the deception that makes the government's force legitimate. And the knowledge industry, which directly reaches seven million young people in colleges and universities, thus becomes a vital and sensitive locus of power. That power can be used, as it was traditionally, to maintain the status quo, or (as is being demanded by the student rebels) to change it.

Those who command more obvious forms of power (political control and wealth) try also to commandeer knowledge. Industry entices some of the most agile minds for executive posts in business. Government lures others for more glamorous special jobs: physicists to work on H-bombs; biologists to work on what we might call, for want of a better name, the field of communicable disease; chemists to work on nerve gas (like that which killed 6,000 sheep in Utah); political scientists to work on counter-insurgency warfare; historians to sit in a room in the White House and wait for a phone call to let them know when history is being made so they may record it. And sometimes one's field doesn't matter. War is interdisciplinary.

Most knowledge is not directly bought, however. It can also serve the purpose of social stability in another way—by being squandered on trivia. Thus, the university becomes a playpen in which the society invites its favored children to play—and gives them toys and prizes to keep them out of trouble. For instance, we might note an article in a leading journal of political science not long ago, dealing with the effects of *Hurricane Betsy* on the mayoralty election in New Orleans. Or, a team of social psychologists (armed with a fat government grant) may move right into the ghetto (surely the scholar is getting relevant here) and discover two important facts from its extensive, sophisticated research: that black people in the ghetto are poor, and that they have family difficulties.

I am touching a sensitive nerve in the academy now: am I trying to ob-

"Scholars [should] begin to turn their intellectual energies to the [pressing] problems of our time."

HOWARD ZINN is a professor of government at Boston University.

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literate all scholarship except the immediately relevant? No, it is a matter of proportion. The erection of new skyscraper office buildings is not offensive in itself, but it becomes lamentable alongside the continued existence of ghetto slums. It was not wrong for the Association of Asian Studies at its last annual meeting to discuss some problems of the Ming Dynasty and a battery of similarly remote topics, but *no* session of the dozens at the meeting dealt with Vietnam.

Aside from trivial or esoteric inquiry, knowledge is also dissipated on pretentious conceptualizing in the social sciences. A catch phrase can become a stimulus for endless academic discussion, and for the proliferation of debates that go nowhere into the real world, only round and round in ever smaller circles of scholarly discourse. Schemes and models and systems are invented that have the air of profundity and that advance careers, but hardly anything else.

We should not be surprised then at the volatile demonstrations for black studies programs, or for the creation of new student-run courses based on radical critiques of American society. Students demanding relevance in scholarship have been joined by professors dissenting at the annual ceremonials called Scholarly Meetings: at the American Philosophical Association, a resolution denouncing U.S. policy in Vietnam; at the American Political Science Association, a new caucus making radical changes in the program; at the American Historical Association, a successful campaign removing the 1968 meeting from Chicago to protest Mayor Daley's hooliganism; at the Modern Language Association, the election of a young, radical English teacher as president.

Still we are troubled, because the new urgency to use our heads for good purposes gets tangled in a cluster of beliefs so stuck, fungus-like, to the scholar, that even the most activist of us cannot cleanly extricate ourselves. These beliefs are roughly expressed by the phrases "disinterested scholarship," "dispassionate learning," "objective study," "scientific method"—all adding up to the fear that using our intelligence to further our moral ends is somehow improper. And so we mostly remain subservient to the beliefs of the profession although they violate our deepest feelings as human beings, although we suspect that the traditional neutrality of the scholar is a disservice to the very ideals we teach about as history, and a betrayal of the victims of an unneutral world.

It may, therefore, be worthwhile to examine the arguments for "disinterested, neutral, scientific, objective" scholarship. If there is to be a revolution in the uses of knowledge to correspond to the revolution in society, it will have to begin by challenging the rules that sustain the wasting of knowledge. Let me cite a number of them, and argue briefly for new approaches.

Rule 1: *Carry on "disinterested scholarship."* (In one hour's reading some weeks ago I came across three such exhortations, using just that phrase: in an essay by Walter Lippmann; in the Columbia University Commencement Address of Richard Hofstadter; in an article by Daniel Bell, appearing, ironically in a magazine called *The Public Interest*.) The call is naïve, because there are powerful interests already at work in the academy, with varying degrees of self-consciousness.

There is the Establishment of political power and corporate wealth, whose interest is that the universities produce people who will fit into existing niches in the social structure rather than try to change the structure. We always knew our educational system "socialized" people, but we never worried about this, because we assumed our social norms were worth perpetuating. Now, and rightly, we are beginning to doubt this. There is the interest of the educational bureaucracy in maintaining itself: its endowment, its buildings, its positions (both honorific and material), its steady growth along orthodox lines. These larger interests are internalized in the motivations of the scholar: promotion, tenure, higher salaries, prestige—all of which are best secured by innovating in prescribed directions.

All of these interests operate, not through any conspiratorial decision but through the mechanism of a well-oiled system, just as the irrationality of the economic system operates not through any devilish plot but through the mechanism of the profit motive and the market, and as the same kinds of political decisions reproduce themselves in Congress year after year.

No one *intends* exactly what happens. They just follow the normal rules of the game. Similarly with education; hence the need to challenge these rules that quietly lead the scholar toward trivia, pretentiousness, orotundity, and the production of objects: books, degrees, buildings, research projects, dead knowledge. (Emerson is still right: "*Things* are in the saddle, and ride mankind.")

There is no question then of a "disinterested" university, only a question about what kinds of interests the university will serve. There are fundamental humanistic interests—above any particular class, party, nation, ideology—that I believe the university should consciously serve. I assume this is what we mean when we speak (however we act) of fostering certain "values" in education.

The university should unashamedly declare that its interest is in eliminating war, poverty, race and national hatred, governmental restrictions on individual freedom, and in fostering a spirit of cooperation and concern in the generation growing up. It should *not* serve the interests of particular nations or parties or religions or political dogmas. Ironically, the university

(*Continued on page* 94)

Harvard professor George Wald during last April's strike. In March, he criticized the misuse of scientific knowledge, saying, "Our business is with life, not death."

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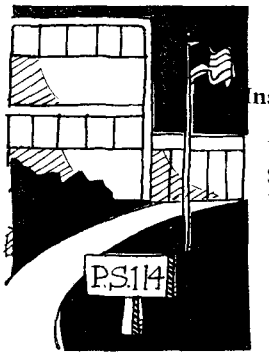
The Magnitude of the American Educational Establishment (1969-70)

More than sixty-one million Americans are engaged full-time as students, teachers, or administrators in the nation's educational enterprise. Another 132,000 make education a time-consuming avocation as trustees of local school systems, state boards of education, or institutions of higher learning. The breakdown is given here:



Institutions

Elementary	88,556
Secondary	31,203
Universities, Colleges, and Junior Colleges	2,483
Total	122,242

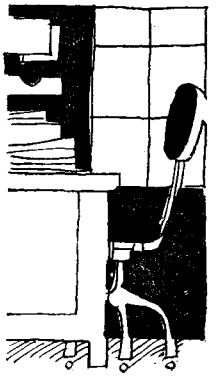
School Districts 20,440

Students

Pupils in Elementary Schools (Kindergarten through eighth grade)	
Public Schools	32,600,000
Nonpublic (Private and Parochial)	4,300,000
Total	36,900,000
Secondary School Students	
Public High Schools	13,200,000
Nonpublic	1,400,000
Total	14,600,000
College and University full- and part-time students enrolled for credit toward degrees	
Public Institutions	5,100,000
Nonpublic	2,000,000
Total	7,100,000
Total Students Enrolled	58,600,000

Teachers

Elementary School Teachers	
Public	1,099,000
Nonpublic	152,000
Secondary School Teachers	
Public	904,000
Nonpublic	88,000
College and University Teachers	
Public	344,000
Nonpublic	188,000
Total	2,775,000

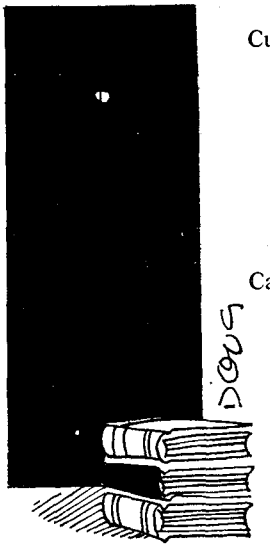


Administrators and Supervisors

Superintendents of Schools	13,106
Principals and Supervisors	119,365
College and University Presidents	2,483
Other College Administrative and Service Staff	82,000
Total	216,954

Board Members

Local School Board Members	106,806
State Board Members	500
College and University Trustees	25,000
Total	132,306



Cost (in billions)

Current Expenditures and Interest	
Elementary and Secondary Schools	
Public	$32.7
Nonpublic	3.8
Higher	
Public	12.0
Nonpublic	7.7
Capital Outlay	
Elementary and Secondary Schools	
Public	$4.9
Nonpublic	0.6
Higher	
Public	2.6
Nonpublic	0.4
Total	$64.7

Figures are based on latest available estimates from the U.S. Office of Education and the National Education Association.

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Schools Make News

Study-Service Abroad

A UNIQUE PROGRAM combining traditional study abroad with a period of Peace Corps-type service in a developing country was initiated a year ago by Goshen College, a small (1,100 students) Mennonite institution in Goshen, Indiana. Under the program every student, in the course of his college career, will spend a fourteen-week trimester in one of the cooperating Caribbean countries: Costa Rica, Guadeloupe, Haiti, Honduras, Jamaica, or Nicaragua. All live with native families during their stay abroad, which is divided into two seven-week periods. The first period is devoted to intensive study of the host nation's language and culture, the second to service with a local social welfare agency such as a school, hospital, or day-care center.

Groups of fifteen to twenty-five students are sent to each of the host nations, accompanied by a regular Goshen faculty member who acts as guide, mentor, facilitator, and intermediary with the country's nationals. During the first seven-week period students may find their housing scattered widely within a city or around an island, but their studies are concentrated at a single university, secondary school, or language center. During the period of service, however, they are likely to be more widely scattered in both urban and rural areas—and therefore much more on their own.

Inspiration for the program grew out of the traditional Mennonite concept of service, as well as a conviction that "traditional education was becoming obsolete as a means of preparing students for a meaningful life." The result is an attempt to make education "a process of self-realization and self-fulfillment, as well as the accumulation of facts," by giving the student "a shock-immersion in a foreign culture." (The possibility of a modified study-service program in an urban center is now being explored.)

The first year of operation has brought unexpected dividends. During the past summer, thirty-six members of Costa Rican host families paid the Goshen campus a ten-day visit, and students from the Caribbean countries are beginning to enroll at the college. Some Goshen students are also making plans to return to the Caribbean for more extended periods of service—in some cases changing their study plans to do so before graduation.

Still to be determined is the effect that wide student experience in the program will have on the quiet, conservative, church-oriented campus where smoking, drinking, and dancing (except folk dancing) are forbidden. College officials, however, accept the inevitability of change, and appear unperturbed about the direction it may take.

Quest for Academic Relevance

THE GROWING CONCERN of college students for domestic social issues, coupled with a declining interest in international problems, is sparking an upswing in enrollment in the social sciences. At Princeton, for instance, enrollment in all social sciences has risen by 61.1 per cent during the past five years, while the sciences are down 13.1 per cent, and humanities have dropped 17.5 per cent.

Particularly dramatic is the "stampede to sociology courses," according to Laurence B. Chase in the Summer 1969 issue of *University: A Princeton Quarterly*. In the spring of 1965, only four of Princeton's 800 seniors concentrated in sociology, and during that academic year just 475 students enrolled in all sociology courses offered by the university. In contrast, during the 1968-69 academic year, almost 500 signed up for one single-semester sociology course, enrollment in all courses in the department was nearly 1,500, and eighty-four sophomores chose sociology as their major—the largest number in any department of the university. Similar, though less startling, increases are reported on other campuses around the country.

"Sociology has always had large enrollments in public institutions, and in large urban universities," observes Marvin Bressler, acting chairman of Princeton's Department of Sociology. They have come "from two major sources: women, presumably because it appealed to their sense of compassion; and people who were going to work in the bureaucracies of misery—social workers, teachers of the disadvantaged, and so on." But, he adds, "the subject didn't have much appeal to the patrician elements in the 'elite' colleges."

Now, however, things have changed, according to Professor Bressler, and "the children of the aristocracy have discovered the poor and their social problems. It has become possible on a campus like this . . . to retain not only caste but to pick up moral points by showing your great concern for the disinherited and dispossessed."

The question remains whether the new student interest will endure, or will prove to be merely an academic fad. Another Princeton sociologist, Marion J. Levy, Jr., has grave reservations about the capacity of sociology to satisfy the student desire for relevance. "Right now," he says, "international affairs have become markedly less popular; there's been an enormous swing of interest toward domestic problems: how to clean up the cities, reduce pollution, do things about the ghetto, and so on—matters about which sociologists are supposed to have highly relevant things to say. I think one disgrace of the field is that, given as many people as we have concentrated in those specialities, we have so very little to contribute. We haven't

A Goshen girl in a Costa Rican school.

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predicted any riots, we haven't come up with any good ideas about what to do about them; we didn't even predict the rise in popularity of our own sociology department."

But Bressler is inclined to disagree. He believes the social problems that have sparked student interest in the field are likely to continue, and, as a result, the "stampede" of students will not abate. "One might say," he observes wryly, "that what's bad for the country is good for sociology."

More Light, Less Heat

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING in education is a subject that has stimulated wide interest, volumes of both popular and scholarly analysis, and considerable heartburn among schoolmen. Far too many discussions of the issues generate more heat than light, or get mired in the literary barbed wire of technical analysis. A welcome departure is a new thirty-minute color film, *A Whisper of Dissent: Collective Negotiations in Education*. Narrated by Chet Huntley, and produced by I/D/E/A, an affiliate of the Charles F. Kettering Foundation (Suite 300, 5335 Far Hills Avenue, Dayton, Ohio 45429), the film's objectives are modest, but most valuable. It is designed to present "the teacher's plight, the administrator's dilemma, and the school board's quandary," as a prelude to discussion of the thorny issues involved by both professionals and interested laymen. In addition to effective presentation of the position of each contending party, the film offers relevant statements by both public and professional figures who have been involved in highly charged and widely publicized teacher strikes. The film does not attempt to provide answers, but it is very effective in defining the questions that all interested parties must face.

Something for Everyone

BUSINESS AND EDUCATION, which have enjoyed a checkered relationship as partners and adversaries over the years, have joined in an unusual effort that is just coming to fruition in Philadelphia. Several years ago, the Friends Select School, an independent Quaker, kindergarten-through-twelfth-grade institution, located in the heart of the city, needed to modernize and expand its physical facilities. The alternatives were to rebuild the school on its existing site, or to sell its valuable inner-city campus and move to a suburban location. Because the school's student body represented a cross section of the community, with about a third of the students coming from within a mile of the campus, the directors felt a strong obligation to remain in the area.

The Pennwalt building (left) and the new Friends School.

Meanwhile, the Pennwalt Corporation, a diversified manufacturing concern, was exploring the possibilities of constructing a downtown office building—or the alternative of moving to the suburbs. The common interests of the two institutions became known, and they worked out a cooperative venture. On the strength of a ninety-nine-year lease on the land Pennwalt required for its twenty-story office building, the school was able to secure financing for its new, enlarged, and completely up-to-date physical plant on the remainder of the former campus.

The school moved into its new home last spring. The Pennwalt building will be completed in a few weeks. Everyone is happy, including the city—for the land occupied by the office building has been returned to the city tax rolls.

Guaranteed Learning

"ACCOUNTABILITY" in education—holding the school responsible for the student's education, and not him or his parents or his environment—is about to be tested on a large scale in a unique experiment in the twin cities of Texarkana on the Arkansas–Texas border.

Using a contractor from private industry, the project will apply the long-established business practice of "performance criteria"—paying only for results that meet specifications set in advance and penalizing the contractor for failure to meet the performance guarantees stated in the contract.

Last month, the two school districts involved in the experiment selected Dorsett Education Systems of Norman, Oklahoma, to bring the reading and mathematics skills of potential dropouts up to grade level. Dorsett outbid ten other firms, including some of the giants of the educational technology business, such as RCA, McGraw-Hill, and Macmillan. The companies were free to submit any plan they wanted, as long as teacher costs were kept low, and this requirement made the project a challenge for many of the companies in educational technology that have generally found school systems reluctant to purchase their systems.

Dorsett claims it can raise the ability of a student who is two or three grades below normal in achievement tests by one grade in eight weeks. If it can, it will be paid about $80 per student; if it fails, it will have to pay a cash penalty. If the results are achieved in a shorter amount of time, the company receives a bonus. The students are to be retested after six months, and if their retention rates do not meet specifications, Dorsett will be penalized. An independent project manager will be hired by the school systems to do the testing.

Initially the project will involve a total of 150 students in six junior and senior high schools in the two districts; a third district is expected to join the experiment shortly, and it eventually will include about 400 youngsters, including some in elementary schools. The project was scheduled to begin about October 15 with the opening of four "accelerated learning achievement centers," to which the students will be bused for two-hour sessions each day.

The program was created by the joint efforts of Leon Lessinger, associate U.S. commissioner of elementary and secondary education; Edward Price, the Texarkana school superintendent; and the Institute of Politics and Planning, a Washington management consultant firm; it is funded entirely by the U.S. Office of Education for five years at an estimated cost of $3-million.

They Said It

PRESIDENT KINGMAN BREWSTER, addressing Yale's first coed freshman class: "The two things most obviously on everyone's mind this opening day of Yale College in 1969 are women and campus violence. I do not equate or even relate the two. I am very much for the former and very much against the latter."

MICHIGAN'S Governor William G. Milliken, proposing to abolish local school support and to substitute a uniform statewide property tax: "I believe we must have reform from the highest level of state authority to the individual classroom. I'm ready to fight for reform and the children of this state. Acceptance of our recommendations means that every child in Michigan—regardless of wealth, social position, or geographic location—will have a fair opportunity to learn the things he will need to know as a free man.

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

" 'The drugged world serves as a barometer of human society—an indicator of social illness and a warning of an approaching storm. The storm is mounting.' "

Drugs and the Generation Gap

NOTHING MORE CLEARLY illustrates the gulf between today's youth and the older generation than the difference in attitude toward the use of illicit and exotic drugs. To many parents the word "drug" conjures up visions of an opium addict for whom all hope is lost. Even when their sons and daughters point out that alcohol, nicotine, and aspirin are also drugs, and that nearly all drugs have their uses as well as their dangers, the fear remains that anyone who experiments even with marijuana will come to no good end.

Though the fear is exaggerated, it is not entirely without basis, because while only a small percentage of marijuana users graduate to addictive drugs, such as heroin and morphine, many enter a shadowy world in which LSD and the amphetamines are easily available and in which their illegality is not a deterrent to use since all the laws made by the Establishment for the protection of the young are held in contempt. Most of those who have examined the evidence agree that the known risks to health and emotional stability from the occasional use of marijuana alone are not great. There is some evidence of an "anti-motivational" syndrome on the part of persistent users, but even if this were more clearly demonstrated it would have little effect on the many smokers of pot who doubt that motivation is a virtue.

The initial reaction to LSD and the amphetamines is more dramatic, and the potential danger greater, but there is ample evidence that awareness of a drug's potential harmfulness to health does not substantially reduce its use. Anyone who can read has become aware in recent years that cigarette smoking increases the probability of early death from diseases of the heart and lungs, but cigarette sales have declined only slightly. Everyone knows that those who drink regularly run the risk of becoming alcoholics, yet millions of Americans willingly run the risk. Consequently, it seems futile to hope that young people will be dissuaded from the use of exotic drugs by the knowledge of possible danger to health.

Although the use of many drugs is prohibited by law, the statistical probability of arrest and imprisonment is too small to be an effective deterrent. On a campus where a thousand or more students are using marijuana it is unlikely that even as many as a half dozen will be arrested. One reason for this is the excessive penalties provided under existing laws; neither college administrators nor the courts like to see a young man or woman sent to prison for five or ten years for smoking marijuana. Students' knowledge of this fact contributes to their conviction that the older generation is hypocritical, and that laws are unevenly and unjustly enforced.

Legislators and other citizens who want more information about drugs before taking social or legal action will find much of what they need in a two volume report of a study undertaken by Richard H. Blum and several associates. Their study was made possible by grants from the National Institute of Mental Health and was conducted in cooperation with the Pharmacology Service Center for Drug Use of the Institute. Blum is a psychologist; his associates are sociologists, anthropologists, medical specialists including psychiatrists, and deans of students.

Volume I, *Society and Drugs* (Jossey-Bass, 400 pp.), provides the historical and social background, while Volume II, *Students and Drugs* (Jossey-Bass, 399 pp.), focuses on the campus scene. The fact that the set is priced at $25 suggests that the publisher does not anticipate a large sale. This is unfortunate, because the information presented in these books ought to be widely available.

The first volume provides a comprehensive history of the use of drugs throughout the world with a chapter devoted to each of the major categories: alcohol, opium, cannabis, tobacco, stimulants, and hallucinogens. The barbiturates are mentioned only in a footnote in which the authors say of them, "Their history is modern, their use widespread, their ill effects well documented. Their epidemiology has yet to be written." The aphrodisiacs, or drugs said to have aphrodisiac qualities, are ignored.

Blum reports evidence of the use of alcohol in the form of beer and berry wine by neolithic cultures as early as 6400 B.C. "From its beginnings," he says, "alcohol appears to have been a favorite drug and in its competition with other psychoactive substances is maintaining its preferential position. . . . Although alcohol is the drug most widely abused it is, nevertheless, used safely and acceptably by the majority of those employing it. This suggests that with it, as with most other drugs in widespread use, human beings generally can handle mind-altering experiences rather well. There are, of course, those who cannot—upwards of 7 per cent in our own society."

Opium, which also has a long history —at least 4,000 and possibly 6,000 years —was used in Sumer and Egypt long before it reached China, and was known to the Mycenaeans and the Swiss lake dwellers. But heroin, the opium derivative most widely used in the United States because it is more easily smuggled, is of recent origin. *Cannabis sativa,* also called marijuana or Indian hemp, and known to today's users as "pot" or "grass," grows wild in a great variety of soils and climates and has been used (often in the more concentrated form of hashish) for well over 2,000 years. Though grown only

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illegally in the United States it is cultivated as a cash crop in India, Nepal, Ceylon, Mexico, and parts of Africa. It has been used as a part of the religious rituals of many cultures. "By 1100 A.D.," says Blum, "hemp had earned a bad reputation in association with the Assassins. . . . Claims that it leads to dangerous behavior have continued to present times, although evidence now as then is slim indeed."

The synthetic stimulants are of recent origin. Of the amphetamines, Blum says, "Prodigious quantities have been manufactured. 'Epidemics' of use center among the fifteen-to-thirty age group in Japan, Sweden, England, and the United States—four of the most technically advanced nations." Although he finds no evidence that moderate use leads to ill effects, he says, "some who take amphetamines in excessive doses do suffer toxic reactions, while others taking them on a chronic basis show dependency."

The hallucinogens discussed include LSD, DMT, mescaline, peyote, psilocybin, mandrake, and a mushroom called "fly agaric." The history of these cannot be clearly documented though it is known that peyote has been used ritualistically for centuries in Mexico where it was probably known to the Aztecs. The mandrake root is mentioned in Genesis, and by the Greeks and Romans, while LSD has only recently been synthesized. Of these drugs the authors say, "Because hallucinogens do involve profound personal and social experiences for large numbers of users, as well as profound worries on the part of others who observe them, they provide—along with other substances which take on strong symbolic functions, such as cannabis—an opportunity not just for epidemiological study but, through that study, an insight into the cleavage of values and personal stresses in any society where their abuse is argued."

The history is followed by chapters presenting a world view of drugs as they are used today, a discussion of normal uses, a commentary on the relationship of drugs to crime, a discussion of legislative efforts to control the use of drugs, and the mythology associated with drugs. Joel Fort, who writes the chapter on the world view, says, "The abuse of mind-altering drugs is an important social and health problem in all geographical areas of the world and most countries. . . . The drug(ged) world serves as a barometer of human society—an indicator of underlying social illness and a warning of an existing and approaching social storm. The storm is mounting."

As for crime, Blum concludes, "There is no question that drug use does occur in association with accidents and criminality. Strong doubts do exist about the role of drugs as being sufficient in 'causing' crime; but it is likely that drug use influences the kinds of crime committed. On the other hand, there is little question that drugs do play direct roles in accidents; alcohol is the acknowledged villain. Drugs also play a direct role in suicide."

In the final chapter of the first volume, John Weakland offers a sympathetic discussion of the hippies as a drug-using subculture, in which he predicts, "As in every generation, some of the young will be lost and some will find a new and different life, but these will be few. The majority will rejoin society, changed and matured a bit, but, for the most part, only older."

In the second volume, Blum and his associates report the results of their investigation of drug usage among students in five Western colleges and universities, and in four California high schools. The evidence confirms the widespread conviction that illicit drug usage is rapidly becoming a part of student life and that for a substantial and growing number it begins in high school or even earlier. "What we see now," says Blum, "is a rapidly increasing tempo. While it took approximately ten years, by our estimate, for experimentation and use to shift from the older intellectual-artistic groups to graduate students, it took only an estimated five years to catch on among undergraduates, only two or three years to move to a significant number of high school students, and then, within no more than two years to move to upper elementary grades—although we have no sound data as yet on the numbers involved in the elementary schools."

What kind of students are most likely to use drugs? The figures given regarding family income, social class, and academic grades for users and nonusers do not provide a definitive answer to the question. Students from high-income families report the greatest amount of usage of all drugs except the opiates, which are used most frequently by students from the *lowest* income bracket, but students from all kinds of homes use drugs. Users make about the same academic grades as nonusers—there is no evidence here to support the view that it is the brightest students who "turn on."

The evidence from a comparison of student ideologies, life-style interviews, and student diaries is somewhat more illuminating. Drug users are more likely than nonusers to feel that they have suffered family trauma, but they do not report a wider variety of disillusioning experiences. There is "often an overlap between drug use and left-wing commitment" and yet those who are most deeply committed to political action avoid excessive use, apparently because they know that heavy and frequent users become too preoccupied with their own problems to be concerned with social issues. Students with religious affiliations consistently report less drug experience than those without religious commitment.

Although a chapter on psychiatric problems offers many examples of panic, psychotic episodes, and suicide following the use of drugs, the author, James Paulsen, refuses to view these with alarm. He concludes, "Psychedelic drugs *make evident* what already exists within the human mind, whether it be suicide or creation, hate or love, apathy or productivity. It is imperative that these drugs . . . be controlled and utilized, if appropriate, by professionally trained and competent individuals." He does not say where the millions of young people now using drugs can find competent, professionally trained individuals to advise them as to when, and for whom, the drugs are appropriate. It seems obvious that most of the present users do not have access to such advice.

In an epilogue, Blum concludes: "Implicit in much that we have said is the prediction that student drug use will continue to expand and that as these students grow older, many forms of drug use now considered deviant or dangerous will become part of what otherwise respectable adults do." But though his attitude toward the expanding use of drugs can best be described as complacent, Blum is alarmed by the social dangers from repressive measures. He says, "Whether or not marijuana and LSD use remains illegal and severely punishable will make quite a difference in how adults use their drugs—in secrecy or openly. . . . The gradualist assumption is that laws and law enforcement will be liberalized to accommodate the new social reality. The agnostic alternative is that traditional forces will not give way, especially because of the link between student drug use, on the one hand, and left-wing politics, on the other. If that proves to be the case, one must accept an intensification of conflict between the left and the right, an exaggeration of repression and rebellion in which drugs would be but a small issue compared with the overwhelming intensity of conflict between associated social and political forces. The American scene today clearly reveals these antagonistic forces."

The dilemma that confronts us is frightening. The present laws are not being enforced and cannot be enforced. Blum is quite correct in saying, "Most universities must ignore discreet il-

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licit drug use on campus or be forced into painful policing of the sort which would arouse new antagonism between students and authorities and which would, if it were to result in the arrest of all students actually using such drugs, cut campus populations—at least in some areas—in half." Unenforceable laws lead to disrespect for all law, and the fact that the laws are made by older people and ignored by the young widens the generation gap.

But eliminating the prohibitive laws —which seems to be what the authors are proposing—would only give rise to new problems. Even if the psychedelics alone were legalized, the new law would almost certainly establish a minimal age limit for their use; any legislator who proposed to make it legal for boys and girls of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen to buy such drugs over the counter without a prescription could not hope to hold office for long. If the age were set at twenty-one, or even at eighteen, many of those now using the drugs would still be denied the right to use them legally, and discrimination on an age basis might intensify the conflict instead of easing it.

Except in the case of those who are clearly addictive, we still have insufficient evidence to say with confidence which drugs pose serious dangers to individuals or to society. On the basis of present evidence it seems obvious that the present penalties for the possession and use of marijuana are much too severe, but those who proclaim that any drug is harmless might do well to recall that a generation ago many of us insisted that it had not been proved that tobacco was harmful; while waiting for persuasive evidence of danger, many members of the now older generation prepared themselves for early death from lung cancer. Today, we are ignorant of the long-range effect of persistent use of the newly synthesized drugs. Whether or not LSD causes changes in the chromosomes is still being debated by geneticists, but, while we wait for positive proof, it is entirely possible that those who are using the drug may be damaging future generations.

It is true that almost every society that has ever existed has used one or two drugs but ours is the first to use *all* the drugs—stimulants, depressants, narcotics, and the hallucinogens, including many newly synthesized ones not known to previous generations or other cultures. No one has enough evidence to predict the outcome. Anyone who wishes to propose remedial action, and particularly the legislator who has it within his power to make and change the laws, should be fortified with the kind of evidence presented in these books. But he must draw his own conclusions.

Is It That Bad?

THE UNDERACHIEVING SCHOOL
by John Holt

Pitman Publishing, 209 pp., $4.95

"Let me not mince words," writes John Holt in his latest book. "Almost all educators feel that testing is a necessary part of education. I wholly disagree."

The best thing about John Holt's writing is that he *never* minces words. Mr. Holt wastes no time in the pursuit of elegant theories, nor is he particularly interested in underlying causes. He sees villainy in our schools, and he goes after it with the fury of a betrayed lover and the relentless advocacy of a prosecuting attorney. In his earlier books, *How Children Fail* and *How Children Learn*, Holt revealed himself as an exquisite observer and sympathetic teacher, as well as an educational reformer. *The Underachieving School*, a collection of his shorter writings, is devoted almost entirely to advocacy.

Holt stands for the child and against the school in its present form. If this sounds like oversimplification, let it be noted that Holt finds the solutions to our educational problems to be, for the most part, not only simple, but obvious. He is against testing, grading, the present fixed curriculum, ability grouping, compulsory school attendance, credential requirements, "instruction," and anything else that divorces learning from living. He is for children learning "what they want to learn when they want to learn it, and how they want to learn it, learning for their own curiosity and not at somebody else's order." He cites A. S. Neill's argument that the business of education is chiefly creating happy people, and warns that mankind's present destructive capacity makes the argument "not frivolous and sentimental, but in the highest degree serious, weighty, and to the point." From this conviction, he voices his hopes for a schooling of unprecedented freedom and joy.

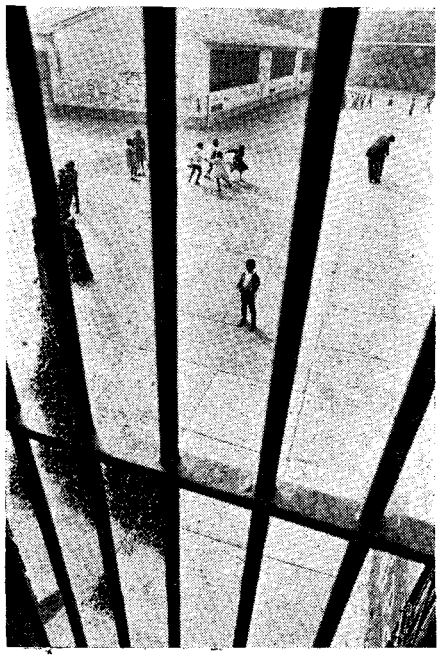
Still, Holt is at his best when he lets fly at current educational practices. His book title is itself a tip-off, especially for anyone who has overheard certain educators discussing some poor, unknowing child they have had the insolence to pigeonhole as "an underachiever." "Susan is a nice little creature, but . . . well (tsk, tsk), I guess she's just an underachiever." We may now conjure up John Holt, soft of voice but thunderous of outrage: "Not the underachieving *child*—the underachieving *school*!" Do not mistake this author for an ironist. Irony requires psychic distance; Holt operates at minimum range:

"It is time for our schools to get themselves, or us to get them, out of the jail business. . . . (Compulsory attendance laws) must be challenged in the courts.

"Long before they reach college, many children are putting in a seventy-hour week—or more. Children have not worked such long hours since the early and brutal days of the Industrial Revolution.

"Most (classroom) discussions are pretty phony, anyway."

Two chapters of *The Underachieving School* deal with the Piaget-type demonstrations that keep cropping up on educational television and in the writings of Jerome Bruner et al. You know—a five-year-old is shown two equal beakers filled to the same level with water. The contents of one is poured into a tall, thin beaker. Sure enough, the child is fooled: he says the tall beaker has more water in it than the short one. From this, we are supposed to learn something profound



"[Holt] sees villainy in schools and goes after it with [a] fury."

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about the process of learning. According to Holt, what we are really learning (beyond how to demean a child while appearing pompous in the process) is a profound lesson in the limitation of language. Indeed, educators who assume that education must be confined almost entirely to the manipulation of words and other symbols may well be numbered among the enemies of significant school improvement. Holt argues that the New Curriculum reformers and those who follow more traditional methods are essentially the same: "Both groups are trying to plant strings of words in childrens' heads." Like many other reformers in many other fields, these reformers are simply trying to get people to exchange one verbal game for another. The child, the living human being, is quite ignored. Perhaps true reform will question the game itself, returning language and all symbolic manipulation to its place of honor within (not apart and "above") the rich context of sensing, feeling, acting, and being. If we move toward such a reform, Holt insists that we not ignore one excellent guide, the child.

How obvious it is beginning to seem: so much of education is devoted to trapping each child in a particular and limiting perceptual and conceptual net; our schools often succeed best in rigidifying thought and feeling (i.e., *stopping* learning); even humane, well-meaning teachers often find themselves diminishing their students for the sake of "order" that no longer makes any sense at all. The scales fall from our eyes. Lights flash on the switchboard.

Why the awakening? Perhaps it is the new mobility, the new communications, the appearance in paperback of the cultural relativists, science fiction and fact, the revolution of rising expectations, affluence, leisure, the omnipresent atom that forces us up against those ultimate questions about human destiny that had fallen out of fashion. Perhaps, after all, we *are* making the clumsy, uneasy, dangerous, and exhilarating transition into a new age.

In any case, these are strange times, and we can be thankful for the forthright, unshakable passion of a John Holt. *The Underachieving School* validates the urgent need for educational change. It is especially useful for parents who are worried about what is happening to their children in school, but who keep asking themselves: "It couldn't be *that* bad, could it?" Read John Holt. It is.

George B. Leonard

George B. Leonard is the West Coast editor of "Look" magazine and author of "Education and Ecstasy."

COLLEGE CONFIDENTIAL

by Lawrence Handel
Trident Press, 318 pp., $5.95

THE IVY LEAGUE GUIDEBOOK

by Andrew Tobias, Arnold Bortz, and Caspar Weinberger
Macmillan, 175 pp., $6.95

PROSPECTIVE COLLEGE students face an increasingly complex task—at several levels—in selecting the institution of their choice. Yesterday's high school senior selected a school because some member of his family had attended it, or because of what he had learned about its academic standing and reputation. But today's senior, graced with a new freedom, affluence, and jet-age mobility, has a much wider range of choices and a wealth of significant new factors to consider.

Where, for example, do weekend beer parties cost as much as $15,000? In what "polite girls' school" are marijuana joints as common as ballpoint pens? Where are the most active chapters of SDS?

Two new college guides, Lawrence Handel's *College Confidential* and *The Ivy League Guidebook* by Andrew Tobias, Arnold Bortz, and Caspar Weinberger, claim to provide the answers to these and other vital questions. Both are written by young people for young people; both are contemporary, amusing, caustic, and generally informative. Neither is an ordinary college manual: Both offer the basic data about colleges necessary to select a school, but they also offer more. Equally if not more important to today's sophisticated student as SAT scores or prestigious names, is the ambience of a university—that mixture of academic, political, and social characteristics that make it what it is.

Lawrence Handel, a '61 graduate of City College of New York, gives a thumbnail sketch of almost 200 colleges across the nation and offers advice on everything from admissions to "How to Make Her." His blunt comments will no doubt send shudders through school administrators and parents alike. To get into college, one seemingly needs Metternich's Realpolitik and as many forms as Proteus. Parents, admissions officers, and counselors are all playing a game with set rules, and the only way to beat the system is to join it. The right college depends upon a student's personality and life style; when the student chooses a college, he should choose an environment. ("If you like long vacations, go to Michigan. If you are used to an active sex life, don't go to Dartmouth.")

School records are important; an upward grade trend looks nice, and that's what is important, how it looks. Counsels Handel: "Should you be doing particularly bad in a course, be sure to tell your teacher that if he flunks you he'll be responsible for sending you to Vietnam. Many teachers (especially younger ones) are prone to serious guilt feelings. Make them suffer." Above all, when with the admissions officer, remember which college you're being interviewed for; beware such slips as, "I sure am impressed with the campus here at Yale, I mean Harvard."

Handel's description of the colleges themselves is no less pointed. Go to Baylor if you're Baptist; it has the distinction of having the "largest and strongest volunteer worship service on any college campus." There are polite girls' schools such as Beaver in Reading, Pennsylvania, which is "a school for expectant wives." And Briarcliff, which goes well with Princeton or Yale in a *New York Times* announcement, is a place where "very few are not familiar with Bergdorf's . . . and where it takes money to feel at home." But through the sarcasm, there is perception and even at times, a wistful note or two which make the book apt and important. "The Vermont mountains," he says, "are hardly a center of the kind of odd, fascinating experiences and herds of interesting men that Bennington girls thrive on. But maybe it's easier to be conscious of your own uniqueness in a vacuum. For some, the rest of life is merely an extended Non-Resident Term."

The Ivy League Guidebook is a more detailed, less staccato affair than *College Confidential*. Written by three recent Harvard graduates, the *Guidebook* is a detailed profile of life on the eight Ivy League campuses. Quips are not rapid-fire, but their presence can be sharply felt. For example: the men of Brown, the "Quiet Campus" located in Providence (which ranks somewhere "between Dubuque and Newark for excitement"), assume that any "long-haired, sandaled, grotesquely dressed creatures are from Rhode Island School of Design or from Harvard." The eccentric in the league is Cornell, where only 20 per cent of the student body attended prep schools, where courses range from the "Care and Feeding of Cattle" to "Twentieth-Century Negro Literature," and where many varsity athletes are studying to be hotel managers. There is also, of course, the University of Pennsylvania, where one of the three courses not to be missed is Abnormal Psychology 24 (popularly: "Nuts and Sluts").

The book succeeds markedly in making the differences between the eight

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schools come clear to the reader. It outlines academic requirements, library facilities, housing accommodations, and grading systems. Many of the schools now allow one course per semester to be taken on a pass-fail basis, and at Yale, under the imaginative leadership of Kingman Brewster, all numerical grades have been replaced by the pass-fail grading system, on the premise that curiosity is a better motivator than threats. Yale distribution requirements have also been abolished, and there is an optional five-year B.A. program in which students can take a year off to work.

The two books are not merely lists of colleges with specific analyses. Each devotes major chapters to campus life in general—the football weekends, the fraternity image, the intellectual questioning, and the plethora of reading that can't possibly be done.

There are, for example, two ways to pass an exam. Handel recommends cramming:

> Most of your neuroses will come to the fore during exam week. But have faith. Everyone in the world isn't out to get you; no, you are not a giant kangaroo. In order to cram, you have to accept the fact that every day has twenty-four productive hours. Sleep is for the weak. Do what you were supposed to be doing all semester. Read and memorize, read and memorize, read and . . . WAKE UP! Use whatever memorizing devices you can come up with (like associating names with foul words). . . . And think what it will be like in Vietnam.

This sounds familiar. How many resolves have been made during that week to get organized and study harder next semester, but the effects are short-lived: cramming is a way of life. The second shortcut to avoid doing the reading is to write an entertaining blue-book. (Imagine if you had to grade all the nineteenth-century American history exams.) Professors are more likely to reward the imaginative though rather lazy student than the conscientious but boring. People have been known to go through college knowing only three subjects well and applying different material to various courses. Authors Tobias et al publish an all-purpose answer to a Greek art exam. They also think there is room in this field for some enterprising student to write a book entitled: *100 Vacuous Answers to Any Essay Questions: C- Or Your Money Back.*

The drug scene is squarely faced. Cornell is upstate New York's source, Harvard is the most freaked out, and Skidmore's college catalogue sternly warns against the use of pot or other hallucinogenic drugs.

A touring English playwright, as quoted by the *Guidebook*, judged Harvard: "A haven for rich Communist homosexuals who attack young virgins." And yes, the point of the book is that there is social diversity at all eight Ivy schools. The strong preppie contingent and the Final Clubs at Harvard clash with an active SDS chapter and a growing hippie colony. The antagonism among its parts makes for an exciting scene. More and more students are leaving tradition to find their own individuality. At Princeton the eating clubs, still the center of social life, are under pressure to eliminate the selectivity of "bicker." Last year, students boycotted the clubs, causing the university to step in to provide financial support. Except for probably the most exclusive, it appears the clubs will go the way of Harvard's Houses or Yale's Colleges, open to all on an equal basis. Moreover, as coeducation comes to such campuses as Yale and Princeton, and as the hippie encroaches upon the preppie realm, dating patterns will change. Instead of a mob of boys at the bus stop on Friday afternoons, waiting for their weekend charges, girls will just naturally be there. Socializing is part of the hippies' life style. They don't compartmentalize girls into Saturday nights, but share daily interests and activities with them.

Needless to say student protest abounds — ranging from complaints about cafeteria food to the Vietnam war. The *Ivy League Guidebook* states that political activists are in a minority in Ivy schools, but they find many supporters from nonactive students and faculty. At Columbia, Harvard, and Yale, dissatisfaction with the Establishment and with the noise, competition, and freneticism of the conventional mixer has been expressed in a new way: WARMTH. WARMTH is a room where people go to do what they like —a place where you can actually talk to someone, or where "artists paint the walls, friends attempt nonverbal communication sessions, run electric trains—anything." At Columbia, WARMTH runs a farm so that rural students will feel at home. It's all part of finding your thing, a facet of college experience underscored by both books.

Susan Boyer

Susan Boyer is an editorial assistant with SR's Education Supplement.

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RUN, COMPUTER, RUN: The Mythology of Educational Innovation

by Anthony G. Oettinger, with the collaboration of Sema Marks

Harvard University Press, 302 pp., $5.95

IT WAS INEVITABLE that someone would come along and attempt to cut through the fog of hoopla that has surrounded educational technology these past few years. Someone had to douse the growing passion for educational innovation among some school people with the cold water of rational analysis. Someone had to stand up and boldly say, "Look! The Emperor has no clothes!"

This lively essay by Anthony G. Oettinger, professor of linguistics and applied mathematics at Harvard University, written with the collaboration of Sema Marks, a doctoral candidate at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, takes aim at the "mythology" of educational innovation and technology and makes several direct hits.

Oettinger effectively takes to task the hucksters of educational technology, particularly for their contribution to the confusion between present capabilities and ultimate potential. The author identifies the rhetoric of these publicists as being the product of the quest for funding from government agencies that are under pressure to demonstrate results. Moreover, Oettinger sees the educational innovators as being self-deluded victims of their own propaganda.

The book is especially incisive in its treatment of the notion that systems analysis can contribute significantly to the solution of education's major problems. This facile assumption, arrogantly made by systems analysts who have applied these techniques to the solution of problems in the defense and space programs, is laid bare as a piece of shoddy thinking. Oettinger points out that systems analysis can be applied effectively to only a relatively small class of simple systems; that even the claims made for it in the highly quantifiable fields of defense and space have been exaggerated. Most important, he writes, the conditions that make systems analysis a useful technique are notably absent in our educational system: It is not independent enough of other systems; it does not have well-developed research and design tools; and its objectives aren't explicit enough.

Oettinger also considers some other characteristics of our schools that tend to make them inhospitable to innovation in general and technology in particular. There is, he says, a lack of professionalism among teachers, a deadening bureaucratic atmosphere, a fundamental antipathy to machines (and therefore to technology), and an apparent limitation on the resources available for education both now and in the future.

Oettinger argues that if the schools are not ready for technology, neither is technology ready for the schools. Defined as hardware, technology is both too expensive and too unreliable for effective use in schools. Oettinger provides some distressing comparisons of school budgets and equipment costs, as well as instances of unreliability of equipment ranging from simple slide projectors to complex computers.

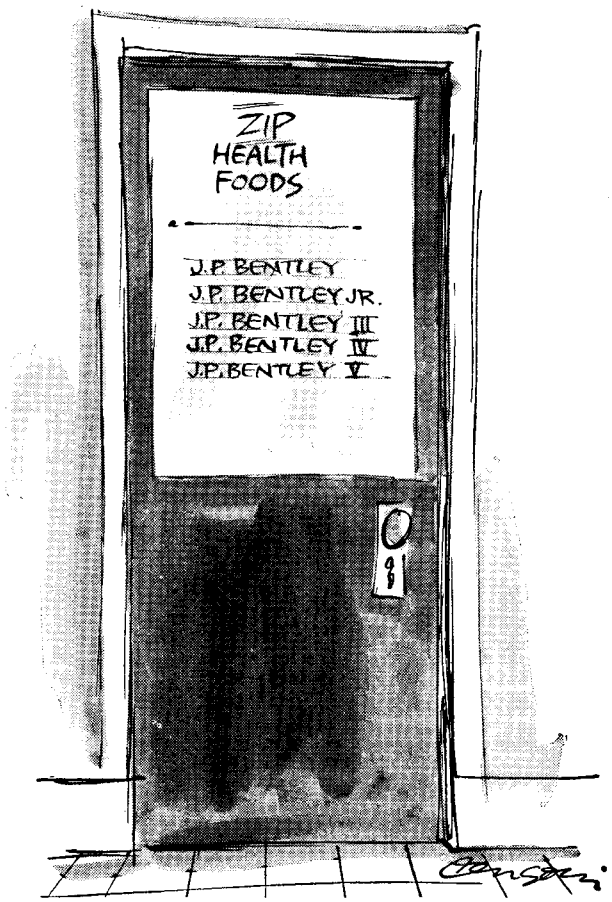
Defined as process, technology again is found wanting. Our knowledge about how learning takes place is inadequate to provide a theoretical basis for solving the problems of instruction, and even if we did have the requisite knowledge, the environments in which education takes place lack the human and institutional resources that would be needed to apply such knowledge.

All of this is written with an aggressive and even hostile wit and with a style and verve that have not been typical of the jargon-laden discussions of educational technology that characterize the literature in this field. *Run, Computer, Run* is a polemic more reminiscent of the political and literary essays of the intellectual avant-garde than of the measured and generally rational work of the scholarly community. This is, in no small degree, what makes the book so interesting. This is also what makes it inadequate.

Oettinger's polemical style is just right for deflating some of the overblown and pompous claims that have been made in the name of educational technology in recent years. Unfortunately, this same style tends to obscure the promising developments that have taken place and to muddy the waters on the substantive issues that merit the kind of discussion and debate that might lead to finding solutions rather than exchanging recriminations. The irony of it all is that Oettinger seems as much a captive of his own rhetoric as do the drumbeaters of educational technology whom he devastates in this book.

So anxious is he to make his case against the exaggerated claims that have been made that he tends to smear both worthless and the worthwhile with the same broad brush of acid disapproval. The people responsible for careful, long-range experimentation, such as the work in individualized instruction at the Oakleaf School near Pittsburgh, are hardly distinguished from the people responsible for the corporate image-building advertisements that lead the public to believe that computer-assisted instruction is about to become an operational reality in innovative schools.

Part of Oettinger's indignation and



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pessimism about educational technology stems from the fact that he is a self-confessed reformed visionary. Here is an innovative technologist who dreamed about solving the problems of education before he had taken the trouble to examine firsthand what those problems were. Oettinger dipped his intellectual ladle into the stew that is American education, took a few sips, and turned up his nose in disapproval upon discovering that it is not boeuf bourguignon.

Thus, the book is a mixture of some fresh and irreverent viewpoints and extraordinary naïveté about our schools, a fair amount of intellectual snobbery, laced throughout with the mark of the amateur, if not the dilettante. Oettinger's sweeping generalizations are based on a very small sampling of real schools and educational experiments. He seriously underestimates the significant changes that have taken place in our schools in the past decade, and, therefore, he underestimates the capacity of our schools to change. He dismisses what is known about the psychology of learning as being largely without usefulness in education, although he gives no evidence of having any broad knowledge of learning theory; instead, he cites a report written for the Navy, presumably by two psychologists, who take this debatable position.

In the end, Oettinger turns out to be a good old-fashioned naysayer. He expresses his "nays" with humor and great zest, but these welcome qualities do not mask the absence of any substantial constructive alternative in his critique. Even when he is finally prepared to risk a generalization about what should be done, he manages to hedge his advice.

"We must encourage as much diversity as possible—as many paths, as many different outlooks, as many different experiments, as many different initiatives as we can afford once the demands of education have been balanced against those of other needs of our society," he concludes after previously exhorting us to ". . . follow through in depth with a small number of distinct alternatives." In other words, we should do more with less, or less with more, or perhaps both.

Nowhere are the weaknesses of this book more apparent than in its final chapter in which Oettinger summarizes what is wrong and what should be done about it. He rejects the possibility of solutions coming from the people now involved: systems analysts, technologically illiterate educators, ill-prepared and underpaid teachers, academic curriculum reformers, passive industrial designers, and hypocritical professors of education.

What should be done? Oettinger urges us to support promising ideas longer than we do now, to support more risk-taking, to share risks and responsibilities among all partners in the educational enterprise, to chart our course by human judgment rather than by formula, and to follow through in depth with a small number of diverse alternatives. All of which is a mishmash of pious platitudes and red herrings. He has dismissed the promising ideas (except his own), knocked the risk-takers, implied inaccurately that change is now being charted by some unidentified formula, and contradicted his own call for as much diversity as possible.

To conclude that the reform of American education will need better ideas, better people, and more money after one has rejected all of the ideas and people in education and convinced oneself that more money is simply not available represents either an extraordinary achievement in glibness or a massive failure in logic. *Run, Computer, Run* abounds in instances of both.

A more balanced book on educational innovation might have punctured many of the same balloons without running the risk, as this book unfortunately does, of discouraging new experimentation. That our schools need to change seems to be an incontestable proposition. That we do not have definitive answers to questions about how they should change and by what means is an unfortunate but stubborn fact of life. We cannot wait until the people, the process, the institutions, the devices, and the money all fit neatly into an elegant algorithm for innovation before we attempt any change, because that would freeze our schools exactly where they are. This is why *Run, Computer, Run,* in spite of the progressive sounds it makes, finally comes across as an implicit defense of the status quo, which is obviously not Oettinger's intent. One can only hope that Oettinger will sustain his interest in educational technology and will move on to more constructive work in this field.

David Engler

David Engler is group vice president for instructional technology at the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

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New Books

Utopias and Education, *by Howard Ozmon (Burgess Publishing Company, 157 pp., $3.75),* is a disarmingly straightforward explanation of learning in brave new worlds conceived by Plato, More, Bellamy, Huxley, Skinner, and others. Together with his prefatory essays, Ozmon's helpful introduction distinguishes clearly between speculative and satirical utopias. They also illustrate many meanings of "utopia"—high ideal, for instance, or practical possibility, belief in progress, or intellectual exercise. Brief readings further whet the appetite for source writings. This uncomplicated thematic treatment of an important educational topic will furnish perspective for some of today's more fanciful yearnings for educational panaceas.

Teaching Black Children to Read, *edited by Joan C. Baratz and Roger W. Shuy (Center for Applied Linguistics, 219 pp., $5),* arrives as number four in a series of research works dealing with the place of language in big cities. The focus here is literacy, and the principal contention that accepting a black child's own language structure is the soundest basis for building reading skills. Contributions range from dialectology to reading materials. William A. Stewart's final paper on the use of Negro dialect in reading instruction recommends "facing up to the data" that, Stewart asserts, indicate that Negro dialect can help span the gap separating black experience from "mainstream language skills." A very helpful book for metropolitan educators.

Homer Lane and The Little Commonwealth, *by E. T. Bazeley (Schocken Books Inc., 200 pp., $1.95),* and **Talks to Parents and Teachers,** *by Homer Lane (Schocken Books Inc., 197 pp., $1.95),* are reprints from the late Twenties after Lane's classroom permissiveness and Freudian theory had guided the Dorset institution for young delinquents through five gratifying years. A staff member, Miss Bazeley sketches the origins and inner workings of the Commonwealth itself, offering numerous close-ups of "citizen" inmates who responded favorably to opportunities for self-expression. Her book closes with the report of a committee charged with presenting reasons for the reform school's closure under intimations of irregularities. Lane's own work, with an up-to-date objective introduction by A. S. Neill of Summerhill fame, lays out the New Englander's views on developmental stages and the possibil-

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ities of student self-government, even in correctional settings. Both works reflect a naïve belief in the power of the humanitarian *in loco parentis* to effect near-instant changes of heart and character. But in its presentation of early educational experimentation, each volume merits present-day reconsideration.

Problems of School Men in Depressed Urban Centers, *edited by Arliss L. Roaden (College of Education, Ohio State University, 112 pp., $2.50),* appears as a classic in its own right, despite the four and one-half years separating genesis from publication. Setting a stiff pace are Jack R. Frymier's vigorous reminder that teachers are the key ingredient to any teaching situation and Kenneth B. Clark's now-familiar thesis that assumption of cultural inferiority can be the most "insidious human obstacle" blocking the education of lower-status children. Companion pieces by Robert J. Havighurst, A. Harry Passow, Miriam D. Goldberg, David L. Clark, and Samuel Shepard, Jr., make up a most worthwhile summary of a productive seminar.

A Brief History of Canadian Education, *by F. Henry Johnson (McGraw Hill of Canada, 216 pp., $3.25),* proffers the historical overview of one of Canada's most respected educational historians. Arguing that Canada's fundamental biculturalism dictates an educational principal of unity in diversity, Professor Johnson deals with early school establishment, schools and post-confederation nation building, and current trends and challenges as revealed through provincial and national commissions. Institutional in its topical selection, this succinct treatment will prove a valuable adjunct to currently available resources on the subject.

Reforming American Education: The Innovative Approach to Improving Our Schools and Colleges, *by Alvin C. Eurich (Harper and Row, 269 pp., $6.50),* offers a "wide-angle view" of present problems and paths to future solutions. Though stylistically polemical, the book does report on some interesting experimental programs in teacher training and technology, as well as cite the gamut of commentators from Montaigne and Comenius to Bruner, Conant, and Cremin. A chapter on twenty-first century higher education chats (perhaps a little too assuredly) about sea-grant colleges, computers, national goals, electronic tapes, and so forth. But on the whole, here is a forthright call to action by a distinguished educator. —JOHN CALAM.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 31: step, pets, pest.

Letters to the Education Editor

To Be Continued

DR. URIE BRONFENBRENNER'S critique of *The Children of the Dream* in "The Dream of the Kibbutz" [*SR*, Sept. 20] and his outline of the course planned for some future study of kibbutz life are much appreciated.

First, there is my high regard for Dr. Bronfenbrenner and the discipline he represents. (I became aware of these qualities on coming to Merrill-Palmer Institute soon after he had left it for Cornell.) Secondly, my own observations in Israel make me strongly cautious about drawing generalized conclusions without adequate, careful study and documentation.

While it may be true that basic structures of scheduling and arrangements are quite similar in many kibbutzim, there is no question but that other factors such as familial and cultural backgrounds, religiosity, and political ideals make for significant differences—not only between kibbutzim, but even between families on a given kibbutz and, indeed, even between individual kibbutzniks.

These considerations not only make the need for such basics as controls essential, they also indicate the vastness of the field for research.

RUTHE SUBAR,
Rochester, N.Y.

It's Still a Good Job

ALTHOUGH IT'S true U.S. Commissioner of Education James E. Allen, Jr. came to Washington for less money than he was earning in New York, he got a much better arrangement than his distinguished predecessor, thanks to President Johnson's salary-raising efforts, and President Nixon's elevation of the job to the rank of assistant secretary. As a result, Dr. Allen's salary is $38,000, not the $27,500 mentioned in "Cool Man In a Hot Seat" [*SR*, Sept. 20].

In addition to the prerogatives of rank, he also has the chance to hire assistants at a higher rank and salary. He announced July 17 the creation of two jobs at the deputy assistant secretary rank, which would be in the $33,495 range.

FRANK SKINNER,
Editor, *Higher Education and National Affairs,*
American Council on Education,
Washington, D.C.

First Things First

IN THE EDITORIAL "Tax Reform and Education" [*SR*, Sept. 20], James Cass expressed serious concern that private support to colleges might be hurt by pending tax legislation. It seems to me that more important concern might be voiced by pushing for legislation favorable to private citizens with college-age children, and also for teachers.

There is a serious need to offer tax relief to low- and middle-income families who cannot now deduct legitimate college expenses on their income tax forms.

Teachers, too, need considerable support from the new tax legislation. Teachers' salaries, of course, are usually dependent on communities already overburdened with tax problems.

Those communities could be aided if teachers, as an occupational group, would be granted a government subsidy in the form of a tax reduction. Such an annual subsidy would have the effect of granting a yearly salary increase to teachers with the total bill shared by local and federal government.

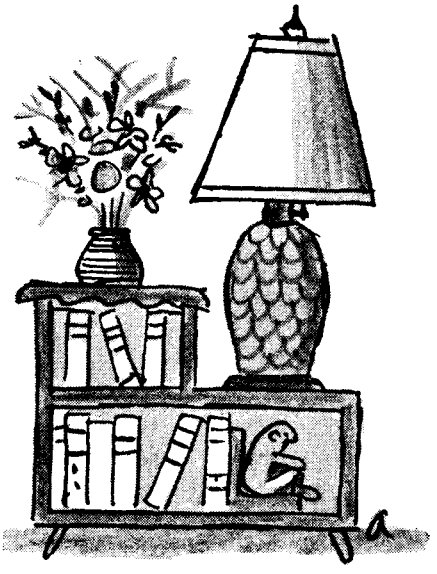
EUGENE E. GLANTZ,
New York, N.Y.

Shaking the Gloom

NEAR THE END of Peter Schrag's "Gloom at the Top" [*SR*, Aug. 16], he says: "There is no general idea of culture in America at this moment; we are living in a no man's land labeled 'the generation gap' which gives its educational system no cues—other than unprincipled conformity—to follow." This statement provoked me to search for some general philosophy for our high schools to follow.

Why could it not be the joint undertaking of educators and students to begin to explore the most urgent problems of our times, face up to the need for change, study the means whereby change has been accomplished in the past, distinguish between change that can be rapid and change that requires some period of development, and thus build a basis for the further education of the students and for their eventual participation as adult citizens? *Of course* the young students do not have specific answers to the sharp questions they raise. But instead of downgrading their protests because they offer no solutions, why not accept the themes as a focus for study in many fields?

HELENE D. STONEMAN,
Belmont, Mass.



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Radical Change

Continued from page 82

has often served narrow governmental, military, or business interests, and yet withheld support from larger, transcendental values, on the ground that it needed to maintain neutrality.

Rule 2: *Be objective.* The myth of "objectivity" in teaching and scholarship is based on a common confusion. If to be objective is to be scrupulously careful about reporting accurately what one sees, then of course this is laudable. But accuracy is only a prerequisite. Whether a metalsmith uses reliable measuring instruments is a prerequisite for doing good work, but does not answer the crucial question: will he now forge a sword or a plowshare with his instruments? That the metalsmith has determined in advance that he prefers a plowshare does not require him to distort his measurements. That the scholar has decided he prefers peace to war does not require him to distort his facts.

Too many scholars abjure a starting set of values, because they fail to make the proper distinction between an ultimate set of values and the instruments needed to obtain them. The values may well be subjective (derived from human needs); but the instruments must be objective (accurate). Our values should determine the questions we ask in scholarly inquiry, but not the answers.

Rule 3: *Stick to your discipline.* Specialization has become as absurdly extreme in the educational world as in the medical world. One no longer is a specialist in American government, but in Congress, or the Presidency, or pressure groups: a historian is a "colonialist" or an "early national period" man. This is natural when education is divorced from the promotion of values. To work on a real problem (such as how to eliminate poverty in a nation producing $800-billion worth of wealth each year), one would have to follow that problem across many disciplinary lines without qualm, dealing with historical materials, economic theories, political problems. Specialization insures that one cannot follow a problem through from start to finish. It ensures the functioning in the academy of the system's dictum: divide and rule.

Another kind of scholarly segregation serves to keep those in the university from dealing with urgent social problems: that which divorces fact from theory. We learn the ideas of the great philosophers and poets in one part of our educational experience. In the other part, we prepare to take our place in the real occupational world. In political science, for instance, a political theorist discusses transcendental visions of the good society; someone else presents factual descriptions of present governments. But no one deals with both the *is* and the *ought*; if they did, they would have to deal with how to get from here to there, from the present reality to the poetic vision. Note how little work is done in political science on the tactics of social change. Both student and teacher deal with theory and reality in separate courses; the compartmentalization safely neutralizes them.

It is time to recall Rousseau: "We have physicists, geometricians, chemists, astronomers, poets, musicians, and painters in plenty, but we have no longer a citizen among us."

Rule 4: *To be "scientific" requires neutrality.* This is a misconception of how science works, both in fact and in purpose. Scientists *do* have values, but they decided on these so long ago that we have forgotten them; they aim to save human life, to extend human control over the environment for the happiness of men and women. This is the tacit assumption behind scientific work, and a physiologist would be astonished if someone suggested that he starts from a neutral position as regards life or death, health or sickness. Somehow the social scientists have not yet got around to accepting openly that their aim is to keep people alive, to distribute equitably the resources of the earth, to widen the areas of human freedom, and therefore to direct their efforts toward these ends.

The claim that social science is "different," because its instruments are tainted with subjectivity, ignores the new discoveries in the hard sciences: that the very fact of observation distorts the measurement of the physicist, and what he sees depends on his position in space. The physical sciences do not talk about certainty anymore, but rather about "probability"; while the probabilities may be higher for them than in the social sciences, both fields are dealing with elusive data.

Rule 5: *A scholar must, in order to be "rational," avoid "emotionalism."* (I know one man in Asian studies who was told by university administrators that the articles he wrote upon his return from Vietnam were too "emotional.") True, emotion can distort. But it can also enhance. If one of the functions of the scholar is accurate description, then it is impossible to describe a war both unemotionally and accurately at the same time. And if the special competence of the mind is in enabling us to perceive what is outside our own limited experience, that competence is furthered, that perception sharpened, by emotion. Even a large dose of emotionalism in the description of slavery would merely begin to convey accurately to a white college

"A thing of beauty—and a joy until planned obsolescence does its work."

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student what slavery was like for the black man.

Thus, exactly from the standpoint of what intellect is supposed to do for us—to extend the boundaries of our understanding—the "cool, rational, unemotional" approach fails. For too long, white Americans were emotionally separated from what the Negro suffered in this country by cold, and therefore inadequate, historical description. War and violence, divested of their brutality by the prosaic quality of the printed page, became tolerable to the young. (True, the poem and the novel were read in the English classes, but these were neatly separated from the history and government classes.) Reason, to be accurate, must be supplemented by emotion, as Reinhold Niebuhr once reminded us.

Refusing, then, to let ourselves be bound by traditional notions of disinterestedness, objectivity, scientific procedure, rationality—what kinds of work can scholars do, in deliberate unneutral pursuit of a more livable world? Am I urging Orwellian control of scholarly activities? Not at all. I am, rather suggesting that scholars, on their own, reconsider the rules by which they have worked, and begin to turn their intellectual energies to the urgent problems of our time. The true task of education, Alfred North Whitehead cautioned, is to abjure stale knowledge. "Knowledge does not keep any better than fish," he said. We need to keep it alive, vital, potent.

Specifically, we might use our scholarly time and energy to sharpen the perceptions of the complacent by exposing those facts that any society tends to hide about itself: the facts about wealth and poverty, about tyranny in both communist and capitalist states, about lies told by politicians, the mass media, the church, popular leaders. We need to expose fallacious logic, spurious analogies, deceptive slogans, and those intoxicating symbols that drive people to murder (the flag, communism, capitalism, freedom). We need to dig beneath the abstractions so our fellow citizens can make judgments on the particular realities beneath political rhetoric. We need to expose inconsistencies and double standards. In short, we need to become the critics of the culture, rather than its apologists and perpetuators.

The university is especially gifted for such a task. Although obviously not remote from the pressures of business and military and politicians, it has just that margin of leeway, just that tradition of truth-telling (however violated in practice) that can enable it to become a spokesman for change.

This will require holding up before society forgotten visions, lost utopias, unfulfilled dreams—badly needed in this age of cynicism. Those outside the university who might act for change are deterred by pessimism. A bit of historical perspective, some recapitulation of the experience of social movements in other times, other places, while not wholly cheering, can at least suggest possibilities.

Along with inspirational visions, we will need specific schemes for accomplishing important purposes, which can then be laid before the groups that can use them. Let the economists work out a plan for free food, instead of advising the Federal Reserve Board on interest rates. Let the political scientists work out insurgency tactics for the poor, rather than counter-insurgency tactics for the military. Let the historians instruct us or inspire us, from the data of the past, rather than amusing us, boring us, or deceiving us. Let the scientists figure out and lay before the public plans on how to make autos safe, cities beautiful, air pure. Let all social scientists work on modes of change instead of merely describing the world that is, so that we can make the necessary revolutionary alterations with the least disorder.

I am not sure what a revolution in the academy will look like, any more than I know what a revolution in the society will look like. I doubt that it will take the form of some great cataclysmic event. More likely, it will be a process, with periods of tumult and of quiet, in which we will, here and there, by ones and twos and tens, create pockets of concern inside old institutions, transforming them from within. There is no great day of reckoning to work toward. Rather, we must begin *now* to liberate those patches of ground on which we stand—in our classrooms, in our studies—to "vote" for a new world (as Thoreau suggested) with our whole selves all the time, rather than in moments carefully selected by others.

Thus, we will be acting out the beliefs that always moved us as humans but rarely as scholars. To do that, we will need to defy the professional mythology that has kept us on the tracks of custom, our eyes averted (except for moments of charity) from the cruelty on all sides. We will be taking seriously for the first time the words of the great poets and philosophers whom we loved to quote but not to emulate. We will be doing this, not in the interest of the rich and powerful, or in behalf of our own careers, but for those who have never had a chance to read poetry or study philosophy, who so far have had to strive alone just to stay warm in winter, to stay alive through the calls for war.

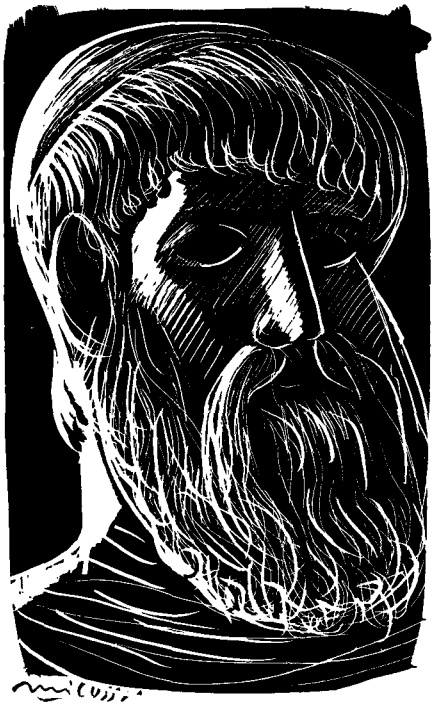
Patterns of Reform

Continued from page 80

The first major attempt at rethinking even a part of the undergraduate program was the "The Muscatine Report," *Education at Berkeley,* a faculty study that was done after the first year of protest and that deals almost exclusively with procedural rather than curricular questions. It was closely followed by several other, more comprehensive studies, including Daniel Bell's analysis of the Columbia curriculum, *The Reforming of General Education;* Swarthmore's *Critique of a College;* Stanford's *The Study of Education: Report to the University;* and the sophisticated, student-written *Draft of a Working Paper for Education at Brown University.*

More general approaches to the subject have been developed by Franklin Patterson and Charles Longworth in *The Making of a College,* a planning paper for Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts, and by Harold Taylor in *Students Without Teachers,* among others. There are also literally hundreds of pamphlets on topics from the most particular to the most general sprouting from every conceivable interest group and faction. Finally, there are new colleges that are trying unusual ideas they have not yet completely articulated. These include Old Westbury, an experimental college in the New York State university system, and Federal City College, an open enrollment school in Washington, D. C., primarily for lower-class Negroes.

Several sets of basic assumptions support all the attempts to define the



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idea of a liberal arts education. Not all of these assumptions are identical with each approach to the subject, but generally the pattern is that education is good because the pursuit of knowledge is a desirable end itself, and that learning the processes of acquiring knowledge gives the student the ability or tools to do what he wants, to find out who he is, what he is, and where he fits into the scheme of things. Supporting these assumptions are the propositions that the younger generation has something to learn from the older generation, and that the objective presentation of selected sections of knowledge will "educate" students.

Radical and liberal critics of the academy (in contrast to the revolutionaries) tend to focus most of their criticism on the supplementary propositions. They maintain that yes, the younger generation has something to learn from the older generation, but the younger generation not only has something to teach the older generation, the students are learning a great deal more about the world through such informal means of education as the mass media than in earlier years. Furthermore, the standard selections of knowledge presented to students are not suited to their needs, value neutrality is a sham, and the passive presentation of knowledge is not only boring and inefficient, it fails, finally to "educate" because there is no significant learning unless a student is emotionally involved in the process. The university has responded by authorizing curricular changes and by including students in policy discussions and decision-making procedures.

The curricular changes have been numerous and varied. If college courses in ice-cream making were produced by an unrestricted elective system in the 1920s, it appears we are now in for a long siege of courses with such titles as "Man and His Search for Meaning." Yet, these courses may be more relevant and have just as much intellectual content as the best of the now standard humanities and social science offerings. Brown University, for instance, has offered two or three highly respected, integrative "University Courses" for several years, and now, under a curriculum designed initially by students and modified slightly by the faculty, it will offer several more, including "How Mathematicians Think," "The Hero in History and Fiction," and "The Control of Behavior: Man the Victor vs. Man the Victim."

The students' interest in these areas of "relevance" is not just a protest issue. The nature of the choice among elective courses has been shifting in this decade of social turmoil. Princeton students are taking more sociology than ever before (see p. 84), and at Harvard the number of students enrolled in Social Relations and Government courses has increased significantly. In 1961-62, English had twice as many students in its courses as Social Relations and was the most popular department on campus, but by 1968-69, Government had the largest number of students in its courses, with Social Relations second.

Nearly all these curricular changes represent the university's gradual acceptance of some of the criticism during recent years. For instance, the American Council on Education reported that what significant change it did find in its survey was in the area of individualization, including independent study, work-study and honors programs, and credit for community service. This is not innovation; Antioch, Goddard, Bennington, and several other colleges have been offering such programs and opportunities for decades.

What is important is that they are being accepted by an increasingly large number of schools, including the most prestigious academically, such as Swarthmore, Dartmouth, and Stanford, as a valid means for getting an education. The university is cautiously accepting the idea that a student can and should have a greater degree of responsibility in determining the formal components of his education, that there are other ways of becoming educated than by merely reading, writing papers, and taking exams, and that the traditional selected sections of knowledge have to be increased to meet new and more varied interests. The student doesn't just have something to learn from his elders; he is capable, in many more cases than were acknowledged several years ago, of teaching himself.

The curricular changes have had the most immediate effects, but in the long run they may not be as important as many of the procedural changes being talked about or already adopted. It seems as if every college in the nation has done some tinkering with its grading system. Many offer pass/fail options for an increasing number of courses. Others have reduced the letter grade system from A through F to A, B, C, and no credit. A few are experimenting with no grades whatsoever. In addition, there are many more ways for fulfilling degree requirements: three-year B.A. programs, four years for the M.A., and at least one new college, Hampshire, will award a degree for no course work at all, if comprehensive exams can be passed and an independent project completed. None of this is new, but the direction is

how campus tensions bring educational progress

THE HUMAN NATURE OF A UNIVERSITY

by Robert F. Goheen
President, Princeton University

The tensions between teaching and research, detachment and involvement, innovation and conservation, and mind and spirit are behind many of the misunderstandings that arise in universities today, and yet these tensions are driving forces for progress. Dr. Goheen, who has led Princeton through some of its most trying and successful years, discusses these tensions in relation to the real purposes of a university. This is not a "how to" book on fund raising or the handling of student protesters, but a "why to" book on the meaning of a liberal education. $4.50

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clear and reinforces the curricular changes designed to allow the student to take more responsibility for his own education.

Another major area of procedural change is the appointment or election of students to college committees that make important decisions. Princeton will have two students on its board of trustees, CCNY will have two graduate students in the same position, and Stanford will have four trustees under thirty-five years of age. Both Hampshire and Old Westbury were planned with extensive help of students, and students will sit on all important committees of the new schools. Students are on disciplinary committees at many schools, such as Cornell, where the committee will also deal with the conduct of faculty members. Within the next few months a fifty-seven-member Council of the Princeton University Community will probably be established to make major policy decisions, and will represent everyone connected with the university except the trustees. As one faculty member there recently said, "Two years ago the faculty would not have even considered bringing the students in on any important matter. Now they wouldn't make a move without bringing them in. I can't pin down the reasons for the change, except the mood of the students nationally."

The criticism raised by the radicals and liberals on which there is considerable, heated debate without an end in sight is that having to do with the value neutrality of the professors and the emotional involvement of students in their learning. Howard Zinn treats the faculty aspects of this question (see p. 81). On student involvement in learning, a Princeton history professor, Martin Duberman, has described, in the Winter 1968 issue of *Daedalus*, his experiment with a course that had no grades, papers, exams, reading list, or even curriculum outline. All it had was twenty-five students and a topic, "American Radicalism." The students were to determine the format, subject matter, and requirements, if any.

As it turned out, Duberman said, the real subject matter was the passivity of the students in intellectual pursuits, not American radicalism. A few students worked as hard on the formal subject matter as in any course; many others did not and in discussions reluctantly admitted that their refusal to take responsibility for their own education was probably characteristic of American undergraduates.

Duberman said that in their final evaluations of the course, many students referred to it as a "bull session," but that they also insisted that it had probably challenged and changed their attitudes more than any other course. He took the "bull session" label as a sign of success, because to him it meant that the seminar had a friendly atmosphere in which a student could express his views freely without fearing he would be graded by the teacher or scorned by his classmates.

Duberman concludes that a seminar must involve more than intellectual exchange. "Opinions, never shaped solely by reason, are always influenced by personal relationships and encounters, themselves freighted with emotion, and thus are most likely to be exposed and examined in an environment that contains an emotional dimension. We want students to 're-examine their beliefs'; that, we like to say, is the whole point of education. Since those beliefs were first formed in a multidimensional setting, they cannot be successfully challenged in a setting that is one-dimensional."

Duberman begins his report by noting that he has been "an educator for ten years, but I have really been interested in education only for the past year or so." The reasons for his discovery are not connected directly to the student protest movement, but the effect of his personal discovery was to begin a process of self-evaluation similar to that begun at many universities and colleges after the Free Speech Movement. Although some of the directions seem clear, the outline of the coast is hardly distinguishable, and it is difficult to tell where undergraduate education is headed. The university's self-evaluation probably will not lead to a New World, but it seems unlikely that it will return to the port of origin.

The idea of the university has existed in institutional form longer than many other concepts. It has outlived feudalism, monarchy, and other medieval institutions, and it is several hundred years older than the nation-state, Protestantism, and industrialism. All not without reason. Western society, despite occasional lapses, has generally placed a high value on the university, has always preserved it and sometimes nourished it. Nevertheless, the capacity of any institution, including the university, for self-renewal, is not exceptional.

The university has one unique quality that gives it the potential for responding to fundamental change: the tradition of scholarly inquiry that takes as its most serious obligation the injunction to examine accepted truths critically. The process is now being applied to the institution created to protect it; whether the potential is realized depends on whether those in the university hold a greater allegiance to their institutions or their ideals.

World of Dance

Continued from page 65

clown. Fifty years ago, and less, these details seemed unimportant. Today, we require some depth, some genuine dimension—cardboard won't do—in our dance dramas and comedies.

Furthermore, neither Fuente nor Barbara Remington, who head the first cast, knows how to act or, indeed, project a presence. Fuente glowers and he stamps his feet nicely, and Miss Remington is all ingénue. I'm certain that Massine and Tamara Karsavina electrified their audiences of a half-century ago, and I know that Massine and the blazing Tamara Toumanova did just that years later. Even Argentinita, a genuine, classical Spanish dancer, brought her special skills to it at one time. But *Three-Cornered Hat* is now a creaky ballet, not new, not really old but, rather, old-fashioned. Fuente's farruca is sturdily executed, but it is not performed, and Miss Remington's fandango is innocuous rather than lyrical. The closing jota, for full company, is bouncy.

But if the dancers in this revival (I'll report on the second cast if it betters the record of the first) are lacking in performing skills, the ballet itself shows not the patina of time but the frailties of age. However, go see it if you like, for the Picasso is worth it.

Ironically, the Spanish Fuente finds the perfect vehicle in *Fanfarita* (to music of Ruperto Chapi), created especially for him by the company's principal choreographer, Gerald Arpino. Here, Fuente is given the most glittering of ballet actions — great leaps, dazzling leg-beats, multiple turns—and only castanets and arrogant stances are woven into this balletic fabric as a sort of Hispanic embroidery. *Fanfarita*, admittedly a minor ballet but a brilliant showpiece for a very special talent, is firmly rooted in rich ballet tradition; *Three-Cornered Hat* merely skims the surface of Spanish dance and theater dance.

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POUND RIDGE, SOUTH SALEM, N.Y. area. New 3 bedroom, bath, fully carpeted ranch home with terrace, garage. Over an acre wooded, landscaped plot. 15 minutes to r.r. Excellent school system. Low interest rate. SR Box R-218.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1854

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Living it up, flying (2 wds., not listed as a phrase).	2 13 23 25 38 49 55 60 167 176
B. Hawaiian snapper of the genus *Pristipomioides*.	178 193 197 72 80 85 109 129 144
C. Fakers, esp. as in poker.	114 187 20 32 94 100 108 146
D. Theory of knowledge.	150 220 51 57 78 92 136 169 194 200 205 31
E. French impressionist painter and sculptor (1841-1919).	33 47 52 66 73 77
F. Stupid person.	88 127 173 177 180 191 209
G. They're made of sugar and spice and everything nice, surely.	1 12 19 67 98 105 116 151
H. American landscape painter, illustrator, and author (1820-1900).	162 182 215 5 8 16 99 171
I. In great disorder (2 wds.)	174 95 160 184 131 133 157 195 7 61
J. Jalousies, perhaps.	62 63 79 106 119 130 134 21
K. Handbills, advertising circulars.	26 44 58 70 126 148 11 34 83 87
L. Unduly demonstrative.	102 122 199 111 40 64 75 142
M. Prominent, conspicuous, as the center of public attention (3 wds.)	158 166 170 18 27 81 89 36 107 96 120 183 118 125
N. "O ye who tread the——/ By Tophet-flare to Judgement Day." (2 wds.; Kipling, "Buddha at Kamakura.")	185 208 28 46 216 69 143 154 135
O. As a trial or experiment.	140 156 207 221 29 39 76 164 3 104 190
P. Play by James Elroy Flecker.	91 123 43 53 186 217
Q. Successively (2 wds.)	222 68 110 137 155 121
R. Valued game bird of U.S. and Canada (2 wds.)	181 97 214 192 219 159 35 112 202 59 9 15
S. Not blurred or obscured; unmistakable.	103 163 65 6 188 224 90 211
T. Excessively and tastelessly affected (comp.)	41 223 45 161 172 213
U. What's new? Whadaya say? (2 wds.)	141 42 17 74 14 30 210 4 149 198
V. Capricious.	153 179 201 48 196 206 175
W. Palm of tropical Asia and the Malay Archipelago, esp. the betel.	50 128 22 218 10
X. Token of victory or skill.	189 115 93 152 139 212
Y. Competition.	203 165 132 86 24 101 145
Z. "Striking the —— wherewith we are darkly bound." (2 wds., Byron, "Childe Harold").	37 82 113 117 54 71 204 124 138 147 84 56 168

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 G	2 A	3 O	4 U	5 H	6 S	■	7 I	8 H	9 R	■	10 W	■	11 K	12 G	13 A	14 U	15 R
16 M	■	17 U	18 M	19 G	■	20 C	21 J	22 W	23 A	■	24 Y	25 A	26 K	27 M	28 N	29 O	30 U
31 D	■	32 C	33 E	34 K	35 R	36 M	37 Z	38 A	39 O	40 L	■	41 T	42 U	■	43 P	44 K	45 T
46 N	47 E	■	48 V	49 A	50 W	51 D	52 E	53 P	54 Z	■	55 A	56 Z	57 D	■	58 K	59 R	60 A
61 I	62 J	■	63 J	64 L	65 S	■	66 E	67 G	68 Q	■	69 N	70 K	71 Z	72 B	■	73 E	74 U
■	75 L	76 O	77 E	78 D	79 J	80 B	81 M	82 Z	83 K	■	84 Z	■	85 B	86 Y	87 K	88 F	89 M
90 S	91 P	92 D	■	93 X	94 C	■	95 I	96 M	97 R	98 G	99 M	100 C	101 Y	102 L	103 S	■	104 O
105 G	106 J	107 M	108 C	109 B	110 Q	111 L	112 R	113 Z	■	114 C	115 X	116 G	117 Z	118 M	119 J	■	120 M
121 Q	■	122 L	123 P	124 Z	125 M	■	126 K	127 F	128 W	129 B	130 J	131 I	■	132 Y	133 I	134 J	135 N
■	136 D	137 Q	138 Z	139 X	■	140 O	141 U	142 L	■	143 N	144 B	145 Y	■	146 C	147 Z	148 K	149 U
150 D	151 G	152 X	153 V	154 N	155 Q	156 O	■	157 I	158 M	159 R	■	160 I	161 T	162 H	163 S	164 O	165 Y
166 M	167 A	■	168 Z	169 D	170 M	■	171 H	172 T	■	173 F	174 I	175 V	176 A	■	177 F	178 B	179 V
■	180 F	181 R	182 H	183 M	184 I	185 N	186 P	187 C	188 S	189 X	190 O	■	191 F	192 R	■	193 B	194 D
195 I	196 V	■	197 B	198 U	■	199 L	200 D	201 V	■	202 R	203 Y	204 Z	205 D	206 V	207 O	208 N	209 F
210 U	211 S	212 X	■	213 T	214 R	■	215 M	216 N	217 P	218 W	219 R	220 D	221 O	222 Q	223 T	224 S	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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Lincoln Continental for 1970.
New dimensions in luxury, size, spaciousness. Still every inch a Continental.

For 1970, America's most distinguished motorcar introduces a new measure of room and luxury.

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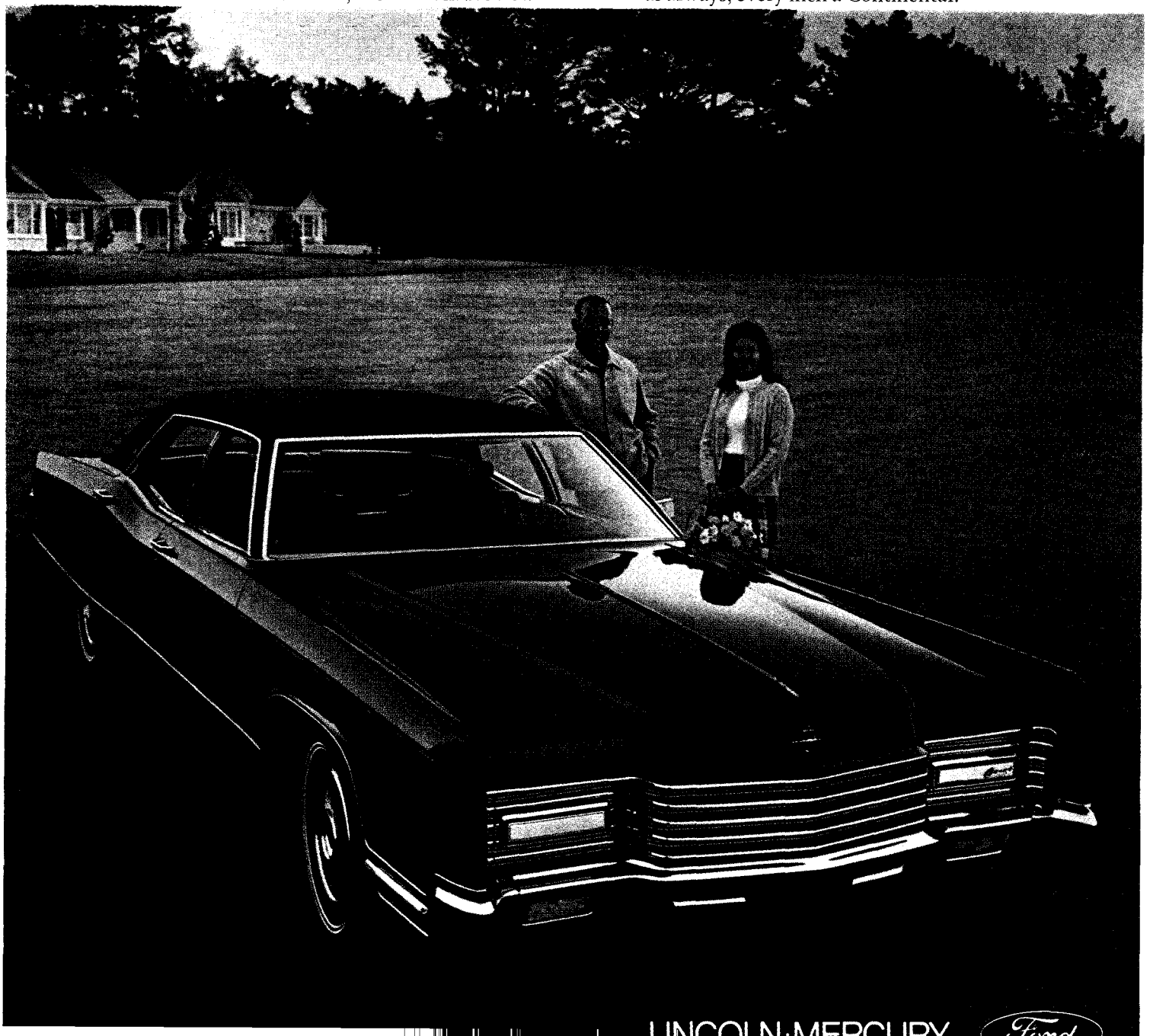

LINCOLN·MERCURY Ford

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